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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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ART. I.—*The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By WILLIAM STUBBS, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. Clarendon Press Series. Oxford: 1874-1878.

AMONG lexicons, and Latin readers, and manuals, for schools, and beginners, and junior students, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have interpolated one of the most considerable works of modern literature. They commissioned Professor Stubbs to write for their educational series what in other hands might have been a mere text-book for Oxford undergraduates; he has produced a classic, without a knowledge of which no Englishman's political education will be henceforth complete. The charm of the volumes is that their author is as unconscious that he is exercising in their construction the historian's creative faculty as if he were employed upon an edition of Cornelius Nepos or a Greek primer. Yet in his pages the master idea of the English Constitution is for the first time shown to inspire the whole course of the national history. The geometrical line is there traced along which the national life would tend to move; and he who runs may read the deflections due to rival forces.

Every national type has its own inherent bias. But now and again some counteracting impulse intervenes, and drives it in an opposite direction. Very few nationalities can boast that they have persevered throughout in their original route. Foremost among the few which have never swerved for more than an occasional episode in their history, Professor Stubbs proves the right of the English to rank. The Anglo-Saxon race has now and again paused in its advance. It has

appeared to stumble and stagnate. A deficiency of vital energy has left it numb and torpid. Adverse or alien influences have usurped its domain. Yet, despairing, lethargic, sullen, it has never consented to abjure its nature. Simply it has bowed its head till the wave has spent its force. When the onset of opposing elements has exhausted itself, the English nationality is seen not merely to be surviving, but to have absorbed the rival energies which had attempted to override it. Dane and Norman, Celt, and Fleming, and Huguenot, Roman prelates, and French barons, while they seemed to be making use of England, were but lending the Anglo-Saxon genius some force which for the moment it needed to assert its supremacy. Triumphs and defeats, the victories which added new jewels to the crown, the reverses which stripped them off, the success of one absolutist sovereign, the failure of another, equally and alike have watered and ripened the plant of Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism.

Other nations have had as brilliant or more brilliant histories. None has matched our own in continuity of political growth. No English historian before Professor Stubbs tracked this supreme characteristic of our nationality with such unerring instinct. No student of our Constitution has ever so scientifically connected the several stages in its progress with the individual agencies which worked upon it. Mr. Hallam's 'Constitutional History' is a series of profound criticisms. It might almost be broken up into notes to Hume or Lingard. Professor Stubbs's 'Constitutional History' is a history of England. But it is a history of England as a physiologist might compose a biography of a man. The Professor stations himself beside the nationality from the moment of its birth. He registers its pulsations and measures the action of its heart. Great things at each period of history have been done or suffered by the English race. To its biographer they are nothing except so far as they make its blood flow faster or slower. Never, it may be fairly said, was a history written which reflects so fully the whole visible fortunes of a country during the centuries it comprises, without the least disguise that illustrious men and grand exploits may be mere accidents of a nation, that their real greatness must be measured by the degree in which they have contributed to the development of national institutions.

The history of English institutions is Professor Stubbs's theme; and he shows how their germs may be traced to a purely Germanic source. Thence we derive language, laws, and customs. 'The German element is the paternal element

‘in our system, natural and political.’ It is not that the race and its institutions bore without a change transplantation to a strange country and life, any more than a human being remains a child. Circumstances modified the form the national institutions assumed; but the plant is the old plant in new soil. The Anglo-Saxons arrived in Britain, a number of bodies of free men of kindred blood, each body similar to the rest in habits and in propensity. They conquered and divided the land, and gradually the possession of land became the badge of freedom. The village was still the settlement of kinsmen; the hide of land was the allotment made to a head of a family; the hundred and the other tribal divisions continued to be all in theory personal. In time land became the keystone of all public relations; the court to which the poor man did suit and service became the court of the lord of the land. The king was still king of the nation; but he was also supreme landowner. It is the personal bond of the original German village community engrafted on a particular section of territory and become territorial. The community of institutions and languages which the tribes brought from Germany rooted itself in the subjugated British soil. The organisation was exceedingly simple; but its simplicity enabled it to survive the storm of the Norman Conquest. Norman lawyers claimed that their sovereigns were kings because they were supreme landlords. But so they supposed the Anglo-Saxon dynasty had been. They were content, therefore, to let alone the existing local organisation. Its existence they easily reconciled with their own theory of the only proper relation between ruler and subject. Thus the county court endured side by side with feudalism, until the ancient system gathered strength to reassert its ascendancy.

The Anglo-Saxons practised compurgation by the kindred of the accused. They held the murderer’s family responsible for the wergild. Among them the township was represented in the court of the hundred, and the hundred in the court of the shire. They delegated to chosen committees the common judicial rights of the suitors of the folk-moot. They required witnesses to the transfer of chattels, and the evidence of the hundred or shire to the title to land. They enforced the obligation upon the hundred and shire of producing criminals before the courts. All these laws and customs schooled localities to act together by greater and smaller sections. The principle of the representation of communities was kept alive by the cohesion of the nation in its lowest ranges. The Anglo-Saxon polity did not teach the English race to feel itself a

nation. But each division of the race had undergone the same social experiences. The strong hand of Norman domination, in welding the people together under a single sceptre, fused into political union a population which had already learned to walk in the same groove, and to cherish the same aspirations. The Norman supplanted a civilisation far superior to his own; but he supplied the element which was wanted to create the English nation. 'In the Anglo-Saxon history,' writes Professor Stubbs, 'there is an equally singular lack of personal loyalty, and a very languid appreciation of national action.' An Anglo-Saxon was a Yorkshireman or man of Kent, not a West Saxon or a Mercian, far less an Englishman. The Norman, without a language or a literature, had the instincts of a European statesman. He dragged England into 'the general network of the spiritual and temporal politics of the world.' He compelled, for the purposes of his own selfish ambition, Englishmen to act as a nation, and they discovered that they were a nation.

Professor Stubbs has reduced to their proper limits the radical changes the Conquest introduced. William's aim was to defeat the disruptive tendency of feudal institutions. The oath of fidelity he exacted of every free man, instead of being the initial point of the feudalisation of England, is shown by Professor Stubbs to have been a measure of precaution against the disintegrating power of feudalism. So far as William could understand Anglo-Saxon usages he maintained them. He recognised the hundred and shire courts, and confirmed, with popular modifications, the laws in force in the reign of the Confessor. His rule was in his later days harsh and severe; but the troubles which embittered him proceeded from Norman and not Anglo-Saxon insubordination. The native race did not love its foreign sovereign, but it supported him against his feudatories. The kingdom suffered, not so much from the introduction of new institutions, as from the new way in which the old were worked by foreign administrators. These aliens regulated the official machinery after the fashion which alone they understood. Earldoms became fiefs instead of magistracies, and land held of the king became the qualification for a seat in the Witenagemot instead of wisdom. The sheriff exercised the greater power enjoyed by the corresponding official in Normandy, and William and his successors had difficulty in preventing him from converting his post, as in Normandy, into an hereditary jurisdiction. Sometimes offices were duplicated; the lord's stewards replaced the reeves as presidents of the county court; but the reeves kept a place there still. 'No

' new England is created ; new forms displace, but do not destroy, the old, and old rights remain, although changed in title, and forced into symmetry with a new legal and pseudo-historical theory.' In the lower grades there might be new names, and old offices might usurp new powers ; but it was in the higher that the important innovations were made.

In Professor Stubbs's judgment the general result was very beneficial to the nation.

' The English system was strong in the cohesion of its lower organism, the association of individuals in the township, in the hundred, and in the shire ; the Norman race was strong in its higher ranges, in the close relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief whom the king had enriched. On the other hand, the English system was weak in the higher organisation, and the Normans in England had hardly any subordinate organisation at all. The strongest elements of both were brought together.' (Vol. i. p. 278.)

We are unable to see what advantage England derived from the substitution of feudal lords for the official magistracy of the preceding period. The Saxon ealdormen and prelates had administered the country ill ; and the justiciars, and bishops, and other royal counsellors of the Norman kings, in the days of the Conqueror and his youngest son, administered it well. These royal counsellors might be, and generally were, tenants in chief ; but this relation of theirs to their master had no connexion with their administrative superiority to their predecessors of the Saxon period. Professor Stubbs produces no sort of evidence that the wise administration proceeded from the feudal ' relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief whom ' the king had enriched.' He himself (vol. i. p. 288) describes the Conqueror's feudatories as ' powerful in enmity, no source ' of strength even when they are friends and allies.' These tenants in chief were necessary evils of the new system. They were joint adventurers with their duke in the conquest, and they were entitled to insist on a share of the spoils. But the royal qualities of William and his sons were strained throughout their reigns in the attempt to neutralise the mischiefs arising from the creation of this dangerous order of nobility. The harshnesses of William and his immediate successor were the direct fruit of mutinous conduct of the great feudatories. The horrors of Stephen's reign had the same origin. A time was to come when, under the House of Anjou, the nobles played a patriotic part. Even then, however, the special relation they held to the crown as tenants in capite had little to do with their co-operation in the cause of English liberty. John converted their feudal relation into an engine of royal

oppression, and a common sense of wrong turned them into popular champions. But that the relation of tenants in capite to the Crown could be so distorted by a tyrant proves not the 'better consolidation' of the 'Norman superstructure,' but its weakness. Canon Stubbs himself designates the Norman period as 'the period of the trial and failure of feudality.' It is perfectly true that the mischief of the system would have been, as on the Continent, enhanced had 'the relation to the Crown 'of the tenants in chief' been less 'close;' but a Norman dynasty, with Norman advisers, superinduced upon Saxon lethargy, would, for all that can be shown to the contrary, have leavened and stirred the Anglo-Saxon race, without the bitter humiliation and misery the feudal noblesse imposed. National gratitude for the Conquest is due, not to the addition to Anglo-Saxon institutions of a feudality, however modified, but to the fact, on which Professor Stubbs sheds a flood of light, that 'the Norman period was the epoch of the growth of 'a new administrative system, having the source of its strength 'in the royal power.'

The peculiarities of this administrative system have been traced by some historical critics to a purely Norman source; others have seen in them the old Saxon institutions merely translated into Norman forms. Professor Stubbs doubts whether there were much direct imitation of Normandy. Anglo-Saxon institutions before the Conquest, by intercourse with France, had assumed a shape not very remote from that of Norman institutions. Both were alike indebted to suggestions they borrowed from the Carolingian apparatus of government. After the Conquest Normandy and England, under the pressure of similar circumstances and the heavy hand of a common ruler, advanced along the same path. For his own ambitious purposes the Conqueror desired to amalgamate his Norman followers and the Saxons into a single nation. As an administrator he aimed at dovetailing the institutions of his old and his new subjects. He introduced Norman incidents without abolishing the Saxon. 'The combination of the 'institutions produced a new growth in which, whilst much that 'is old can be detected, there is much else that could not have 'existed but for the combination.' William's race and training, the circumstances of his occupation of the English throne, the participation of Norman barons and other foreigners with him in his enterprise, and the necessity under which he lay of governing by foreign advisers and officers, modified every feature of his rule as an English sovereign. But he regarded himself as an English sovereign, not a Norman duke,

and as the successor of Edward the Confessor. Professor Stubbs holds, for instance, the common story that he forbade the use of the native tongue in the courts of law to be an undoubted fabrication. Being Normans, he and his officers used Norman names for offices and processes. Associations with Norman names and Norman official habits gave a new turn to administrative functions which were in themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin. Professor Stubbs is of opinion that 'the infusion of a little that is Norman affects the whole system of the English,' and that 'nothing will ever make it as if that foreign element had never been there.' At the same time, he attaches far greater importance to the spirit in which the national institutions were worked by Norman administrators than to the actual and direct changes imported from the Norman duchy.

England owes no personal gratitude to the Conqueror and his sons. Their policy was purely selfish. It was, as Professor Stubbs describes it, 'a policy of combination whereby the strongest and safest elements in two nations were so united as to support one sovereign and irresponsible lord.' That, however, was precisely what England needed at the time. Anglo-Saxon England had been a collection of petty districts. All were occupied by men of similar institutions and modes of thought. But they lacked political unity. The Conqueror compelled the whole aggregation to feel the unity which comes of submission to a single central authority. He used the ancient institutions of the country to keep the king's peace in his kingdom. Jealous of the power of his nobles, he protected his Saxon subjects against them by a stern administration of law. It might be difficult to adduce actual evidence of popular co-operation with the Crown against the feudatories. Professor Stubbs says that 'the Crown humbled the baronage with the help of the people.' The actual triumph of the Crown over the baronage must be accepted as testimony that this was so. The Crown could not have conquered without the aid of the people. No proof is forthcoming that the people was ever consulted, or ever expressed any opinion in the matter. Barons rose against the king. The king, as king, summoned the people to his standard, and the barons were overcome. The king had in fact the assistance of the English people's bows and arrows; but it was inarticulate and scarcely self-conscious assistance. The English people was dumb for several generations after the Conquest. It, and the barons, and the Church alike were subjected to the dominion of law imposed by the royal power.

The difference in the effect upon the three estates of royal predominance was that, under the firm administration of the sovereign, the popular estate grew, and the two other estates of the realm dwindled. The English commonalty evinced no special kindness for the mighty princes, the Conqueror, his son, and his great grandson, who coerced it and their common enemy. Professor Stubbs believes that it weighed down the scale in the royal favour on more than one occasion. He instances the rising of the barons in 1174 as a crisis when the bulk of the English people gave the victory to Henry II. But the facts he specifies imply that the success of the king was due to his own skill and the assistance of the new families which owed their grandeur to Henry I. It was more a victory of king and nobles over nobles than of king and people over an aristocracy. The importance of the defeat of the feudatories was that, in levelling them with the people, it gave the people natural leaders against the Crown. By the time the Crown, left apparently without a rival, began to claim immunity from the control of law to which it had subjected barons and clergy, 'the three estates, trained in and by royal law, have learned how law can be applied to the very power that forced the lesson upon them.'

Down to the extortion of the Charter from the capricious despotism of John, English constitutional history consists of efforts by the sovereign to keep the peace of the realm among all orders and conditions of his subjects. Except in the fact that there is one supreme administrator, no sign is visible that there is such a thing as a nation. Runnymede itself scarcely reveals the existence of an English nation. Runnymede, however, shows the several classes which were to make a nation in coalition for their mutual benefit. The barons won the Charter by their swords, but they stipulated equal advantages for the commons with themselves. The subjugation of the Saxon people by the Norman Conquest, the crushing of baronial rebellions by the Williams and the Henries, the exhaustion of the great feudatories by the discords of the reign of Stephen, and the legislation, arrested though it was, of Henry II. against clerical usurpations, had borne fruit in the awakened consciousness of barons, bishops, yeomen, and burgesses, that they shared not so much a community of interests as a community of dangers. Magna Charta itself was only the seal and sign of a change due to the administrative reforms and strong government of William I., Henry I., and Henry II. William and the first Henry accepted, so far as they understood it, the Anglo-Saxon local machinery of administration ;

but they knitted the country together by adding the royal supremacy as a substantive element of every district court. Henry II. elaborated the local administration into a basis for a comprehensive central administration. Under his grandfather and great-grandfather the sheriff represented the king in every county. Under himself a judicial emanation from the Crown, in the shape of itinerant judges, carried the king's peace and justice direct into every shiremoot. To ensure that the royal mind was understood, and his prerogative felt throughout the land, at the courts in which the royal judges presided the whole country was bound to be represented. The new form which Henry gave to the jury system worked to the same end. 'When the need of representative institutions made itself felt, the mere concentration and adaptation of existing machinery supplied all that was required.' That need was scarcely felt yet. Henry II. had inspired a new meaning into the ancient administrative machinery, and Magna Charta showed that the nation, though scarcely yet, we think, aware, as Professor Stubbs supposes, of its own identity, was far advanced on the road to a perception of it. But the action and impulse had hitherto come from without. The organism had been created, for the most part, by royal jealousy of baronial power, and by baronial fears of royal power: it was now to 'grow into conscious life.'

Eighty years were not too many to affirm and to root in the national instincts the principles involved in the achievement of Runnymede. Thenceforward every instrument of administration, whatever its date or the purpose for which it was constructed, seemed convertible into an engine for the maintenance of self-government. Not all the creations, however, of the century after the reign of John endured. Many graceful but temporary superstructures were, as Professor Stubbs says, by the political dexterity of an age ingenious in every direction, raised upon the strong and ancient groundwork on which the edifice of the Constitution had already been begun. They dropped away as the established principles of English liberty gained strength, and worked out their own completion. Professor Stubbs is careful to distinguish the growth of constitutional mechanism from the growth of political ideas. We may well believe that the liberties enshrined in Magna Charta must surely have been won at some time or other by a people constituted like the English. That they were won at the particular time was due to the happy concurrence of political accidents. The confederation which had wrested the Charter from John fell to pieces at the moment of victory. It lost its

main impulse and motive with the death of the tyrant. The false and impecunious despotism of Henry III. supplied new reasons for combinations in defence of freedom. Simon de Montfort gave the malcontents the aid of a vast political intelligence, which sought to secure the franchises of the nation by novel limitations of the powers of the Crown. Edward I. was a great sovereign, and clung eagerly to the extreme prerogative he felt himself capable of wielding for the benefit of his kingdom. But Henry's weak plots for the extension of personal government, the new securities devised against the Crown by De Montfort, the reluctance of Edward to sanction popular claims which tied his own hands, exerted but a temporary influence. They only retarded, or accelerated, or diverted for a moment the expansion from within of the 'constitutional mechanism.' That grew in conformity with its own laws. Its results in the eighty years which succeeded Runnymede were 'the completion and definition of the system of the 'three estates; the completion of the representative system, as 'based on the local institutions and divisions; and the clear 'definition of functions, powers, and spheres of action in Church 'and State, in Court and Council, in Parliament and Convocation, in legislature and judicature.' Circumstances and human agents were needed to give the constitutional mechanism motive force; set in motion, it was bound to move along a certain line.

Of the men who smoothed the course of constitutional progress most effectually, Professor Stubbs ranks Edward first. He places him before Simon de Montfort, whose very genius and patriotism endangered the regularity of constitutional development. Edward showed an intuitive perception of the development most natural to the machinery of English administration. To him personally Professor Stubbs traces 'the definite organization of government, the definite arrangement of rights and 'jurisdictions, the definite elaboration of all departments, which 'mark this reign, and make it a fit conclusion of a period of 'growth.'

Edward is our Canon's hero. The keynote of English constitutional history is a series of tendencies pressing on, each after its own manner, to the production of a balance and co-ordinate representation and interdependence of the various elements of national life. Edward marched in advance, levelling the road along which these tendencies would in any case have impelled the English people. 'Edward saw what the nation was capable 'of, and adapted his constitutional reforms to that capacity.' The programme upon which he worked might have been in part

forced upon him by circumstances. His great act of the *Confirmatio chartarum* was as little voluntary as the execution of the Charter by John. That, in Canon Stubbs's judgment, does not detract from his merits as an English sovereign. Unlike John he accepted facts; he recognised his own subjection to the irresistible force of the laws of the national being, as he exacted recognition of those laws from the barons and the clergy. Conscious of his own administrative genius, he might 'have preferred to keep in his own hands, and in those of his Council, the work of legislation, and probably that of political deliberation; while his sense of justice would have left the ordinary voting of taxation to the Parliament, as he constructed it in 1295 out of the three estates.' For twenty years he had been supreme lawgiver, just admitting his Council and the baronage to advise and consent. But his reforms developed a power to which he had himself to bow. They had indicated 'the ever-perceptible intention of placing each member of the body politic in direct and immediate relation with the royal power in justice, in war, and in taxation.' Thus they directly paved the way for the creation of the Parliament of 1295—'containing clergy and people by symmetrical representation, and a baronage limited and defined on a distinct system of summons.' Even the pressure exercised on him by this assembly's successor in 1297 was, though not an article of his programme, implied therein. It was the logical consummation of his most deliberate achievements in legislation.

Professor Stubbs laments the contrast between the spirit of the age which opens with the reign of Edward II., and that which is discerned in the reign of his father. The one is the age of chivalry, the other of heroism. In the reign of Edward I. great constitutional results flowed from the direct action of great lawgivers and the victory of acknowledged principles. In the subsequent reigns the struggles are contests of personal and family faction. They exhibit moral degradation glossed over with superficial refinement. Yet, as almost every variety of epoch in English history, the age has its constitutional value. The personal and dynastic feuds test the strength of the 'permanent mechanism' of the Constitution. The destruction they caused to the nobility enured to the advantage of the popular branch of the Legislature. The commons engaged in no mortal combat with the baronage. They simply looked on, and their power, 'standing, to some extent, outside the circle of the factions between which it arbitrates,' gained in proportion as that of their chief rival lost.

Not the deposition of Edward II. and Richard II., but the gradual preponderance of the commons in Parliament, is the critical fact of the reigns which followed that of Edward I. The Parliament, which was implied in the affirmation by Magna Charta of the rights of all classes, and foreshadowed in the national assemblies convoked by Simon de Montfort, but which sprang full-grown from the necessities of Edward I. in 1295, had in the following period to essay its weapons. The nation found its enemy no longer in the barons, but in court favourites. The rise of a court is the grand irritant of popular suspicions during this period; the extent to which the Parliament already represents the nation is manifested by its hostility to the court favourite of the time being. It is remarkable how quietly the kingdom accepted the apparently novel fact of the intervention of Parliament between itself and the other powers of the State. The facility with which the operation of the institution was acquiesced in is testimony to the familiarity of the idea to the national mind. When a noble faction first strips Edward II. and Richard II. of their liberty of administration by the choice of lords ordainers, and next dethrones them, the assent of Parliament is acknowledged by the victors to be a necessary condition. John of Gaunt employed Parliament as an instrument for securing his predominance at court, and Richard hoped to make it a manageable instrument of prerogative. The accession of Henry IV., who could show no more than a parliamentary title, is the final confirmation of the authority of an assembly which its election in the immemorial county courts forbade the country to regard as an innovation.

Professor Stubbs admires Edward I.; but he despises the period which set in with his reign. 'The thirteenth century,' he considers, 'had the spirit without the letter of the constitutional programme; the fourteenth had the letter with little of the spirit.' The men who won the Great Charter, and defended its liberties under Henry III., had conceived an ideal, which they failed to realise. 'The Constitution grew rather according to their spirit than on the lines they had tried to trace.' Edward, 'by completing the constitution of Parliament, perfected the instrument which had been wanting to Simon de Montfort; by completing administrative machinery he gave a tangible and visible reality to the system for the control of which the king and the Parliament were henceforward to struggle.' Parliamentary privilege and royal prerogative thus became confronted with each other. The authors of Magna Charta and the party of Simon de Montfort had to

devise special restrictions on the power of the Crown, which stood before the country as the one embodiment of secular authority. Through the positive form given to the national representation by Edward I. a counter-authority was created: 'For the negative restrictions by which the Provisions of Oxford had limited the royal authority were substituted the directive principles which guided the national advance in the following century.'

(One class of men believed in, as well as took advantage of, the political formula of Edward I., that 'what concerns all should be approved of all.' Men like Thomas of Lancaster and Thomas of Woodstock used the nation in Parliament as a convenient arbiter when they felt tolerably sure that its award would be in their favour. The Church, to which Canon Stubbs, we think, ascribes somewhat more than its share of patriotism in the political stages which preceded the epoch of Edward I., later on had become, he admits, hampered by its relations with the Papacy. It was losing the intimate sympathy with the nation which he supposes it to have previously felt. The town communities, in which the guilds were asserting their predominance, were developing their own institutions, but stood apart from the nation. The great merchants, he holds, had a natural predilection for the side of royal authority, which represented the country abroad, and which maintained, at any rate, mercantile security at home. The knights of the shires were the real depositaries of the constitutional tradition. The country was at times politically apathetic, and the House of Commons acquiesced in the predominance of Crown, Church, or baronage. At times the court could manipulate the elections, and the independent knights would be reduced to a handful. At times they might let themselves be made tools of a faction of nobles. If, however, there was any spirit of resistance in the nation or Parliament to the Crown or some other power in the realm, the knights of the shires were sure to be its mouth-piece. Even when serving a court faction they were loth to betray the privileges of Parliament. Elected in the county courts, and representing 'the local divisions of the realm which were coeval with the historical existence of the people of England,' they were 'the indestructible element of the House of Commons.' The continuity of constitutional growth which this class of the community preserved gives political interest to an age which Professor Stubbs pronounces unattractive from the point of view of patriotism, of literature, of the fine arts, of morality, and of religion. The principle of national representation must have been sturdy which makes that an age of con-

stitutional progress which was 'morally one of decline, and 'intellectually one of blossom rather than fruit.'

If the fourteenth century was weak, Professor Stubbs condemns the fifteenth as degraded. Futility of purpose, cruelty, immorality, utter selfishness, and meanness, he regards as the characteristics of the age which glorified Warwick the King-maker, and terminated in the executive absolutism of the Tudors. To his eyes, which are the eyes of an expert, the very penmanship marks the gradations of decadence. The writing of the fourteenth century, if it is 'coarse and blurred' compared with the exquisite elegance of the thirteenth, is preferable to 'the vulgar neatness and deceptive regularity of 'the fifteenth.' Even the Parliamentary constitution, which had in the previous century ripened to mechanical perfection, in the fifteenth expanded scarcely at all in its machinery or its functions. Yet it entered upon the century with a promise of a fulness of vitality which should obscure all preceding stages of development. The House of Lancaster might put forth hereditary claims to the throne; but it ruled in fact by a parliamentary title. Richard was dethroned for attempting to govern, not so much ill, as by his own will. Henry accepted the Parliament as a coadjutor in the work of government with the Crown. The royal council had been gradually growing in power; and the Lancastrian sovereigns admitted the right of Parliament to interfere with the selection of its members. The present system, by which ministers are virtually appointed by Parliament, was thus commenced in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The sequel proved how altogether premature this system was. Parliament, which ruled as well as deliberated and legislated under the House of Lancaster, was reduced to a barren and intermittent debating society, or registrar of the monarch's will, by Edward IV. Professor Stubbs remarks that, 'if the only object of constitutional history were 'the investigation of the origin and powers of Parliament, the 'study of the subject might be suspended at the deposition of 'Richard II., to be resumed under the Tudors.' So broad a statement may appear inconsistent with subsequent descriptions of the extent to which Parliament controlled the choice of the royal counsellors, and co-operated loyally and successfully with Henry V.'s great Continental enterprise. Mr. Stubbs means that Parliament in this period assumed no new attributes which had not to be fought for and won in after times just as if they had never been asserted under Henry IV., his son, and his grandson.

The deference of the Lancastrian kings to their Parliaments

was a sign, not so much of the energy of the Parliaments, as of the weakness of the kings. Personally the first two of those princes were far from weak. Henry IV. was an astute statesman. Henry V. is pronounced to be the greatest king of his age in Christendom. But the royal authority was weak. Throughout the Lancastrian period the general complaint was of a want of 'governance.' Social order was broken up. The sovereign, conscious of inability to deal with the elements of effervescence, sought to compose them by the assistance of Parliament, which represented the same restless influences.

Professor Stubbs dwells on the alterations the fifteenth century witnessed in national life, mind, and character, in the relations of classes, and in the balance of political forces. He is of opinion that these changes were 'far greater than the English race had gone through since the Norman Conquest, greater in some respects than it has experienced since it became a consolidated Christian nation.' The causes display themselves from the opening of the sixteenth century in more direct connexion with their results; but they had, he believes, been working long and deeply in the fifteenth century. The old frontiers and partition walls of society were dissolving, and the new boundaries had not been constructed. Here is the real explanation of the failure of the Lancastrian kings, and the depravation of the fifteenth century. Strong administrators, like Henry IV. and Henry V., could not control a disturbing principle like Lollardism, half social, half theological. Parliaments, which were divided between the new theology and the old, were in vain invited to aid the king in crushing a perturbation which was in the air. Lollardism is only an example of a general upheaval in national existence. With great judges presiding in the courts of law, the laws were broken on every side; class oppressed class; and robbery desolated the land. There was abundance of wealth in the country; but the people grudged the State the pecuniary assistance it needed, and the Crown, in spite of the great Lancaster inheritance added to the royal domains, was chronically and miserably poor. Edward IV. had a stronger will than Henry VI.; and Canon Stubbs credits him with 'a sincere endeavour to restore domestic peace and enforce the law.' Yet, he adds, 'the country enjoyed under him scarcely more security than it had under his predecessor.' His personal force enabled him to maintain and intensify the royal prerogative. Parliament, in his reign, did not share the throne and appoint the sovereign's ministers. But the process of exterminating the feudal noblesse had to be carried a little further before the

Crown was able at once to assert its absolute prerogative and keep the peace of the land. The third estate could make head against the Crown so long as the other national forces, the nobles and the Church, were present to help. Confronted by the royal prerogative, the Church neutralised, the nobles extirpated, its own spokesmen, the knights of the shires, compromised in the evil fortunes of their great feudal neighbours, it could do no more than hand on the tradition of its co-ordinate power in the Constitution to the Eliots, and Hampdens, and Pym of the seventeenth century.

The curtain falls upon the period which ends the history of 'the origin and development of English constitutional history,' with English constitutional liberties in abeyance. Happily, the Yorkist rule was a mere break in the continuity of constitutional progress. The Tudor absolutism itself, which seemed the collapse of representative liberties, was in reality a period of repose during which the national energies were collecting their forces. 'The Constitution,' says our author, 'had in its growth outrun the capacity of the nation; the nation needed rest and renewal, discipline and reformation, before it could enter into the enjoyment of its birthright.'

Students of English constitutional history have a solace which other national histories do not always yield. Canon Stubbs reminds his readers that 'political progress does not advance in a single line, and political wisdom is the heirloom of no one class of society.' Various political factors contribute to the history of a people. Their combinations and their antagonisms modify, and accelerate, and sometimes stop altogether or reverse the course of development. In other countries, one factor or another has often not only monopolised power, but stifled its rivals. For a period of eight hundred years England has escaped any such danger. There has been 'an age of ecclesiastical prevision, an age of baronial precaution, an age of municipal pretension; of country policy, of mercantile policy, of artisan aspiration.' First one class influence and then another has coloured the national policy, each in its turn 'putting forth its best side in the struggle for power, showing its worst side in the possession and retention of it.' A happy peculiarity of English history has been that when a class has done its best and its worst, and has faded back into obscurity, its good is found to live after it, its evil to have perished. The supremacy of one tendency does not forbid the successive supremacy of others. Contemporaries of Lancastrian and Yorkist princes could not be expected to detect the dawn beyond the night. We can

see that 'the worn-out helpless age, that calls for pity without sympathy,' as the Plantagenets leave the stage, is not the end.

The lesson of English constitutional history is addressed not to the scholar only, but to the practical politician. What has been, we may fairly anticipate, will be. Englishmen who trace the difficulties and dangers their Constitution has survived, plucking good out of every misfortune, drawing up the good, as Canon Stubbs puts it, 'through' the evil, may oppose a robust faith in the solid basis of English balanced freedom to timorous or interested auguries of calamity. Barons, churchmen, merchants, manufacturers, have each contributed an useful element to 'the great march of national well-being.' 'What organic changes the further extension of political power to the labourer in town and country may bring, our children may live to see.' We need not be afraid for them.

This 'Constitutional History of England in its Origin and its Development' is a history of England told with the one view of tracing the growth of the English Constitution. In reading constitutional history 'we have,' writes Professor Stubbs, 'to deal with principles and institutions first, and with men, great or small, mainly as working the institutions and exemplifying the development of the principles.' A writer of constitutional history has in some measure to reverse the process. Institutions and principles can be observed only in the concrete. The historian of a constitution has to 'divide and rule out his design by the epochs of reigns of kings and the lives of other great men.' But the events are recorded and the characters drawn by him for the principles they embody or illustrate. Constant reference must be made back to stages which had been already reached in an institution; and the reader has to be reminded continually how the same lesson was taught by former incidents. Canon Stubbs apologises for the fact that 'the necessity of finding one string by which to give an unity to the course of so varied an inquiry, has involved the further necessity of long narrative chapters and much unavoidable repetition.' No excuse was required. His readers see principles realised and institutions growing as in no other way would have been possible. They receive, thrown in, a series of marvellously vivid photographs of the classes and the men that have guided England through successive crises. As we are transported from peak to peak of history, the plains and valleys of national life unfold themselves before our eyes. Such an enterprise has never before been achieved. Formerly it could scarcely have been at-

tempted. Mr. Hallam did all that learning, and candour, and keenness of insight, and indefatigable industry, could accomplish. But he was able only to sink, as it were, a shaft here and there, and bring up ore for experimental assay. Professor Stubbs rarely, if ever, finds cause to dissent from Mr. Hallam's intuitive conclusions; but he proves them by assigning each its proper place in a comprehensive whole. The treasures of the Record Office have enabled him to map out the English Constitution with an unity beyond the scope of Mr. Hallam's materials. There are still unsound spots. He looks forward eagerly to a time when 'the ancient towns of England' shall reveal their municipal records, and their special part in constitutional history be explained. Now, however, we know at all events where the mist lies thickest, and the earth offers unsafe footing. The unsound localities can be identified and fenced round till the occasion is ripe for exploring them.

Professor Stubbs is so rich in knowledge and bountiful in imparting it that his readers, whatever the special aspect of history in which they take more special interest, may feel tolerably sure that they have only to seek and they will find. It may be only a touch, and the historian of the Constitution has passed on. Yet the touch leaves a clue more informing than a learned monograph by another writer. From the Professor's pages who will may learn how the ages during which the drama of the Constitution has been acted differ from each other; how the classes differ which have, one after the other, played the principal parts in it; how the men differ who have forestalled, or obstructed, or impersonated its various stages.

There is the Anglo-Saxon period, when township resembled township, and county county, not because all were parts of a single country, but because the members of each shared kindred blood, and were trained in similar circumstances. 'The cohesion of the nation was greatest in its lowest ranges. Kent, Devonshire, Northumbria, had a corporate life which England had not.' The Englishman before the Conquest cherished a strong sense of social freedom without much care about political power. He accepted Canute, who did not change the laws or customs which regulated his daily life. He abhorred the Norman Conquest. His anger was stirred not by the usurpation of the throne of Cerdic, but by the intrusion of new lords who did not understand, or who despised, his traditions and local customs. So far as the Duke of Normandy made common cause against the enemies of Saxon institutions, the Saxon accepted him. If he felt no sentiment of personal loyalty for a foreign prince, that sentiment had been felt very

feebly for the princes of his own race. His training was of a kind to call forth 'much self-reliance and little patriotism.' There was an English nation, but it was a nation in solution.

The Norman age, which ended with the death of Stephen, had, like the Anglo-Saxon age, its failure and its success. The Anglo-Saxons made good neighbours, but lukewarm citizens. The Norman period introduced a tyranny into every township. On the other hand, it educated men to look for protection against the despot at their doors to an authority which represented the nation. It was 'the period of the trial and failure of feudality;' it was also 'the epoch of the growth of a new administrative system, having the source of its strength in the royal power.' Under this system all constitutional power radiated from the person, the household, the court, and the council of the king. The king was head of the State, as had been Edgar and Canute. He was also lord paramount of the whole of the land. As natural champion of his people he stood between oppressor and oppressed; as supreme landlord he had the right and the duty to intervene between lord and tenant. In the reign of Stephen the facts ceased utterly to correspond to this theory of English royalty. The theory itself grew to be a regret and an aspiration. In that dark interregnum feudality, the principle of the age antagonistic to the idea of royalty, was let loose upon the country. By the simple feudal principle each lord answered to his conscience for his own tenants; his superior lord held him accountable for breaches of feudal obligations to himself. The oath which the Conqueror imposed upon mesne tenants, as well as tenants in chief, showed his determination to make allegiance to the sovereign a constant term in all the political relations of his subjects with one another. Norman barons had always striven against this theory. The license of the war between Stephen and Matilda proved to Saxon and Norman alike to what extent nobles could be trusted to be judges in their own cause.

With the sixty years between the accession of Henry I. and the Charter of Runnymede we enter upon a new period. Professor Stubbs demonstrates how then the open alliance of the Church and the tacit alliance of the people enabled the sovereign to curb the feudal spirit, and the alliance of the barons enabled him to curtail the immunities which were denationalising the Church. The Great Charter is a test of the degree to which administrative reform and resolutely equal government had made the period which followed the Peace of Wallingford a period 'of amalgamation, of consolidation, of

‘continuous growing together, and new development.’ The history of England for the eighty years which followed Runnymede is declared by Professor Stubbs to be the narrative of a continuous struggle, with varying fortunes, between the nation and the king for the enjoyment of the liberties affirmed by the Charter, or for safeguards of those liberties. It was the heroic age of English politics, when barons and churchmen leagued together for the commonwealth. Patriotism did not always choose its means wisely, but at each halting-place of the conflict ‘something is seen to be gained, something consolidated, something defined, something reorganised on a better principle.’ The end was a parliament so constituted that ‘it remains, with necessary modifications and extensions, the model of representative institutions at this day,’ and a scheme of legislation so soundly based as to have ‘anticipated and almost superseded constructive legislation for two centuries.’ The fourteenth century, the age of chivalry, is, in Canon Stubbs’s view, an age of ‘private and political faction, of selfish foreign wars, of treason laws and judicial murders, of social rebellion and religious division.’ But it is also a period signalised by the gradual recognition of the House of Commons as representative of the mass and body of the nation. The reign of John had exhibited the king on one side, the nation, impersonated by the barons, on the other. The reign of Edward I. had concentrated the three estates of the realm in a national assembly. The reigns of Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. revealed the third estate as ‘foremost of the three.’

The political interest of the Lancastrian period consists, Professor Stubbs thinks, in the fact that ‘it contains not only the foundation, consolidation, and destruction of a fabric of dynastic power, but, parallel with it, the trial and failure of a great constitutional experiment, a premature testing of the strength of the parliamentary system.’ The Yorkist period which succeeds can hardly be said to have any distinct political or constitutional interest. It is a kind of episode in English history, a time of government by court-martial under constitutional forms. It and the Lancastrian period may, however, be taken together as having a deeper interest than their political characteristics would impart in the social and intellectual and theological revolution of which the causes, though they produced their effects in the sixteenth century, began, as Professor Stubbs explains, to work in the fifteenth.

Canon Stubbs has the interest of an ecclesiastic in the early fortunes of his order. In a work written for the Delegates of

the Oxford University Press by the Oxford Regius Professor of Modern History, the importance of the Church in English history was not likely to be slurred over. The Professor's facts are seldom to be criticised, his conclusions are always candid. Yet, perhaps, a layman writing for a different body of readers might have dwelt somewhat less solicitously on the political pre-eminence of Churchmen. Certainly the part played by the Church presents a strangely different aspect in the pages of Hume, or even Hallam, and in those of Professor Stubbs. The Church he exhibits as something more than the civiliser of Anglo-Saxon barbarism, the educator, the pioneer of all the arts, including agriculture. These merits have always been allowed. But, in the Professor's pages, the Church figures in addition as 'for ages the substitute for the cohesion which the divided nation was otherwise unable to realise.' Mercians and West Saxons felt at any rate that they were Englishmen as members of one English national Church. 'The ecclesiastical and the national spirit growing into one another supplied something at least of that strong passive power which the Norman despotism was unable to break.' The Conqueror did not desire to break it. He filled up sees with Normans; but it was done on the advice of Lanfranc, and he and Lanfranc were at one in using the Church as a counterpoise to Norman feudalism. The Church supplied the human machinery of administration by which the Conqueror and Henry I. compacted Norman and Saxon into a nation. When the Crown was a rampart against feudal tyranny, the Church ranged itself on its side. When the Crown became the danger to liberty, the Church allied itself with the barons, and helped to extort Magna Charta. Later on the claims of the Papacy seduced or intimidated the English Church into holding aloof from national politics. The body of the clergy preferred to legislate apart in Convocation, when they might doubtless have asserted their claim to be represented directly in the House of Commons. Yet to the very close of mediæval history, and even beyond its boundaries, the Church is shown by Professor Stubbs to have furnished the most successful and skilful of advisers and ministers of the Crown. He fears that the blending of episcopal with secular duties may have been to the damage of the former; he allows that towards the close of the middle ages the English Church lost its purity, and became selfish, luxurious, and debased. But he asserts that, while the English Constitution was still in the rudimentary stage, the State gained immensely by being administered by statesmen whose first ideas of order were based on conscience

and law rather than on brute force. The administrative vigour and success of these ecclesiastical chancellors and justiciars must be allowed even by those who are less assured than seems Professor Stubbs of the sympathy between them and the nation they administered. We reckon, nevertheless, the fashion of using ecclesiastics in public administration as not the least among the many evils of the Conquest. A foreign and intrusive dynasty was unable by the circumstances of its origin to have native secular counsellors. It was equally unable, from jealousy of the power it had been compelled to accumulate in the hands of its companions in usurpation, to choose Norman secular ministers. An almost necessary but a very dangerous consequence was that it was compelled to introduce into English monarchical policy a habit of relying upon the advice of persons whose duty to Rome was always liable to conflict with their duty to their country.

The barons were the great enemies of the English nation from the Conquest to the death of Stephen. With Henry II. a new order of nobility arose, founded by men who had acquired rank and wealth as the king's counsellors. These gradually grew into natural leaders of the English people. The nobility had suffered like the rest of the nation from John's oppressions. This was the motive for their league against him. When, however, they had once risen, they fought for the redress, not of their class grievances only, but of those of the nation at large. Professor Stubbs is satisfied from the internal evidence of the Charter that 'the demands of the barons were no selfish exaction of privilege for themselves.' He recognises in a less degree the title of Simon de Montfort's baronial companions to the gratitude of Englishmen. The barons who extorted from Edward I. the *Confirmatio chartarum*, and who supported Thomas of Lancaster and his avengers in the next reign, benefited England. But this was an accident. Their motive, it is intimated, was the gratification of their own stolid jealousy or selfish ambition. He is wrathful with Earls Bohun and Bigod for refusing obedience to an unlawful command of Edward I. Looking back with the wisdom of six centuries' distance, he cannot understand how 'the self-restraint and moderation which Edward had hitherto practised' should have been so 'sadly unappreciated.' At the same time, he admits that the nobles, 'on the whole, betray no jealousy of popular liberty; they do not object to share with the commons the advantages that their resistance has gained; they see, if they do not fully realise, the unity of the national interest whenever and wherever it is threatened by

‘the Crown.’ In the next two centuries the barons cease to be national champions altogether. They do not relapse into the feudal ogres of the time of Stephen. In a way they even continue to lead the nation. But they are blind leaders of the blind. Their factions and intrigues against the Crown, or in favour of one or other pretender to it, have none but personal objects. A student of constitutional history might even rejoice at their mutual extinction, except that the consequent privation of a counterpoise to the monarch delivered the nation bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of Tudor prerogative.

As we have already seen, Professor Stubbs assigns a first place to the second order of feudal nobility, the knights of the shires, among the champions of national liberty and unity. He will not say that their policy was an independent or class policy, or that they were always on the right side. The adherence of many of them to Wycliffite tenets he ascribes to the Wycliffite advocacy of the confiscation of clerical goods. When Henry VIII. carried out this Wycliffite policy, the descendants of the knights who had supported the Wycliffite party in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. realised their covetous dream. Sometimes in English politics all sides were equally narrow-minded and self-seeking. But when there was a right side and a national policy prevailed in Parliament, Professor Stubbs finds that it prevailed by the help of the knights of the shires. Different sections of the unennobled land-owning class at various periods monopolised the chief portion of the county representation. An examination of the lists enables Professor Stubbs to assert that the humbler lords of manors, often of Saxon descent, served when the office was more burdensome than honourable; the owners of several manors would be elected ‘when political quarrels were increasing the importance of the office,’ and those of semi-baronial rank and possessions ‘when political considerations became supreme.’ Thus, though the earlier Parliaments of Edward I. are largely composed of the highest class of knights, such as a Balliol, a Percy, a Fitz-Randolph, from the beginning of the fourteenth century small local proprietors, bearing pure English names, such as Burton, Thornton, Bolton, form the majority. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century better-known names are found, and at the close of the middle ages appear members of baronial families.

The yeomanry were doubtless possessed of a certain political weight. A yeoman was a freeholder, and therefore independent, so far as an income of forty shillings constituted

independence. But the younger branches of his family often had to trust for their advance in life to the favour of the neighbouring baron or other great proprietor. It is likely that their independence consisted then, as now, mainly in the liberty to choose between one and another county magnate. Their class formed, Professor Stubbs is of opinion, one of the links between town and country. The younger sons of the yeomen sought their livelihood commonly in trade. The precise political position of the townsman is much more obscure than that of the yeoman. 'The influence of the town members in the House of Commons can,' he says, 'be scarcely detected all throughout the middle ages except in two or three very narrow points.' The citizens of London joined the confederacy of the barons against John. The mayor of London is among the twenty-five personages to whom the execution of the Charter is confided. But generally Professor Stubbs discovers in the represented classes of the towns 'a distinct insensibility as to the great questions at stake between the king and the nation, and as to the line on which political liberty was ultimately to advance.' Town politics were more interesting to the citizen than national politics. Nothing can mark more vividly the difference between modern England and mediæval England. On the nature of internal municipal politics the historian is equally in the dark. But there the want is of records within reach; we know well there was no absence of active and stirring life. Citizens were careless about the doings of Parliament chiefly because each city had a little Parliament of its own which absorbed their interest. Particulars of this inner life, however, are not yet accessible. It is a disgrace to the public spirit of corporations that Professor Stubbs should have to lament his inability, on account of the scattered nature of the materials within his reach, to formulate 'any law of municipal progress.'

Anglo-Saxon England had been broken up into townships, and hundreds, and shires. Anglo-Norman England was divided between Saxons and Normans. England, when there were neither Saxons nor Normans, but only Englishmen, remained divided still. The division was between class and class, and the wars of the Roses were required to level, or begin to level, those walls of partition. There is, writes Professor Stubbs, very little evidence to show that our forefathers, at any rate in the middle ranks of life, desired to set any impassable boundary between class and class. The great barons might wish to isolate themselves, but the class was continually being recruited from the official and military ranks.

The country knight approached very close to the baron; the city magnate was a link between the country squire and the tradesman; the tradesman and the yeoman claimed cousinship. Even villeins intruded, in spite of class legislation, into the Church and the city guilds. The English spirit was not a caste spirit. That it was not is sufficiently demonstrated by the generous attempts to spread education, the best that the age could impart, throughout all orders of the population. Had the faculty of reading, Professor Stubbs remarks, not been widely diffused, Lollardism would have been incapable of its secret propagandism. Yet, though mediæval England encouraged facilities for rising from class to class, it was rife nevertheless in 'estranging and dividing influences, by which 'interest was set against interest, estate against estate.' There were the clergy and the laity, the landowners and the lack-lands, the freeholder and the leaseholder, the employer of labour and the labourer. Laws on apparel, sumptuary laws, and labour laws showed the tendency of English life to run into eddies and silt up the avenues of national life with social sand-banks.

The heroes of Professor Stubbs are the men of sympathies too wide to be content with representing a single strain of local or class feeling, or of individuality so vigorous as to draw within its orbit not a class, but the nation. Such are the kings, and prelates, and barons, upon whose careers he loves to linger. He summons to the bar of history, one by one, the monarchs who have attempted to control the course of events. Each he questions to find whether his gifts were used, consciously or unconsciously, to nationalise England or to denationalise it. By the answer, in his court, kings stand or fall. His theory of the right method for an historian of the Constitution to pursue renders his volumes a gallery of royal portraits. His verdicts upon acts and their doers are not always the popular verdicts enshrined in ballads and dramas. But he rears a mighty scaffolding of facts about every character he constructs. Before the structure within can be torn to pieces, the facts must be demolished. The facts, however, which he instances are mere samples of the treasure upon which he can draw for the justification of his conclusions.

In these pages William I. is trusted by his new subjects, though they fear him. Hard, exacting, oppressive, he is yet 'a law to himself.' The supposed founder of feudalism 'preferred the forms of ancient royalty to the more ostentatious position of a feudal conqueror.' His counsellor Lanfranc was 'a statesman as well as a theologian, a lawyer

‘as well as a scholar, and in feeling quite as much an English-
 ‘man as a Norman; he was an Italian too, and therefore, per-
 ‘haps, not a papalist.’ Henry I. was ‘a strong ruler, with a
 ‘clear view of his own interests, methodical, sagacious, and
 ‘farsighted; his selfish aims dictated the policy that gave peace
 ‘and order to his people; destroying his enemies he destroyed
 ‘theirs; and by enforcing order he paved the way for law.
 ‘Such a king neither expects nor deserves love; but the result
 ‘of his rule is better than that of many who are called bene-
 ‘factors.’ There could be no more admirable expansion of
 the Saxon chronicler’s epitaph on the monarch, who was at
 once a Norman and a great administrator: ‘He made peace
 ‘for men and deer.’ Saxons had not yet been disciplined by
 the reign of Stephen to appreciate the merits of an even,
 though hard, rule. They groaned under it as much because
 it was even as because it was hard. Every schoolboy knows
 that Stephen was ‘gifted with neither a strong will nor a clear
 ‘head.’ Those negative qualities explain his ill-government,
 but not his accession. The necessary lights are added to
 the shadows: ‘He was a brave man, merciful and generous,
 ‘and had had considerable military experience.’ Henry II.
 was

‘of keen, bright intellect, patient, laborious, methodical; ambitious
 within certain well-defined limits, tenacious of power, ingenious even
 to minuteness in expedients, prompt and energetic in execution, at
 once unscrupulous and cautious. His private vices made no mark on
 his public career; and he continued to the last a most industrious,
 active, and business-like king. There was nothing in him of the hero,
 and of the patriot scarcely more than an almost instinctive knowledge
 of the needs of his people, a knowledge which can scarcely ever be
 said to be the result of sympathy.’

When Professor Stubbs finds the evidence in a state of
 drawn battle, he states opposing theories, and leaves his readers
 to choose. So he does when he has to characterise Thomas
 à Becket. That Becket was a great legislator and adminis-
 trator is unquestionable. The chief measures which have
 associated the reign of Henry II. indelibly with the English
 Constitution were planned when he was Chancellor. But he
 threw off the statesman and became simply an ecclesiastic.
 Clergy, after the Conquest, are classified by Professor Stubbs
 in several divisions. There were the officials who had been
 provided for by Church preferment, like Bishop Roger of
 Salisbury, and there were the professional ecclesiastics, like
 Stephen’s brother, Henry of Winchester, who intervened in
 secular quarrels to compel submission of the dispute to cle-

rical mediation. Thirdly, there were the 'saints,' who, in organising the State or promoting ecclesiastical supremacy, are, or pretend to be, seeking 'first and last what seems to them to be the glory of God.' Becket 'lived through all three phases, and friends and enemies to the present day debate to which of the two divisions of the last class his life and death assign him.' Was he another Anselm? Was he, again, 'the fanatic who is ambitious of martyrdom, or the hypocrite who will endure the risks of persecution provided he obtains the honour of popularity?' Professor Stubbs does not say that he sides with Becket's enemies; he assuredly esteems the archbishop neither an Anselm nor a martyr.

For a king like Richard I. he has no more tolerance than for one like Stephen. He holds military skill and prowess, splendour, poetic feeling, and adventurousness, no palliation for a prince's 'entire want of sympathy, or even consideration,' for his subjects. One whose ambition was that of a mere warrior, who 'would fight for anything whatever, but would sell everything that was worth fighting for,' is simply 'a bad king.' He has gained, perhaps, in popular estimation by the transcendent defects of his successor. Utter incapacity for government is the one unpardonable sin in a king; in John it was aggravated by 'every crime that could disgrace a man.' 'A faithless son, a treacherous brother, an ungrateful master,' he was 'to his people a hated tyrant.' William Rufus had been all this; he is pronounced to be 'a foul incarnation of selfishness in its most abhorrent form, the enemy of God and man.' Rufus, however, had at least a strong will. Canon Stubbs is intolerant of a man who, though 'not devoid of natural ability, craft, or energy, with his full share of the personal valour and accomplishments of his house,' yet 'lost half his inheritance by sloth, and ruined and desolated the rest.' A prince like this is naturally 'the very worst of all our kings.'

John's character was consistently and uniformly vicious; his son's was more parti-coloured. But the Canon, when he has to judge a king, cannot reckon the fact that he is 'pious, and, in an ordinary sense, virtuous, accomplished, refined, liberal, magnificent,' compensation for an utter absence 'of all elements of greatness.' As sovereigns, John and Henry III. were, in some measure, counterparts. 'Unlike his father, who was incapable of receiving any impression, Henry was so susceptible of impressions that none of them could last long; John's heart was of millstone, Henry's of wax; yet they had in common a certain feminine quality of

‘irresolute pertinacity which it would be a mockery to call ‘elasticity.’

All that Henry, as a ruler, was not, Simon de Montfort was. Canon Stubbs admires the great baron ‘in whose hand ‘the idea of representative government ripened;’ but he eulogises Simon’s career by negatives. He is grateful for what Simon did not, even more than for what he did. If he rejoices in the earl’s original successes, he rejoices at least equally in his final failure.

‘Had he lived longer, the prospect of the throne might have opened before him, and he might have become a destroyer instead of a saviour. He cannot be called happy in the opportunity of his death; yet it may have been best for England that he lived no longer. He was greater as an opponent of tyranny than as a deviser of liberties; the fetters imposed on royal autocracy, cumbrous and entangled as they were, seem to have been an integral part of his policy; the means he took for admitting the nation to self-government wear very much the form of an occasional or party expedient, which a longer tenure of undivided power might have led him either to develope or to discard.’*

Professor Stubbs questions whether, ‘with all his popularity, he understood the nation, or they him.’ He speaks of De Montfort as Henry’s ‘brilliant rival.’ So he appeared to the contemporaries of both; in the history of constitutional development he has a worthier and more real antagonist in Edward I. Simon’s final triumph might have cost Edward his inheritance; the success he actually won gave national development a bias which Edward could not have resisted had he desired it. As it was, he became, politically, Simon’s heir and executor. ‘Truthful, honourable, temperate, and chaste; ‘frugal, cautious, resolute; great in counsel, ingenious in contrivance, rapid in execution,’ successful in ‘defining and ‘completing’ the national institutions which Henry II. had ‘reorganised,’ he was, over and above all this, ‘a law-abiding ‘king, one who kept his word.’

The next three kings, distinct as they are in character, are yet shown to stand in a more similar relation to the development of the Constitution than might be supposed from the popular estimate of them. The common impression of the first is that he was a slothful, cowardly, incapable tool of degraded favourites; of the second, that he is the glory of the English monarchy, to be ranked with, perhaps before, Henry V.; of the third, that he was rash and headstrong, the victim of a wily rival whom he had not the art and statecraft to match.

* Vol. ii. pp. 99–100.

Professor Stubbs does not contradict the traditional view of Edward II., though he draws the lineaments with a more subtle hand than previous English historians. While, however, leaving Edward II. in the low place to which he has always been consigned, he connects him with his son and great-grandson not less by differences than by resemblances.

Edward II. was not the mere coward that Walter Scott has contrasted, in his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' with Bruce. He possessed the instinctive courage of his house, and 'some share of the chivalrous qualities that are impersonated in his son.' With this, and a fair face and strong limbs, all that is good in the man ends. He had 'no policy beyond the cunning of unscrupulous selfishness, no kingly pride or sense of duty, no industry, or shame, or piety.' He was 'the first king since the Conquest who was not a man of business well acquainted with the routine of government.' 'His faults are quite as much negative as positive; his character is not so much vicious as devoid of virtue.' Apologists have endeavoured to show that he inherited enmities provoked by his father's revolutions in administration, and which his father had never troubled himself to train him to baffle. Our Canon will not suffer such a slur on the monarch he supremely honours. Edward II., he declares, 'deliberately defied his father's counsels.' If, as is admitted, he was the object of bitter hostility, on the other hand 'he did nothing to prove that he was worthy of better treatment.' 'His reign is a tragedy, but one that lacks in its true form the element of pity.' The Professor loathes Isabella and Mortimer as the instruments of Edward's downfall, and even declares his fate 'undeserved;' but he denies that it invites or justifies sympathy.

Edward III., unlike his father, has always enjoyed not sympathy only, but admiration. He was ambitious, and he was a triumphant warrior, who had his bard in Froissart. His subjects were proud of his successes, and England gained from them 'a new consciousness of unity and importance.' It gained still more indirectly. He had to barter away his prerogatives for supplies, and the Constitution owes much to the reign. To the king his country 'owes no gratitude for patriotism, sagacity, or industry.' This 'gentle, gay, and splendid ideal king of chivalry' was 'unscrupulous, selfish, extravagant, and ostentatious.' 'Like Richard I., he valued England primarily as a source of supplies, and his nation bought its glory by blood, treasure, and agony of many sorts.' He had a certain suppleness, and knew how to retire from an untenable position; but he exalted the theory of the royal pre-

rogative in proportion to the practical growth of Parliamentary and national privilege. To his grandson he bequeathed a tradition of absolutism which destroyed him. His creation of appanages for his children had its fruit in the wars of the Roses. The evils of the next century, while 'they caused men to look back upon his age as an age of gold, were all results of his foolish policy and selfish designs.' The picture is a dark one. We do not know if it be not darker than that drawn of his hapless father.

The Black Prince has no special place in English constitutional history, and no special character is drawn of him by Professor Stubbs. That he does not stir the Professor's enthusiasm may be inferred from the incidental comparison subsequently between him and Henry V.'s wise brother, the Duke of Bedford. The latter, we are told, 'although with a far higher type of character, in some points resembled the Black Prince.' From Edward III. we pass to Richard II.; and here Professor Stubbs confesses himself at fault. Richard's own contemporaries appear to have regarded him as frivolous and passionate. Canon Stubbs dare not contradict contemporary judgment; he simply describes results. The results are that, if mental excitement akin to madness conceived the design which was consummated in the Parliament of September 1397, it simulated, at any rate, very dexterously the effects of 'labour, and self-restraint, and patience, combined with unscrupulous craft and unflinching promptitude of action.' Richard maintained the extreme theory of prerogative, and 'he obtained the consent of the nation to the statement that his royal power was supreme.' 'Every step of the great constitutional change which he contemplated was carefully taken with cautious reference to precedent and respect to the formal rights of the estates.' When Henry of Lancaster returned, our author seems surprised that the king should have resigned himself to his doom. He assumes that Richard was 'wanting at the crisis, and had lost all nerve and power to meet it.' On this one point we cannot concur with the Professor. If we read the king's character aright, he was a gambler who could stake all upon a die, and who knew when he had lost. He played for an absolute throne, and saw, sooner even than Henry, that he had blown a mere bubble, and that it had burst. He could build up a theory out of the principles on which Edward III. had ruled, or endeavoured to rule; but he had neither the patience of a Tudor to let his theory mature slowly into precedent, nor the pliable readiness of his grandfather to be 'content with the substance of power.' Professor Stubbs rejoices

that Richard was foiled in his plot against the national liberties; but he will not compare a man who, however erring, was kingly, with a prince to whom, and not to Richard, the reproach of 'the skipping king,' who 'ambled up and down with shallow jesters,' really applies. He confronts the dethroned prisoner of Pomfret with the 'magnanimous, chivalrous king, who had left him heir to difficulties he could not overcome.' The balance, in his judgment, would probably incline against the brilliant conqueror of Cressy.

Professor Stubbs abandons the personal character of Richard as 'a problem.' Of Richard's supplanter, too, he says: 'There is scarcely one in the whole line of our kings of whose personality it is so difficult to get a definite idea.' That is to say, definite ideas, or what seem to be such, can be formed of Henry of Derby and Henry IV.; but the two characters do not tally. 'As Henry of Derby, he is the adventurous, chivalrous crusader; prompt, energetic, laborious; the man of impulse rather than of judgment; led sometimes by his uncle Gloucester, sometimes by his father; yet independent in action, averse to bloodshed; strong in constitutional beliefs.' As king, he is 'suspicious, cold-blooded, and politic, undecided in action, cautious and jealous in private and public relations, and, if not personally cruel, willing to sanction and profit by the cruelty of others.' The Canon holds that Henry never failed in fealty to the Church and to his theory of constitutional liberties. He persecuted the Lollards, and he governed through his parliaments. It is the personal temperament which Canon Stubbs finds altogether changed. He can account for it only on the supposition that the king's notorious love of casuistical argument tormented his conscience with remorse for his usurpation, and that the physical disease of his later years 'affected both the balance of his mind and the strength of his ruling hand.' We must confess to feeling scarcely the full force of the incongruity. In Henry's political tergiversations at the earlier stages of his career, where Canon Stubbs sees 'good faith and honest intent rather than policy or foresight,' we see a love of intrigue and determination to be on the winning side. Henry of Derby was courteous, and apparently frank by policy. Henry IV. doubtless was as enamoured of applause as Henry of Derby; he would have been glad still to 'pluck allegiance from men's hearts.' But he had too many comrades in his adventurous assault upon the crown always ready to 'upbraid his gain of it by their assistances.' He could not easily reconcile his new majesty as king with the universal popularity which marked the ancient friend of popular

liberties, the representative of a confederation of kindred and allied barons. The wars of the Roses demonstrated how impossible a task the appanages of Edward III.'s younger sons, and the share of the Percies in the spoils of Richard II., had made the exercise of royal authority. A growing sense of the difficulty in Henry's own days rendered him by turns irresolute and vindictive. The change was a change in policy rather than in personal character.

Henry V. is represented as a nobler reproduction of Henry of Derby, unsoured by climbing through crooked paths to a throne. He does not deny, but he is not inclined to accept, 'the legends of the wildness of Henry's youth.' If those traditions be true, the license must, at any rate, have alternated with feats of generalship on the Scotch and Welsh borders, and conspicuous participation 'at the head of his father's council in high deliberations on peace and war and national economies.' As king, he showed himself religious, pure, careful yet splendid, truthful and merciful, at once a brilliant soldier, and a scholar and laborious man of business. Canon Stubbs admires him as a Plantagenet with the family strength and without the family vices, in short, born after his time, 'the typical mediæval hero.' He could, unlike his father, afford to be merciful; he loved to be generous. 'In his English policy he appears most distinctly as a reconciling and uniting force.' Henry's career and exploits were mere episodes in history. The dynasty he seemed to have consolidated was an episode in the royal succession. His attack upon France exhausted that country, and nearly exhausted England. 'Injustice, in spite of all justificative argument, really underlay the whole scheme of conquest.' Though tolerant he lent himself as an instrument to the persecuting tendencies of the Church. Under his auspices the representative of the English Church at the Council of Constance nominated Pope Martin, 'the creator of the modern Papacy.' 'The result,' his panegyrist admits, 'ran counter to the immemorial policy of kings and parliaments, of Church and State.' But distant evils and present advantages do not hold quite their ordinary relation when the agent is Henry V. With respect to his policy, whether foreign or ecclesiastical, we are exhorted to take the benevolent view. 'The mischief of the consequences cannot be held to derogate from the greatness of the achievement.'

Professor Stubbs's eulogy of Henry VI. leaves something of the same impression as his scornful condemnation of the contemptible Edward II. Learned and a patron of learn-

ing, 'pious, pure, generous, patient, simple, true, and just, 'humble, merciful, fastidiously conscientious, modest and temperate, he might have seemed made to rule a quiet people in 'quiet times.' The historian of the English Constitution is intolerant even of virtues in the wrong place. He proceeds: 'It is needless to say that for the throne of England in the 'midst of the death-struggle of nations, parties, and liberties, 'Henry had not one single qualification.' Edward of York himself is represented as better qualified for a crown in such times, selfish and remorseless as he was. Indeed, so indignant is Professor Stubbs with administrative incapacity in a sovereign that it is only the excess of tyranny and sensuality in Edward IV. which stifles his natural instinct of indulgence for a ruler who ruled. He would fain sum up in favour of a prince who, coming after the feeble Henry, possessed not merely eloquence, winning manners, and a certain taste for letters, but, above all, courage and business capacity. Unhappily Edward's profligacy, his extortionateness, and his mercilessness were too extreme to hide under royal robes. 'He was a man vicious far beyond anything that England had 'seen since the days of John, and more cruel and bloodthirsty 'than any king she had ever known.' In his ruthless extinction of every kind of resistance he 'far outdid all that his 'forefathers and his enemies together had done.' We assent entirely; but the sentiment seems a little inconsistent with the preliminary remark that 'Edward IV. was not perhaps 'quite so bad a man as his enemies have represented.' To Edward's enemies his viciousness seemed the more flagrant for the strength of royal will which crushed and tied them down. That strength of will, perhaps, pleads with Professor Stubbs against the most damning evidence of its possessor's vices.

Richard III. appears to Professor Stubbs to 'differ rather 'in fortune than in desert' from his brother. The praise may not seem high when read in the light of the list of Edward's cruelties and sensualities. But Professor Stubbs, when he is dealing with kings, thinks more of their amount of administrative vigour than of their licentiousness or even of their oppressions. The indications of powers and resolution in Richard attract him as they attract him in Edward. As he confesses, the materials for a clear delineation of Richard's character are very scanty. The cloud over his title coloured every act of his reign. A monarch in whose title his subjects do not believe does not scruple to govern by martial

law. 'There can, however,' writes the Professor, 'be little doubt of Richard's great ability, of his clear knowledge of the policy which in ordinary circumstances would have secured his throne, and of the force and energy of will which, put to a righteous use, might have made for him a great name.' He observes further: 'He might have reigned well if he could have rid himself of the entanglements under which he began to reign, or have cleared his conscience from the stain which his usurpation and its accompanying cruelties brought upon it.' That is to say, perhaps, when a king happens to be an usurper and a murderer, it were well if he could persuade himself that he is a model of virtue and a recognised redresser of wrong. Canon Stubbs assumes that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews. He does not contradict the popular rumour that from the same murderous heart proceeded the death of Henry VI. We should have been glad had so keen and close an observer of mediæval English character endeavoured to explain the portent that Englishmen, even after the wars of the Roses, should have credited these atrocities, and yet have offered were it only the merest lip homage to a treacherous suborner and accomplice of midnight assassins.

Professor Stubbs sketches characters with a touch at once so firm and so delicate that his readers would be well pleased, if other English worthies in addition to kings found a place in his portrait gallery. But kings, when the English Constitution was still in the making, governed as well as reigned. A new reign is at all periods a convenient milestone in history; in the middle ages sovereigns so distinctly controlled the policy of the State that each coronation was a natural epoch. If a prince had no power to impress his individuality on affairs, the want was perhaps even more felt than the enthronement of a strong will. The character of a crowned failure like the third Henry or the second Edward has to be drawn with analytical detail; constitution-makers like Langton are often seen in these pages only in their acts. Sometimes, however, he cannot suffer a mighty name to pass away without an epitaph, though its bearer be not an anointed king. Simon de Montfort has his place beside kings. Becket has his. Wycliffe has a few words, more of censure than of praise. He is credited with the rank of a deep thinker and a popular leader; but his immediate influence upon his age is condemned. 'His logical system of politics, when it was applied to practice, turned out to be little else than socialism; and his religious system, unless its vital doctrines are understood to be thrown into the

‘shade by its controversial tone, was unfortunately devoid of the true leaven of all religious success, sympathy and charity.’ It is a view of the great reformer of a nature to carry surprise and consternation into the breasts of deep students of Mr. Southey’s ‘Book of the Church.’ Henry V.’s two brothers have a few pregnant lines devoted to them. John of Bedford is lauded for his grave statesmanship and sense of public duty — ‘all the great qualities of Henry without his brilliance’ — and Humfrey of Gloucester is condemned for his glittering, popular, self-seeking, and unpatriotic adventurousness. The magnificent Cardinal Beaufort claims something more. He is shown dying, ‘not, as the great poet has described him, in the pangs of a melodramatic despair, but with the same business-like dignity in which for so long he had lived and ruled.’ Ambitious, unscrupulous, a persecutor, he was yet merciful in his political enmities, enlightened in his foreign policy, and ready to sacrifice his wealth and labour for the king. ‘From the moment of his death everything began to go wrong, and went worse and worse until all was lost.’

With a man like Beaufort, who worked upon a definite national policy. Canon Stubbs feels far more sympathy than with an ‘exaggeration of the common baronial type’ like the King-maker. Yet Warwick fills too wide a space in history not to command criticism, and our author is too just not to examine his character, that it may be perceived what was the secret of the av’ he inspired. He finds that Warwick was greedy and jealous of power and wealth, and unscrupulous in choosing his means. But he was not wantonly bloodthirsty or faithless. He was more than a powerful lord and a triumphant and skilful warrior; ‘he was a far-seeing politician, too, and probably, if Edward had suffered him, would have secured such a settlement of the foreign relations of England as might have anticipated the period of national recovery of which Henry VII. obtained the credit.’ Warwick was ‘no constitutional hero; he comes, perhaps, hardly within the ken of constitutional history, but he had in him the makings of a great king.’

This great work is chargeable with two grave faults. Its pages are without marginal dates, and its three volumes have an index which is worse than none. We shall hope to see both these irritating defects cured in a later edition. If there were equally material errors in his vast collection of historical data, we should not scruple to point them out. But he must be a bold critic who would venture to assail Canon Stubbs’s facts. Premises and conclusions are there in every

case for the reader to judge for himself how far they agree; the inference he may attack, but hardly the propositions from which it is drawn.

Oceasionally, though only oceasionally, a conclusion appears to us ill-supported. As a mere passing illustration we might instance the use made by Professor Stubbs of the omission to crown Matilda after the capture and deposition of Stephen. The Professor has no doubt that the doctrine prevailed in the Norman period that a king could be set aside for misgovernment; but he believes also that too much sanctity attached to the solemnities of coronation to permit of the ceremony being repeated so long as a previous subject of it lived and had not been formally degraded. The truth is, as is plain from the Professor's own quotation from Hoveden, that the bar to the coronation of Matilda was not Stephen, but her own son Henry. Henry I. 'fecit,' records Hoveden, 'archiepiscopus et comites et barones totius sue dominationis jurare fidelitates Matildi imperatrici filie sue, et Henrico filio ejus adhuc minimo, et constituit eum regem post se.' That is, Matilda received fealty as lady of England and Normandy, but the regal dignity was assigned to her son. Her father showed the same kind of doubt of the capacity of a woman for royalty as was felt by Stephen's supporters among the barons.

Sometimes the laudable fear of judging past ages from the point of view of the present appears to press too heavily upon the historian. Henry I.'s reform of the judicature he is afraid to trace to any magnanimous love of justice. He attributes it, indeed, not to mere greed for fees, but to Henry's and Roger of Salisbury's 'deeper and more statesmanlike belief that a nation in which justice is done is safer and more contented, and presents, therefore, an easier and richer body to be taxed.' There is, he adds, 'no reason to suppose that Henry acted on any higher motive; the value of justice depended, in his eyes, very much on the amount of treasure with which it supplied him.' This is altogether an arbitrary assumption. Strong and successful rulers like Henry I., of whatever race and in whatever age, are precluded by the laws of human nature and human intelligence from regarding their subjects thus as mere milch-cows. They take care that their institutions pay their cost and something more; but, over and above the possible fruit in the form of revenue, they have a pride in and love of their work of administration. They desire that it should answer its object of maintaining obedience to the laws. Canon Stubbs's needless imputation of wise legislation to the legislator's covetousness of a large revenue is the more surprising

that the Professor has not the humiliating habit in which preceding English historians indulged of tracing the British Constitution back to a money-bag and nothing besides. Kings in his pages show the royal instinct of public peace and order. Their subjects resist prerogative because they feel themselves citizens also. Then suddenly the historian appears to fear he may be thought romantic and unpractical; he turns upon himself, and declares that a great king, in beating off the wolves from the flock, had always an eye to the shambles.

An analogous tendency to this, by which Canon Stubbs is led to infer that mediæval kings had not the pleasure in governing well which ploughmen have in drawing a straight furrow, induces him to apologise for acts which were disgraceful then, as they would be now. Richard I. resigned under duress his crown to the Emperor Henry VI., and John resigned his to Pope Innocent III. In each case it was restored as a fief subject to tribute. The comment is: 'In neither case would much heroism have been shown by resistance to the demand; Richard's misfortune and John's misgovernment had left them practically without alternative.' But Richard and John had an alternative, though one not personally agreeable to them. Huss and Jerome of Prague might, on this easy principle that they had no alternative except death, have recanted their doctrines and escaped the stake. We must equally protest against the qualified acquittal of John's barons for their offer of the English crown to the French prince. 'The act,' he says, 'was a degrading one, and morally has no excuse but the plea of necessity.' We doubt what necessity there can be which would justify an offer of the English crown to a foreign potentate.

Like every writer, whether historian, biographer, or novelist, who identifies himself with the subjects of his pen, Canon Stubbs has his favourites. He has chosen them, however, on sufficient evidence of the honourable part they have played in shaping English political nature. When he has once given his confidence, he withdraws it reluctantly. Edward I. and Henry V. are his two ideal English sovereigns; nor do we question the wisdom of his selection. But the right does not seem to us to have been at all as distinctly on the side of the former in his conflict with Bigod and Bohun as is here assumed. Canon Stubbs appears to think that the good government the country had enjoyed under Edward's sceptre was ground for acquiescing in occasional stretches of the royal prerogative. But, as he knows better than anyone else, this is not the way in which the English Constitution has been built up. Certainly

it would have been a dangerous course to pursue with a sovereign so unwilling as Edward I. to part with a prerogative once exercised. Again, in praising Henry V., the Canon slurs over much too leniently the unjustifiable aggression, as he himself esteems it, upon France, and all the mischievous consequences which flowed from its dangerous successes. Perhaps an instinctive contempt for the want of administrative capacity in a ruler has rendered him unjust to Henry VI. He praises the unfortunate prince's private virtues, but he passes over the kingly qualities he possessed. The years of unchallenged authority which intervened between the king's attainment of his majority and the civil war may not have been all due to the famous memory of his father, but in part to the halo of Henry VI.'s own uprightness and love of his people. There is a royal ring about his answer to the offer by Beaufort's executors of a large sum from the cardinal's estate: 'My uncle was very dear to me, and did much kindness to me whilst he lived; the Lord reward him! But do ye with his goods as ye are bounden; I will not take them.' Not one of his predecessors would have rejected such an offering. So long as he retained his senses unclouded, his seat was secure; he even kept the peace between vengeful foes like Somerset and York. When the waters of baronial discord were once let out, his grandfather, with all his kingcraft, could not have stemmed the flood.

Other instances might be pointed out in which we should not absolutely agree with Professor Stubbs's verdicts on persons. But they are few and far between. A more important ground of difference might be found in his ecclesiastical propensity to dwell on the question of the relations between Church and State. He declines, it is true, to lay down any 'definition of the ideal relations between Church and State.' That, however, is only because he believes that any definition, to be satisfactory, should recognise at once perfect harmony between the two, and perfect independence for the Church in what he regards as the field of work it and the State share in common. Such a province, for example, is education; and 'the Church,' he holds, 'cannot engross the work of education without some danger to liberty; the State cannot engross it without some danger to religion; the work of the State without liberty loses half its value; the State without religion does only half its work.' He does not seem to understand that statesmen may administer a province into which religion enters religiously, though the State itself be without religion. But, though we disagree with the view we presume him to entertain on this question, the matter is only of theoretical in-

terest. In the middle ages Church and State were organisations, each independent in its own special province, but sharing another province in which they were continually jostling and striving with each other for the mastery. In recounting the facts of this contest, as in all his facts, Canon Stubbs's impartiality seems incapable even of feeling temptation. In proceeding from facts to inferences he keeps so keen a watch against himself that we should find more to criticise in his enumeration of the results of a campaign in France, than in his scrutiny of a controversy between a king and a primate. Mr. Hallam is no colder judge of the mediæval Church than the Oxford Professor of Modern History.

We shall have strangely failed in our object if we have not communicated to our readers some of the warmth of admiration which these volumes excite in ourselves. A rhetorical passage is not to be detected from the first page to the last. The sentences labour with a greater weight of knowledge and the results of thought than they are well able to bear. The writer is a pioneer; he has to pick his steps as he advances without much leisure to consider whether his companions can keep pace with him along the rugged path. But the road once made seems made for ever. It would be rash to predict, when every year sees new storehouses thrown open to the student of history, that even Professor Stubbs's canons of constitutional development will escape modification. They may be modified; they will scarcely be disproved. Englishmen may congratulate themselves that, at the very time when it became possible to write English history from its genuine sources, the talents and the devotion were found which could accomplish the work. Canon Stubbs fifty years ago would have followed his bent and composed histories. He would have emulated Mr. Hallam as a critic of the English Constitution; he could not have written, or rather rewritten, the constitutional history of England. Whatever new discoveries may be made, he has grasped too firmly the central idea of English national life to be ever shown to have strayed wide of the goal. Where that idea leads him he follows; when it loiters he halts; he never anticipates the direction it will pursue; if the clue be lost for an instant, he tracks it like a sleuth-hound till he has caught it up once more. His calmness is the calmness not of indifference to each side, but of sympathy with the loftier and nobler intentions of both. His pity for lives thrown away in the vain attempt to turn back the current of national development balances his delight in the men who understood their age and sped it on its way. If his style

wants vivacity and lustre, there is instead the reflection of a passionate eagerness to lay bare the secret kernel of English political energies. The knowledge he has stored in his treasure-houses at times, as it were, catches fire, and the measured diction glows with the hidden flame. Readers who glance at a page here and there will pronounce the book ponderous and stony. If, and as, they proceed, they will become conscious of a sentiment of enthusiasm stirring within them for the great theme which engages the historian, and for the spirit in which he works upon it, and we can promise them that they will find the volumes dull and heavy no longer.

We rejoice that it should have occurred to Lord Beaconsfield to honour both Church and State by conferring Bishop Lightfoot's canonry on this great national historian. The Church of England owes much to an ecclesiastic who is in himself living evidence that clerical pursuits, followed with zeal and devotion, need not warp the judgment or narrow the sympathies. The debt of statesmen is of a more direct and personal nature. Canon Stubbs has said: 'The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is.' The political forces which are operating now are the result of forces which have been operating since English history began. What they are cannot be understood except on condition of understanding whence they come. On the same condition only can it be foreseen whither they tend.

- ART. II.—1. *Collective Works of Dr. SAYERS.* With a Biography by WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich: 1823.
2. *Memoir and Correspondence of Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., President of the Linnæan Society.* Edited by Lady SMITH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.
3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich.* Compiled and edited by S. W. ROBBERDS, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. 1843.
4. *Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie.* By CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. 8vo. Norwich: 1854.
5. *Memoir of the Life of Mrs. Fry.* By two of her Daughters. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.
6. *The Autobiography of HARRIET MARTINEAU.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.
7. *Catalogue of the Pictures exhibited at Burlington House in the Winters of 1877–78, including a special Selection of the Works of the principal Artists of the Norwich School.*

THESE works are none of them of recent date, but they supply us with a suitable introduction and with ample materials for the object we have in view, which is to bring before our readers some record of those whose lives conferred distinction on the social and literary annals of the chief city of Eastern England in the first quarter of the present century and even in much earlier times. They, indeed, have passed away, and have left no very deep mark in literature or science. But the fine arts, cultivated at Norwich under the influence of this genial society as they have never been cultivated in any other English provincial town, have left more enduring traces of genius. It was with some surprise that the connoisseurs of the metropolis saw the other day, collected in the sanctuary of the arts, a whole gallery of the works of Crome, Cotman, Stark, Vincent, and Stannard, all Norwich artists, rivalling the painters of Holland, and adding a brilliant page to the history of English art. These men have recently attained a degree of celebrity and importance of which in their lifetime they never dreamed, and we feel pleasure in adding our testimony to their posthumous fame. Their pictures, chiefly painted in the heart of Norwich or in its vicinity, brought before us the county by the sea, with its waves and cliffs, its heaths and commons, its cornfields, its old manor and farm houses, its fens and marshes, its willow-shadowed rivers and Dutch-like

meadows, and recalled the city which, planted in its centre, embalms so much of the past history of the eastern counties in architectural relics and old traditions.

The county of Norfolk, which now enjoys the distinction of providing a royal dwelling-place, has also, in time past, been more than once the scene of a visit from the kings and queens of England, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of a progress which she made through the county in 1578, a procession of the goodliest and comeliest of the young men of Norwich rode, headed by the mayor, to meet their sovereign, when one of these riders, more gaily dressed than the rest, in green and white, with hat and plume and nobly mounted, represented the early British 'king Gurguntus, 'sometime king of England, who built the castle of Norwich, 'and laid the foundation of the city.' So dim and remote is the personality of this barbarian king, that he seems to hover between the realms of the historical and the mythical; but the lingering tradition served to enliven the welcome of Queen Elizabeth, although it fades before the better attested record of Saxon times.

It is said that, in the ninth century, Alfred the Great, to end the Danish wars and establish peace, placed the fair-haired Guthrum, King of Denmark, in possession of the castle in East Anglia, which, bearing traces of early British origin, crowned, as, with later additions, it still crowns, that spot in Norfolk, once flanked by the sea, where the Wensum bends its waters into an enclosing curve before travelling on eastward to join the Yare, to fill with it and the Waveney the expanse of Breydon Water, and to reach the flat monotonous shores which skirt for miles the approaches to Great Yarmouth. Around this castle, the events, needs, and circumstances which arose in the course of centuries, gradually accumulated a varied assemblage of objects, and grew into the city now existing as the capital of Norfolk.

But other causes, more peculiar and local, moulded the subsequent destinies of the town, and impressed their results upon its history. Such were the ecclesiastical element, when the cathedral, the monasteries, the churches, rose up to give an important character to the see; the foreign element, largely introduced by the settlement of Flemish traders in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and later by the immigration of Huguenots from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the aristocratic atmosphere, occasioned by the frequent residence within the city of the Dukes of Norfolk, with their palace, provincial court, and train of followers; and, in its

measure, the element supplied by the presence of the Norfolk county gentry, whose custom it was to seek their winter quarters in the many-gabled mansions which, with spacious gardens and orchards attached to them, gave dignity to the architecture of the streets. The knight, the prelate, and the merchant, the antiquary and the artist, the man of science and the man of letters, are all represented on this provincial stage. Others also, besides those whose actual birthplace was Norwich, have so closely connected themselves with the town as to leave their fame and memory in the place in which they found their field of action or of suffering: the bishops, who created, enriched, or expanded the glories of the cathedral; the knights, who, possessing houses in Norwich, linked with it the names of Boleyn, Paston, and Fastolf; the poet, that Earl of Surrey, whose poetical genius and undeserved fate have rendered him memorable, and who was well known in Norwich as the owner and occupier of two palaces in and near the town;* the martyr Bilney, who, in 1531, tinged the waters of the Wensum with the glare of the flaming stake upon its brink; and those earlier martyrs who perished in the 'Lollards' Pit,' a spot still known by their name, a monument of the precursors of the Reformation. The religious persecution which followed the advent of Wicliffe spread to Norfolk, and terminated in the arrest and punishment of many of those who held the opinions which were considered at once heretical and traitorous. One of these disciples of Wicliffe, William White, a priest, who, resigning his benefice, left the south of England and took up his abode in Norfolk, where his saintly life and earnest message made a deep impression, was arrested and brought to Norwich, and, by the decision of Bishop Wakering, was led out from the

* The Earl of Surrey had a house in 'Surrey Street,' and one on Mousehold Heath. 'At the dissolution of the Priory of St. Leonard, King Henry VIII. granted it to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, whose son, Henry Earl of Surrey, built a sumptuous house on the site, in which he dwelt.' (Blomefield's 'Norfolk,' vol. iv. p. 427.) It is stated in the work—'Indication of Memorials, Monuments, Paintings, and Engravings of Persons of the Howard Family,' by Henry Howard of Corby Castle, privately printed, 1834, that there are fourteen portraits of Lord Surrey extant: three by Holbein (one at Knowle, one at Kensington Palace, and one at Windsor), two others at Knowle, one at Arundel Castle, one by Vertue (a copy of the Arundel Castle portrait), one at Greystoke Castle by Sir Antonio More, one at Worksop Manor, one at Oxburgh, a second at Windsor, one by Houbraken, locality unknown, a small head on board at Oxford, and a highly finished head on board, apparently a copy of the Arundel Castle picture, which was in the possession of Dr. Nott.

Castle of Norwich one morning in the month of September, 1428, and, crossing the river to the hollow under the hill—that spot where the broken ground, flattened into a platform in the centre, rises into a low amphitheatre, looking straight over the river on to the cathedral spire—suffered, beneath the gaze of the bank of spectators, the death which has been so often and so vividly described by Foxe, the death by gallows, chain, and fuel, or by stake and faggot.

Amongst the Norwich worthies of that age must be mentioned Sir Thomas Erpingham, whose memory is perpetuated by a gateway to the Upper Close which bears his name. His father, Sir John Erpingham, succeeded to the estate at Erpingham, the old inheritance, country residence, and burial-place of the family, only a few months before his own death. His life had been passed mainly in Norwich, in the occupation of the ‘corner house on the west side of the street against ‘Rose Lane,’ the site of which is given by Blomefield in his map of Norwich. Here it is probable that the son was born and brought up, who is known to later generations for his loyal devotion to Henry V., for his gallantry at Agincourt, for the interest and active part which he took in the affairs of the city during his long life, and for his excellent taste in architecture. A small old print gives a quaint likeness of this Norwich knight. His life was as varied as his tastes; at one time the hero of a battle, at another the centre of that domestic life of which his wife Joan, the daughter of Sir William Clopton, a lady traditionally of great beauty, formed the ornament; now devoted to the doctrines of Wicliffe, encouraging the so-called Lollards’ movement, and incurring the disapproval of the Bishop of Norwich, that warlike bishop, Le-de-Spencer, who, with his sword in one hand and his pastoral staff in the other, administered the affairs of his diocese; then founding a monastery, building the fine church for the brethren of the Black Friars, now well known as St. Andrew’s Hall, and devising, with all rich and significant decoration, an entrance gateway to the episcopal precincts, which is one of the best specimens of the architecture of his age. The arms of Erpingham, an inescutcheon in an orle of martlets, and the arms of Joan Walton and Joan Clopton, his two wives, are placed upon the edifice, and in a niche above the tall archway is the effigy of Sir Thomas himself, a figure in armour, with pointed beard and waving hair, armed with sword and shield, with upraised face and hands joined in prayer.*

* Blomefield, vol. iv. p. 39. Sir Thomas Browne’s ‘Antiquities of Norwich.’

Sir Thomas Erpingham, ‘a good old commander and a most kind gentleman,’ described by the contemporary poet Lydgate as ‘Sir Thomas Erpingham, that never did faille,’ is alluded to by Monstrelet in the chronicle written almost in the lifetime of the knight. It was Erpingham, a knight ‘grown grey with age and honour,’ who gave the signal for the onset at Agincourt. Placing the archers in front, and, in the name of the king, exhorting them all most earnestly to defend their lives, he flung into the air a truncheon which he held in his hand, crying out, ‘Now strike!’ The fidelity of Sir Thomas Erpingham to the king has been recorded by Shakespeare, who gives him a place in his play of ‘King Henry V.’—

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say ‘Now lie I like a king.’

The incidents of Agincourt and the French campaign suggested perhaps to Sir Thomas Erpingham the idea of placing in St. Michael’s Church in Norwich the painted glass window which contained the arms of the heroes of Crécy and Poitiers. This and the rebuilding of St. Andrew’s Hall seem to have been the last acts of his life ; he lived to see the death of the king he had served, as he had previously seen those of his predecessors—Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.—and died himself in 1428 at the opening of the War of the Roses.

The French wars remind us of another Norfolk family, that of Wodehouse, which still bears the proud device of ‘Agincourt’ on its shield in memory of the good service done by John Wodehouse to Henry V. on that day, and the present Earl of Kimberley still possesses the silver cup presented by that sovereign to his ancestor. The Wodehouses, though strictly a county family, living near Wymondham, have always been closely connected with Norwich. Mr. Edmund Wodehouse, long member for the county, and father of the present Sir Philip Wodehouse, lived in the Upper Close. His brother was a prebendary of the Cathedral. In our own day, and under Whig auspices, the head of this distinguished family has reached the dignity of an earldom.

The sixteenth century produced in the city many important events, the persecution of Bilney and other Protestants, Ket’s rebellion under the protectorate of Somerset, and the advocacy of the cause of one queen and the loyal reception of another, but it also bore there its quiet fruit of intellectual progress.

Two men distinguished for ability, scholarship, and large enterprise, Dr. Kaye, the founder of Caius College, Cambridge, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, were born in Norwich, and began, in different directions, their work of usefulness and light.

Dr. Kaye, or, as he is commonly called, Dr. Caius, whose life was more varied in its scope and interests than that of Matthew Parker, was born in 1510, and, adding to his literary pursuits a love of science, adopted the career of a physician. After his course at Cambridge, he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Padua in 1541, he was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1547, and became the first of that remarkable series of eminent men who have, from his time down to the present moment, represented and practised in Norwich the medical profession.

The life of Dr. Caius is divided into distinct periods ; many years at the University of Padua, a settlement at Norwich, a migration to London as court physician to Queen Mary, and a subsequent residence at Cambridge as master of the college which he built, filled up the term of life which is summarised in the short but expressive epitaph upon his tombstone—‘ Fui
‘ Caius.’

After the early years spent at Norwich during the childhood of Dr. Caius and Matthew Parker, the influences to which each was subjected produced an opposite effect in assisting to form the opinions and mould the lives of their fellow-townsmen. Matthew Parker, the future archbishop, remained for years at Corpus Christi College, where the spirit of the Reformation was strongly felt and warmly advocated ; Dr. Caius dwelt at Padua, where the tastes favourable to Roman Catholicism, of which there are indications in his subsequent life, were probably fostered. He was evidently far from either extreme in the theological struggle that was absorbing England ; his selection as court physician by Queen Mary, and the opposition he underwent in later days at Cambridge from those who suspected him of an attachment to Catholic practices, show that he had not taken part with Latimer, Bilney, or Parker in their resolute Protestantism. It is not unlikely that his natural and early sympathies were on the Roman Catholic side, whilst his enlarged mind and varied experience produced the tolerance and respect with which he is said to have treated all Protestants, and the impartiality with which he embraced the reformed mode of worship. At once a physician, a naturalist, and a scholar, science and letters occupied and absorbed his energies, to the exclusion of any enthusiastic advocacy of religious

opinion. To search the libraries of Italy for the manuscripts of Galen, to give these in newer form to the world, to study anatomy and medicine at Padua, and to echo those studies in the constitution and provisions of the college which he founded (one of the privileges of which was to secure yearly the bodies of two malefactors for dissection), to throw his ingenuity and skill into the invention and dissemination of a means of cure for the plague, called the sweating-sickness, which raged during his time in England, but especially in the towns of Norwich and Shrewsbury, were objects more consistent with his genius than the theological questions to which he had given some attention in his earlier years at Cambridge, but which faded into the distance in the presence of the vigorous studies which originated and ripened the true fruits of his life.

Dr. Caius took advantage of the moment when the plague was raging, bearing off in Norwich alone 960 victims, to send forth to the world the treatise, called ‘*De Ephemera Brittanica*,’ which spread his reputation, and was the cause of his removal to London. In that treatise, published first in England, and afterwards at Louvain in 1556, he makes allusion to his residence in Italy, when he had exchanged the chill climate of Cambridge and his course of study there for the summer skies and wider learning of Padua. Some lingering memory of the Italian architecture of the portico under which he had so often passed may have suggested to Dr. Caius the idea of the beautiful ‘Gate of Honour’ whose delicate pilasters and rich ornament form so elegant an entrance to the court of Caius College. Years after the Italian episode had passed away, and whilst he was inhabiting the house in London ‘next under ‘Smythfelde,’ his principal object became the improvement of the college where he had received his early education. It was in 1557 that he founded and endowed Caius College, incorporating with it Gonville Hall. The room on the east side of the court, the window facing west, which he occupied, is still to be seen; the grave, which, by his order, had been made some years before his death in the chapel, is surmounted by the monument which records the date of burial, 1573; the portraits which preserve the memory of the dark, striking face, also known by the prints which have been prefixed to some of his works, still look down from the walls of the college. These pictures are three: one in the hall, giving the full face; another, a very interesting portrait in profile, with high forehead, aquiline nose, flowing beard, and finely shaped head, whose noble and severe aspect accords well with the simple, dignified dress of a doctor of medicine, a black cloak with long

fur collar, which completes the picture. The third is in the library, a small-sized, dark, ancient-looking painting on panel.

In 1719, in order to carry out repairs, the grave of the first master was opened, and the coffin lid removed, when, a stream of light breaking into the coffin, its contents were disclosed, and the pale set features of the dead revealed, whole and perfect, with the long beard and fine outline familiar to the denizens of the college.

A simpler index to the qualities of Dr. Caius remains in a short description of him, written within fifty years of his death by Richard Parker, one of the fellows of the college which he founded:—

‘Illum, illum, inquam, intelligo doctissimum Caium, cujus pectus in Æseulapii Scholis quis non agnoscat omnis Phœbeæ artis conscium ac veluti βιβλιοθήκην ἑμψυχον, qui varia ingenii sui monumenta vel leniter attigerit! quem egregium per tot annos Medicinæ apud Patavienses in Italia Prælectorem Publicum! quantum hujus Academiæ ornamentum! qualem Cantabrigiæ antiquitatis assertorem!’ *

This last sentence probably refers to the book which Dr. Caius wrote on the history and antiquities of Cambridge, the manuscript of which he sent to his early friend and associate,† Matthew Parker, and which was published by the latter after the death of Dr. Caius.‡

* From a manuscript in Caius College Library, Smith's Catalogue, p. 85 of Caius MSS. 173. ‘Σκελετὸς Cantabrigiæ; sive Collegiorum ‘adumbratilis delineatio, eum suis fundatoribus et benefactoribus ‘plurimis. R(icardus) P(arker). A.D. 1622.’

† See letter in Appendix to Strype's ‘Life of Parker,’ No. 55, p. 162.

‡ Masters' ‘History of Corpus Christi College,’ p. 97. It may here be proper to record, in order of time, that the famous grammar school of Norwich was founded in the year 1547, the year of the accession of Edward VI. It is still called King Edward's School, and daily thanks were offered up to the honour and glory of God for the pious benefactor of the school, and especially ‘pro Edvardo Sexto fundatore ‘nostro.’ In point of fact, however, the charter of the school seems to have been drawn in the last months of the reign of Henry VIII., though the seal was affixed to it by his successor. The school still occupies the ancient chapelry of St. John, near the west gate of the cathedral, which was affected to it on its foundation. This institution has rendered no mean services to the culture of Eastern England. It has reckoned among its scholars some illustrious Norfolk names—Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Nelson, and, in our own days, Rajah Brooke; and it has sent up to the neighbouring university a multitude of men distinguished in their several professions. Dr. Parr was at one time the master of this school; not long after him it passed under the

The career of Matthew Parker, no less than that of John Caius, ended in scenes far distant from the old city associated with the childhood of each. The profession chosen by Parker established him finally at Lambeth, where his valuable services to Queen Elizabeth justified the confidence of her ill-fated mother, who had, on the eve of her execution, commended the young princess to the care and counsel of her favourite chaplain. The archbishop records in his journal that he was born in the parish of St. Saviour in the year 1505, educated in that of St. Clement, and that his father, William Parker, died when he was still a child, leaving to his mother, Alicia Monins, the superintendence of her son's education. His aptness for music was apparently less than for the other branches of instruction mentioned in his diary, reading, writing, and grammar, for which he had separate masters—for reading, the rector of St. Clement's; for writing, one Prior, clerk of St. Benedict; for grammar, W. Neve; for singing, Love, a priest, 'whose harshness he could never forget.' The lessons of the rector of St. Clement's were more fruitful in their results, and more adapted to the talents of the young scholar; they implanted the love of study for which he was afterwards remarkable, and the taste for letters which led eventually to the formation of his large and carefully collected library of books and manuscripts. He was admitted to Corpus Christi College in 1521, when, like other university students, he lodged in one of the hostels established for their reception in the town. He afterwards had rooms in college, where the conditions of outward comfort appear to have been rather limited; it was during his residence there as an undergraduate that the windows were first glazed, and the hall wainscoted. Before then, the lodge and fellows' chambers even were lighted by windows open to the air, and roofed with unceiled rafters; a similar want of luxury prevailed in the butteries of the university; scholars complained of the hard fare, of the ale, 'raw, small, and windy,' which, as related by Fuller, was the beverage of all the colleges before 'the innovation of beer, the child of hops, was brought into England.' But whatever may have been the conditions of food and shelter at that time, the spiritual and mental instincts of the students were amply stirred and satisfied. Then, for the first time, the study of Greek was formally

long and meritorious reign of Edward Valpy; and at the present time under Dr. Jessopp, the accomplished historian of the Jesuit martyrs, it sustains to a high degree its ancient character for scholarship and good discipline.

sanctioned, when Richard Croke, who had been preceded by Erasmus in the cultivation of that language in Cambridge, was appointed Greek professor. The companions and contemporaries of Parker were such men as the future statesmen Nicholas Bacon and Cecil. Cambridge contained individuals so eminent that their predecessors in comparison seemed 'rather shadows of divines than divines.' Erasmus had just left the University, after a seven years' residence at Queen's College, 'allured with the situation of this college, so near the river as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea;' Cranmer was about to take up the theological lectureship which gathered his disciples around him; Latimer was undergoing at Christ's College the process which changed his enthusiastic devotion to Popery into the zeal for Scriptural truth to which his life was sacrificed; Coverdale was qualifying himself at the Augustine Priory for the execution of that translation of the Bible which has made his name famous; and Thomas Bilney, a fellow of Trinity Hall, a Norfolk man, the Norwich martyr of 1531, was attracting, by his energy in controversy, his determination of character, and his warm and gentle heart, the attention and friendship of many of the dwellers in the university. Of these friends Matthew Parker was one, and it was he who, while still at Cambridge, travelled down from thence to Norwich, on the occasion of the burning of Bilney, to yield the drop of consolation which his presence might afford. It was soon after this event that the fame of his scholarship and successful preaching reached the Court, and in March, 1535, he became one of the chaplains of Anne Boleyn. The Norfolk queen, in whose memory the scenes of her early childhood, the green glades, the timber avenues, the antique walls, of Blickling, still lingered, uneffaced by the gay French life and the royal career which had succeeded them, selected and welcomed the Norwich divine as her chaplain, and found in him, during the remaining fourteen months of her life, a partial friend.

He refers repeatedly to her in his letters: 'If I had not been so much bound to the mother, I had not consented to serve the daughter,' alluding to Elizabeth; speaks of the benevolence of her to whom he is 'most singularly obliged,' and who 'is now in blessed felicity,' and of her kindness and favour to him, 'her poor countryman.' These and many other similar passages, written long after the death of Anne Boleyn, show that the judgment of her poor countryman was given, in spite of the cloud which had rested upon her reputation, in favour of her innocence. During her life Matthew Parker became, by her gift, Dean of Stoke College,

in Suffolk, and, in 1544, Master of Corpus Christi College; but upon the accession of Queen Mary he was deprived of these and other preferments, and, returning to Norfolk, passed, in the literary pursuits for which he had so strong a bent, the years of seclusion during which his early comrade, Dr. Caius, was, in his turn, taking up his position in a court and by the side of a queen, but a court and queen whose dull and unlovely state was a contrast indeed to the lively and captivating circle of Anne Boleyn.

In 1558 Matthew Parker was recalled to public life as Archbishop of Canterbury. His history from this time is embodied in the ecclesiastical history of the reign of Elizabeth; the position which he held, aided by those qualities with which he was so appropriately furnished—the clear intellectual perception, the moderation, humility, and firmness which were his natural gifts, the rectitude and godliness of his moral character—enabled him to perform an important work in and for the Church of England at the arduous and difficult moment described by himself in the prayer offered up on the day of his consecration:—

‘ 17 Decembr. ann. 1559.

‘ Consecratus sum in Archiepiscopum Cantuarien. Eheu! Eheu! Domine Deus, in quæ tempora servasti me? Jam veni in profundum aquarum, et tempestas demersit me. O Domine, vim patior: responde pro me, et Spiritu tuo principali confirma me.’

The words of this prayer, in his own writing, are to be found in a parchment roll in the library of Corpus Christi College, one of the records which, like his letters, impart a personal and biographical interest to the large amount of literary achievement he left behind him in the form of original works, translations, and editions of manuscripts. The special service he rendered to literature was that of preserving and publishing many of the manuscripts which, on the dissolution of the monasteries, had been scattered and lost sight of. It appears to have been his practice to employ numerous agents in the search for these treasures,* and, besides the assistants engaged in their recovery, to keep at his side men of learning and culture, to aid in the reproducing and editing of the chronicles thus collected, and to carry out other branches of his favourite pursuit. Among these scholars it may be mentioned in pass-

* These MSS., and Matthew Parker's mode of editing them, are described and discussed by Sir Thomas Hardy in the ‘Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,’ Preface, pp. xliii, xliv.

ing that Alexander Nevyl, one of the historians of Norwich, found a place, who, under the auspices of the archbishop, wrote and printed the two books on 'Ket's Rebellion' and the 'History of Norwich,' which afford contemporary illustration of many of the scenes they describe.* The library of Corpus Christi College contains the rich bequest† which Matthew Parker, unlike his successors at Lambeth, who furnished the archiepiscopal palace with its splendid collections, consigned to the shelter of the walls in which his younger days had been passed.

The church at Norwich in the vicinity of which Matthew Parker passed his childhood, and where his family lie buried, is that of St. Clement; it stands in a quiet nook withdrawn from the street, the blackness of the squared flint with which it is faced relieved by the masonry of the large Perpendicular windows; around it is a broad flagged passage, and between this pavement and the church stands a raised tomb which records the names of the parents of the archbishop. The flagged passage is overshadowed by a row of houses, built with the same dark flint as the church, and finished with many small mullioned windows, which give a sleepy old-world air to the spot. From hence the street branches off, and passing, with many turnings, between the gabled houses, and within sight of four or five of the churches which ornament Norwich, issues out into the market-place, whose lively slope is embellished by the chequered front, arches, and figures of the Guildhall, and by the church of St. Peter Mancroft. Opposite the fine east window of this edifice, and on the other side of the square, there once stood a house, the front of which, with its rows of tall windows, faced the market-place, whilst the gable end looked into a narrow street, and was flanked by a court enclosed with palisades. In this mansion dwelt the celebrated physician Sir Thomas Browne, absorbed in the studies or the correspondence incident to the practice of medicine, or in the weaving of those quaint literary conceits which throw around him an atmosphere of assiduous occupation and lettered quiet, strangely at variance with the national and political excitement of the days in which he lived. His mind appears to have been so possessed by insatiable curiosity, an ardent pursuit of knowledge, wide and varied sympathies, and a poetic

* 'Alexandri Nevylly Angli De furoribus Norfolciensium Ketto duce. Londini, 1575;' 'Alexandri Nevylly Angli Norwicus. 1574.'

† Archbishop Parker bequeathed to Corpus Christi College upwards of 400 manuscripts.

instinct, that he, and not his circumstances, suggested and decided his pursuits; and his personality is detached from his times, except in so far as the dissertations upon natural and scientific lore which he has bequeathed are limited by the point to which such investigations had then been brought, or bear the mark of a reluctant belief in discoveries which are now universally accepted.

He wrote the '*Religio Medici*,' a spiritual autobiography or meditation, or, as he calls it, '*A Memorial unto Myself*,' which was the foundation of his fame, before he became a Norwich physician; the '*Enquiry into Vulgar Errors*,' an investigation into the causes of popular error in theology, medicine, and history; the '*Urn Burial*,' a treatise on different modes of burying; the '*Garden of Cyrus*,' a disquisition on the number five; and the '*Account of Norwich Cathedral*,' at later intervals of a life commencing in 1605 and continuing up to 1682, when he brought to a close the long residence in Norwich which, although he was not actually born in Norfolk, has identified him so completely with its capital. His birth took place in London, but he settled in Norwich in 1636, and remained for forty-five years one of its central and most familiar figures.

Little is known of his childhood. There is an interesting picture now at Devonshire House, which represents a family group said to be the father and mother of Sir Thomas Browne, his two sisters, a brother, and himself. The picture is delicately painted; the father stands on the left, the mother is seated on the right; between them are the three quaintly attired children, and, on his mother's knee, the future Sir Thomas Browne, a little figure in close red cap, red coat, and pinafore, clasping a black rabbit, the face giving promise of the intelligence and gentleness of disposition which were characteristic of him in after life. Wilkin, in his biographical sketch, mentions a manuscript by one of the daughters of the physician, which narrates that the father of Sir Thomas 'used to 'open the breast of the child when he was asleep, and kiss it 'in prayers over him—as it is said of Origen's father—that the 'Holy Ghost would take possession of him.' The father died early, and his son, after passing through Winchester and Oxford, educating himself at Montpellier and Padua, and taking his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden, came after a time to Norwich, where, in spite of the aspiration expressed in the '*Religio Medici*' that men could increase and multiply in the manner of trees, he followed the ordinary fashion, marrying a Norfolk lady, Dorothy Mileham, and becoming the father of

several children, some of whom, the elder sons in particular, elicited from him many of the most charming of his letters during those early and prolonged foreign journeys which it was his system to enforce for their improvement. His biography has been so often written, the qualities of his mind and the character of his works so often anatomised and examined, that to speak of his skill as a physician, his learning as a naturalist, his faith as a Christian, his scepticism as an unweaver of fallacy, to dwell on the research, the poetry of his meditations, the surprising variety of the subjects into which he penetrated, would only be to repeat well-known facts. With the poetical air which he threw over everything he touched, he invested the idea of his own life. ‘My life (1635) has been a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry.’ There is nothing in the circumstances recorded to separate his career from the prosaic life of other men; the poetry came from within, and the glamour was spread by himself. Few men have had at once so fertile an imagination, and so strong a bent towards the investigation of facts; but the inexhaustible interest of that fairy world of animal and vegetable life, into which he searched with so much relish, gratified and stimulated both these endowments.

The mental and spiritual picture conveyed of himself in his works is completed by the contemporary allusions of his many friends; the detailed description of Dr. Whitefoot, rector of Heigham, the narration of John Evelyn, the letters of Sir William Dugdale, the observations of Sir Hamon Le Strange, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Sir Robert Paston, scientific men, and correspondents of Browne, all assist to supply the touches necessary to give his outward semblance and manner of life. The treasure of curiosities which he had gathered around him is described by Evelyn in his diary,* who paid a visit to Lord Henry Howard at Norwich, in order to see ‘that famous scholar and physician Dr. Thomas Browne.’† They had previously had some correspondence on trees, gardens, and rare plants, and, the morning after Evelyn’s arrival at the ducal palace, he visited the doctor at his own house, finding his ‘whole house and garden a paradise, and cabinet of rarities, medals, books, plants, and natural things.’ Among these he specially mentions a collection of eggs of such birds as storks,

* Evelyn’s ‘Diary,’ vol. ii. (ed. 1827), p. 353, under date October 1671.

† Ibid. p. 196.

cranes, and water-fowl, which had been gleaned from the broads and marshes of Norfolk. The library, the birds, the fishes, the natural curiosities, the garden of rare plants, provided a rich attraction for literary or scientific visitors. The refined and learned physician whose cheerful home in sight of the busy market-place, within sound of the clang of the chimes of St. Peter's, was thus choicely and curiously ornamented, did the honours of the town to his guest; and these two picturesque figures, Sir Thomas in the 'cloke and boots' he always wore, and Evelyn with the dainty courtly costume that he affected, perambulated Norwich together, inspecting the cathedral, the stately churches, the 'buildings of flint so exquisitely headed 'and squared,' and the castle, and, to gratify the botanical tastes of both, the 'flower gardens, in which all the inhabitants 'excel.' The labours of their profession occupied the father and son—the latter also a physician—much more than the occasional share which both took in the society of the place. Sir Thomas Browne practised largely in the town and county the profession which, with characteristic originality, he describes as of the highest antiquity, since its first transaction was performed in that distant morning of the world when the physician's art was exercised to induce the deep sleep of Adam, and surgery attained its first triumph in the extraction of his rib.*

Browne was knighted by Charles II. on the occasion of his visit to Norfolk in 1671, when, before proceeding with the Duke of Monmouth and others to Blickling, Oxnead, and Rainham, the king spent a night at Norwich, performing his devotions at the cathedral in the morning, kneeling on the bare stone; indemnifying himself for this hardship by a noble luncheon at the bishop's palace; reviewing the 'trained bands in the market-place, and then meeting the city magnates to confer the honour of knighthood, and to partake of a banquet whose brilliant company and costly display shone beneath the slender pillars and storied windows of St. Andrew's Hall.

Eleven years after this event, on his seventy-seventh birthday, Sir Thomas Browne ended a life which, although singularly rich in the elements of earthly enjoyment, he had yet rated at a lower value than 'the undiscovered country, from 'whose bourn no traveller returns,' in the fine observation: 'There is but one comfort left, that though it be in the power

* 'For though physick may plead high, from that medical act of God, 'in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and chirurgery find 'its whole art in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam.'—*Garden of Cyrus*.

‘ of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest
‘ to deprive us of death.’

It is curious that the subject of the disposal and condition of the human body after death, upon which he had written so learned and eloquent a disquisition (in spite of its subject, one of the most attractive of his works, from the beauty of the reflections and the grandeur of the diction), should have been revived in connexion with his own ashes. As late as 1840, the coffin, which was in a grave in front of the altar in St. Peter’s Mancroft Church, was uncovered in making room for another, as in the case of Dr. Caius, and the remains brought to light. The inscription which was found upon the coffin—‘ *Corporis spagyrici * pulvere plumbum in aurum convertit,*’ which has been rendered ‘ Sleeping in this coffin, by the dust of his
‘ alchemic body he transmuteth lead into gold,’ and which was probably placed on it by his son, seems an extension of his own sentence: ‘ Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and
‘ pompous in the grave.’ The inscription was fortunately placed on the lid of the coffin only, and not on the monument; otherwise the body might not have remained so long undisturbed, for, to use Sir Thomas’ own words, ‘ He that lay
‘ in a golden urn was not like to find the quiet of his bones;
‘ the commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the
‘ dead; it is not injustice to take that which none complains
‘ to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor.’ The coffin was found to be converted, not into gold, but into carbonate of lead, and the skull, which was removed from it, was transferred to the collections in the hospital at Norwich.

There is something which eludes precise description in the individuality of Sir Thomas Browne; the biographies of him present not so much the force and power of a portrait, as a somewhat faint and vague outline of a personage difficult to recall and portray. To use the ancient definition of man quoted by himself—a being consisting of soul, body, and image or simulacrum of them both—the image only floats up into sight to repay the labour of the diver into his history; his mental qualities, so unusual and subtle, their inconsistent variety, the combination of the practical and the imaginative, tend to baffle the attempt to represent adequately the gifted and memorable individual with whose shade we part reluctantly as his footsteps die away.

* The word ‘spagyrici’ is that on the coffin. A question was raised whether ‘stagyrici’ had not been intended. This question was discussed at the time of the discovery of the coffin.

A much more definite and modern figure is that of the editor of some of the manuscripts which in the time of Sir Thomas Browne were the cherished possession of Sir Robert Paston, or that of the jolly Dean whose amusing correspondence with Mr. Ellis (Under-Secretary of State from 1695 to 1705) has lately been printed by the Camden Society. Humphrey Pridcaux, described by Evelyn as 'a young man 'most learned in antiquities,' became a prebendary of Norwich the year before the death of Sir Thomas Browne, and afterwards inhabited the venerable walls of the Deanery. His character and attainments are reflected in the letters, vigorous, plain-spoken, and unsentimental, which give a graphic account of politics, local and public, in Norwich, seasoned with abundance of county gossip. His remarks on the warmth of the Jacobite partisans, or the proceedings of the corporation, alternate with narrations of trials scandalous or sensational, and with anecdotes of his eccentric predecessor in the Deanery, or of the only two noblemen living in Norfolk at the beginning of the century, Lord Townshend and Lord Yarmouth.

The latter, the second Lord Yarmouth, was the last in direct line of that family whose reputation has extended far beyond Norfolk by means of the celebrated letters which have made the Pastons, as the type of the English mediæval family of gentle blood, and the mouthpiece of its sentiments, habits, and fashions, so interesting to the historian. Sir John Fenn, born at Norwich in 1739, claims a niche in the series of local worthies as the student whose industry and enterprise unearthed these records, and gave them to the world. Carefully preserved in the Paston family since the fifteenth century, the letters became dispersed early in the eighteenth, when such as were sold during the lifetime of the last Lord Yarmouth were bought by Le Neve, the well-known collector and antiquarian, and passed through the hands of two other persons before they fell into those of Sir John Fenn, who purchased them in 1775, and bequeathed them to his nephew, Mr. Serjeant Frere. Sir John Fenn is so identified with these old letters, being solely known to the world from his connexion with them, that it is difficult to recognise him under any other aspect than that of the careful antiquary absorbed in the production of the tedious and conscientious transcripts, in antique and modern orthography, which he is said to have made of every letter; but he had also an acknowledged out-of-doors existence, and was known in Norfolk not only as an antiquarian, but as an ordinary country gentleman of mild career, living at Dereham, possessing an estate at Edgefield, acting as

a magistrate, chosen as High Sheriff for the county, and finally becoming a knight, when, emerging at last from his study, and shaking the cobwebs from his hands, he held them out to present to the public the quarto volumes which speedily excited so lively an interest. The publication of the more recent and complete edition of the Paston Letters has recently been noticed in this journal, and Mr. Gairdner's laborious researches have confirmed the reputation of their first editor.

Whilst these letters were being painfully deciphered, the dawn was breaking of an epoch in the history of Norwich when a group of persons, remarkable for varied and cultivated talent, was gathered within its walls. The school of painting founded by Crome flourished side by side, during a long stretch of years, with a school of literature, of which William Taylor, Amelia Opie, and (in the next generation) Harriet Martineau were the principal representatives; scientific research, which had earlier in the century found an assiduous follower in William Arderon, Fellow of the Royal Society, included such names as those of Sir James Edward Smith, Hooker, and Lindley; and other individuals, less generally known, contributed by their attainments, especially in medical and antiquarian learning, to enrich the reputation of the place.

Most of these persons lived to open some vein of knowledge, or to divert some ray of light, for the improvement of their day. The literary workers, as the artists, dealt, for the most part, with their present, moral, intellectual, or visible; William Taylor unveiled for the English reading public the region of German contemporary literature; Mrs. Opie and Miss Martineau, each in her different mode and degree, took up some prevailing form of social shortcoming, political error, or moral evil, and, lighting the dark corners of these, pointed out their remedy; the naturalists, continuing the revelations of the past, worked 'for the other distance and the land of 'promise,' and yielded their share of discovery to the advancement of scientific truth.

Botany, connected in many cases with the acquisition of medical knowledge, proved to be the department of natural science to which these students added valuable items, and to the pursuit of which they are admitted to have given a stimulus and popularity unknown before in England. The taste for floriculture, which had existed from an early period in Norwich, and which probably originated with the Dutch weavers, who, with their manufacture, also brought over the tradition of that cultivation of flowers for which the Low

Countries have always been famous, flourished so happily that a 'Florists' Feast' was occasionally held in 'the city of orchards,' and the interest felt in the subject produced, after a time, many individuals whose leisure hours were devoted to botanical research. Sir James Smith was its earliest noted representative, and while followed by the brilliant reputation of Lindley, Sir William Hooker, and the present Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, the latter by descent, if not by birth, associated with Norfolk, he was preceded by, or contemporary with, several inhabitants of Norwich, in various ranks of life, who pursued the favourite science with relish and industry. Mr. James Crowe, of Lakenham, and the Rev. Henry Bryant, Mr. Hugh Rose, and Mr. Pitchford, both surgeons, the latter practising chiefly among the Roman Catholics, formed, with Sir James Smith, a knot of botanists who were among the first in England to study the writings and adopt the system of Linnæus. The library and collections of the great Swedish naturalist had been purchased at his death for 900 guineas by Sir James Smith, and brought with some risk to England, the King of Sweden pursuing the treasure with a fast vessel; but the plants thus gleaned from the soil of Sweden or gathered to her shores left also her seas behind, and with their attendant literature arrived in safety in London, where they form a part of the possessions of the Linnæan Society, to which Sir James, the first President, bequeathed them.

But besides the more distinguished individuals who drew from the gardens and fields of Norfolk so much of their lore, there were others in humble circumstances who alternated the necessary drudgery of their lives with rambles in search of wild plants and enquiry into their nature. The earliest were, Wilson, a tailor, who added to his Norwich investigations frequent journeys to the nursery gardens of Chelsea and Fulham; Christopher Smart, also a tailor, William Humphrey, and Joseph Fox, a weaver. These men were in the habit of sallying forth, after their dull toil at the loom or in the workroom, for a night's walk among the fertile meadows or wilder nooks within their reach. By the light of the moon, or by the gleams of the lanterns they carried on darker evenings, they pursued their researches, and were the means of bringing into notice some of the growths which have been described in explanation of the plates of Sowerby, or detailed in the 'Transactions of the Linnæan Society,' in whose pages their names have been honourably mentioned.

Sir James Smith, who was born in 1759 in Norwich, de-

veloped early that extra sense which changes the ‘dull wilderness of the uninitiated into an inexhaustible source of ‘amusement and instruction.’ He shared in the enthusiasm of the Indian servant who had accompanied one of his uncles, Mr. Kindersley, from the East, and who, while shivering and cowering during a bleak journey across Newmarket Heath, was roused by the sight of the scarlet poppy and viper’s bugloss which abounded there to exclaim, ‘Yonder are flowers ‘worthy to adorn the gardens of the gods, and *here they grow wild.*’ The story which Sir James Smith tells of his longing as a young child for the delicate blue flowers of the wild succory, and his infantine attempt to possess himself of them, is an incident as characteristic of his future pursuits as the caress with which Sir Thomas Browne, seated on his mother’s knee, quiets the black rabbit which absorbed his childish curiosity.

Sir James Smith, whose youth was passed at Edinburgh or in travelling on the Continent, settled afterwards for some years in London, and at one time was summoned by Queen Charlotte to give lessons in botany to herself and the young princesses; but his warm admiration for Rousseau, although it appears to have been a very innocent and generous homage, chiefly paid to those accomplishments which touched his own tastes, scandalised her Majesty too irrecoverably, and he was dismissed from this occupation. A far more congenial vocation was that of becoming President of the Linnæan Society and giving lectures at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street; these last he continued for many years, although he returned to live at Norwich, and took up his abode there for many years until his death in 1828.

His memory has been palpably kept up for the dwellers in and about Lowestoft as late as the beginning of 1877. Until that time the well-known carriage of Lady Smith, his widow, who survived him nearly fifty years, was daily seen parading the road along the cliff which looks over the broken and wooded slope on to the broad shore beyond. Thus she lived on, taking a very lively part in the local life around her, and awake to all the affairs of the present day—writing verses, quoting poetry, correcting the misquotations of her juniors, interested in the current literature, hungry for the latest politics, watching the steps of modern science—although her recollections, undimmed by years, took her back to the American war and the taking of the Bastille.* Her long life of 104 years

* The last time we had the pleasure of seeing this venerable lady,

thus linked with the immediate present the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the period described at Norwich when the mental activity which then distinguished the city produced such definite results. The same element showed its effect, both at that period and in the early part of the present century, in the character of the local society, which, however it may have been narrowed by provincialism or marred by occasional affectations, was conspicuously above the average of country towns. The William Taylors, father and son, assembled habitually at their house such guests as the Martineaus, Dr. Sayers, Mr. Amyot, Dr. Rigby, Amelia Opie, Dr. Reeve, the Stevensons, and Dr. Enfield. The Aikins, Mrs. Barbauld, and Robert Southey were frequent visitors at Norwich, and assisted to give a tone of distinction to its social gatherings, and Sir James Mackintosh brought for many years the fresh tint of his lively conversation to vary the local colour.

William Taylor was educated by Mrs. Barbauld in the Dissenting school at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where she petted and civilised the boys while her husband whipped them. He preserved all his life a veneration for her name, and a remembrance of the consummate art with which she changed the dry details and dull labour of the hours of study into attractive topics and pleasant tasks; but the event of his life which coloured all his subsequent studies was his residence in Germany from 1779 to 1782, where his father, a Norwich manufacturer, with wise perception, had sent him to advance his education. Although only seventeen on his return, he had cultivated with success not only the language but the literature of Germany, which he afterwards appropriated and translated with a skilled facility uncommon at that time, and in which 'Walter Scott, Advocate,' was perhaps his only equal. William Taylor's translation of Bürger's 'Lenore' preceded by

which was soon after she had completed her hundredth year, the conversation turned on the American war, which she said was a frequent subject of discussion in her childhood; and then, quoting from memory, she repeated the following lines, which must have been written about 1787, when Lord North began to lose his eyesight:—

'See the justice of Heaven, America cries :
George loses his senses, North loses his eyes.
When first they provoked me, all Europe could find
That the monarch was mad, and the minister blind.'

We are not aware that this epigram has been preserved elsewhere.

six months that of Sir Walter Scott, who acknowledges, in his correspondence, his adoption of the two lines—

‘Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
Splash, splash, along the sea’—

and confesses that his perusal of Taylor’s spirited rendering of the poem was one of the sparks which helped to light in him the poetic flame whose brilliance glowed subsequently over so many of the historic scenes and legends of Scotland. ‘Do you know,’ said Mrs. Barbauld in one of her letters to William Taylor, ‘that you made Walter Scott a poet? So he told me the other day. It was, he says, your ballad of “Lenore” that inspired him.’

Besides Sir Walter Scott, there were other well-known names who knew and appreciated William Taylor’s endeavour to spread the products of German genius before the readers of England; among these was Goethe, to whom, however, Taylor, on his side, does not appear to have given his due position among the writers of Germany. He places him among, but not at the head of, the poets whose works he transplanted to English ground by his versions and comments in the long series of articles which he contributed to the ‘Monthly Magazine’ and other periodicals, and whose lives he detailed in the ‘Historic Survey of German Poetry,’ three volumes of criticism, reprinted translations, and biographies, which he published in 1828, 1829, and 1830, after the first novelty of such enterprise had passed away, and when the field of research first occupied by him had been traversed by many subsequent explorers. In the ‘Historic Survey’ was included the translation of the ‘Iphigenia in Tauris,’ which Taylor had printed many years previously as a single work; a copy of this he had sent to Goethe in 1795, and had received no acknowledgment; but a letter from Mr. Carlyle, which exists among the unprinted papers of the late Mr. Macvey Napier, furnishes a proof that Goethe attached some importance to Taylor’s poem.

Whether or no Goethe ever received the copy in 1795, he was certainly anxious to possess one later; and the commands of the Sage of Weimar, no less than the existence of the graphic and amusing letter which tells the story, quite justify the unceremonious purchase alluded to by Mr. Carlyle. The letter is addressed to Mr. Macvey Napier, some time after the occurrence which it mentions, and is dated May 28, 1832, two months after the death of Goethe.

‘Here, too, let me request another favour of you about books: to retain from the first money you have to pay me as much as will re-

place your copy of Taylor's "Historic Survey," which I never returned, and ought long ago to have given account of, and made apology and all possible amends for. The case was this:—I was called, somewhat on the sudden, to send off a book packet to Weimar, wherein the English translation of "Iphigenia" was to form an item. No Taylor's "Iphigenia" could be had in the London shops, nor elsewhere within my capabilities on so short notice; whereupon, yielding to lawless necessity, I tied a silk thread round that portion of your book which contained the piece in requisition, and despatched the whole three volumes to my venerated correspondent, by whom doubtless they were welcomed as quite honestly come by.'

Southey was another acquaintance—who became the familiar friend—of William Taylor. Visiting Norfolk originally on business in 1797, he afterwards came from time to time to Norwich to cultivate the society of Taylor, his 'very good friend, but not very good correspondent.' The letters which passed between them are chiefly on the literary subjects which were occupying both. William Taylor's rarer letters, written in the strong, rugged, expressive language peculiar to himself, embrace the almost endless and very opposite topics which passed before him in his capacity of reviewer, and are full of lively discussion on the poetical talent which was, during those years, shedding its rich fruit in England and Germany. Southey, in his polished and agreeable replies, takes up the parable, and supplies contemporary anecdotes of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; he relates also interesting particulars of the manner of production of his own works, in the course of the elaboration of which he submits many questions to the advice and criticism of his correspondent. These subjects were pursued, in the letters, to the exclusion of politics and theology. In these matters the creeds of William Taylor and Southey were too antagonistic to bear comparison; Taylor's Radicalism and strange articles of faith were alien to the mind of Southey, who invited him, if such subjects must be discussed between them, to come to Keswick and argue them out on the top of Skiddaw, where they would be nearer heaven. William Taylor, whose principles and conduct, especially shown in his fidelity towards his parents, had won him the esteem of his friends, as his attractive conversation and copious knowledge had secured their admiration, gradually drifted away from the Unitarianism in which he had been brought up, and the sceptical and speculative turn of mind natural to him became disproportionately known from his great colloquial facility, and from the habit which grew on him in later life of indulging the love of startling and shocking his hearers. This, with a ten-

dency to place an undue dependence on the consolations of the table, dimmed slightly, towards its close, the brightness of a life which had begun with unusual promise, and in which he had developed with unflagging energy, industry, and originality, the gifts at his command. Southey's attachment and respect remained warm and unbroken from the time of their first acquaintance until William Taylor's death in 1836; but Taylor's closest friend and most frequent associate was Dr. Sayers, a writer of highly cultivated mind and a genuine scholar, who lived in Norwich from 1789 to 1817, whither he had migrated from Yarmouth, and where he became an important member of the society of the place, admired and sought for his rare mental, personal, and social gifts. Besides the metaphysical and antiquarian dissertations which came from his pen, Dr. Sayers published a volume of 'Dramatic Sketches,' poems based principally on the Scandinavian legends which have since been so largely celebrated in German and English verse, but which had then been sparingly introduced into English poetry. The observation of Sir Walter Scott, that Sayers 'united the patience of the antiquarian with the genius of the poet,' is justified by this publication; and there are lines in the 'Descent of Freya,' a continuation of Ewald's Danish tragedy of 'The Death of Balder,' which recall the manner of Gray in his 'Odes;' but the poems appear brief and wanting in richness of detail by the side of the grand and arresting narratives to which the modern interpreter of the Northern sagas has accustomed us. Dr. Sayers lived in an ancient house, now somewhat altered, which stood in the Lower Close. The three pointed gables of its picturesque front looked on to the fine old trees, and stood near the Cathedral, to the Chapter House library of which he bequeathed a small but choice collection of books. In one of the visits which Opie was persuaded to pay to Norwich he painted a portrait of Dr. Sayers, which, with another of Southey, hung in William Taylor's library. Opie was a welcome guest in the Norwich set, where sufficient knowledge of art existed to render his genius appreciated, and into which he had been happily introduced by his marriage with one of its favourite members.

Amelia Opie, born in 1769, was the only child of Dr. Edward Alderson, a representative of the Lowestoft family of that name, who, with a brother, the father of the late Baron Alderson, had settled in Norwich. Her education was a fortunate one, well calculated to develope her natural gifts. Living alone with her father, in his house in Calvert Street, she shared with him, for the last thirty years of the past century, the interest

and movement of Norwich life, varying her experience by frequent visits to London. Her descriptions of these excursions were often written to her friend Mrs. John Taylor, a Norwich lady of a wise and noble spirit, who was well known to a large circle of her contemporaries for her energetic character and her liberal opinions. Parr, Mackintosh, Windham, and Basil Montague highly appreciated her society.

The husband of this lady, Mr. John Taylor, was not related to the William Taylors we have just mentioned, but he was the grandson of Dr. John Taylor, a Nonconformist divine of considerable eminence, the author of the first Hebrew Concordance and of many theological works, which, in spite of their heterodoxy, were highly esteemed by Dr. Parr and by the more liberal clergy of the Church of England, such as Archbishop Newcome, Bishop Watson, Paley, and Bishop Bathurst. Dr. Parr, who wrote his epitaph, described him as ‘a defender of simple and uncorrupted religion.’* Dr. Taylor was elected to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation in Norwich in 1733. The Octagon Chapel, an edifice well known in the history of the Nonconformists, was built for him in 1754, and opened by him in 1756. He continued to reside in Norwich till 1761, and most of his works were composed there. His descendants were, and still are, a numerous and not undistinguished race. Several of these Norwich Taylors have left a name in science and literature; the late Mrs. Austin and her daughter Lady Duff Gordon, and the families of Rigby and of Martineau, were all of the same stock; and many more families which have shed lustre on their birthplace—the Aldersons, the Smiths, the William Taylors, commemorated in these pages—sprang from that Dissenting congregation at Norwich which Robert Southey once described as the ‘Unitarian Papacy.’ All these excellent persons were strenuous adherents of the political principles of Mr. Fox. For a long series of years they succeeded in returning staunch Whig members to Parliament as the representatives of the city, such as the late Mr. William Smith; and the dawn of the French Revolution, in 1789, which seemed to promise an era of liberty and prosperity to mankind, was nowhere hailed with more enthusiasm than by this provincial society.

Another of Mrs. Opie’s early friends, and also her instructor, was Dr. Bruckner, the learned pastor of the French congregation in Norwich. A linguist, an author, and a remarkable preacher, he lived for fifty years serving the French and Dutch

* Field’s ‘Life of Parr,’ pp. 136, 137.

‘churches,’ and giving lessons in various languages. His striking face was the subject of one of Opie’s most forcible portraits. With the solid Flemish features, it bears the intense expression of suppressed excitement which foretold his melancholy death; but if his countenance was as fine as it is represented in the picture, Mrs. Opie did right to disregard his remonstrance when the portrait was proposed:—

‘ Pourquoi me demander, aimable Amélie,
De ce front tout ridé le lugubre portrait ?
Pour être contemplé jamais il ne fut fait :
Assez il a déplu—permettez qu’on l’oublie ! ’

Another of her masters was a man named ‘Christian,’ who initiated the Norwich youth into the mysteries of gavotte, minuet, and contredanse. Years after she had shown off his steps in the London gaieties with which her life was diversified, and after her marriage had removed her from Norwich, she, one winter’s day, whilst on a visit to her old home, took her husband and a friend to the choir of St. Andrew’s Hall, used as the Dutch church. There, while Opie was explaining to his friend its architectural beauties, Amelia, to warm herself, characteristically began to dance a *pas seul* on the floor of the chancel, but was stopped in the exuberance of her *entrechats* by the fact, which she suddenly recognised, that the name of ‘Christian’ was engraved on the stone upon which she had been pirouetting, and that the at last motionless limbs of her early dancing master were reposing after their labours beneath her twinkling feet.

After her marriage with the Cornish painter, Mrs. Opie lived much in London, and his reputation, united to her own remarkable talents, opened to her the door to much that was distinguished in the literary, social, and political worlds; her publications added to her popularity, and she maintained through many after-years her intercourse with these circles. Her writing was much encouraged by Opie, whilst she, in her turn, who for nine years lived by his side, stimulated with genuine appreciation his practice of the art which he pursued with the perseverance and ardour of passion. The broad lines of his character, which bore a sort of resemblance to the general style of his painting—simple, careless, powerful, rugged, impressive, grand—were a happy contrast to her own bright feminine qualities. But this aspect of her life soon passed away, and after the death of Opie, in April 1807, she returned to Norwich, to live once more with her father, and at a later period, in 1825, became, to the surprise of those who

knew her, a member of the Society of Friends, although naturally so adverse to theological controversy that it must remain doubtful whether the Unitarianism which then pervaded Norwich dissatisfied her, or whether the broad lawns and spacious sunshiny front of a certain Quaker country house in the neighbourhood did not offer some slight inducement to the adoption of the garments of neutral tint which were the 'open sesame' to its portals. However this may be, the career which had begun with a gaily spent youth and a short period of married life devoted to literature, art, and the charms of the best society in London and Paris, vanished in a quiet corner of the Quakers' burial-ground at the Gildencroft, Norwich. Amelia Opie at the end of the last century or the beginning of this, and Amelia Opie in the garb and with the speech of a member of the Society of Friends, sounds like two separate personages; but no one who recollects the gay little songs which, at seventy, she used to sing with lively gesture, the fragments of drama to which, with the zest of an innate actress, she occasionally slyly treated her young friends, or the elaborate faultlessness of her appearance—the shining folds and long train of her pale satin draperies, the high transparent cap, the crisp fichu crossed over the breast, which set off to advantage the charming little plump figure with its rounded lines—could fail to recognise the same characteristics which sparkled about the wearer of the pink calico domino in which she frolicked incognito, 'till she was tired,' at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington in 1814, or of the eight blue feathers which crowned the waving tresses of her flaxen hair as a bride. She was herself to the last; bright, vivacious, and intellectual, foremost in conversation, in her element in society, enjoying it with relish, and enlivening it by her presence, by the mirth and comedy of her small roguish features, and the impulsive, animated manner which conveyed every sentiment almost as accurately as her words. She delighted in the composition of short poems, which she addressed to her friends; and these, with her private letters, are the minor relics which add light to the attainments shown more broadly by her publications.

To portray domestic life, and, in portraying it, to indicate its dangers and temptations, seems to have been the object of such works as 'Father and Daughter,' 'Temper,' 'Illustrations of Lying,' 'Simple Tales,' and 'Detraction Displayed.' The mutual influence and relations of ordinary civilised people were her study; human acquaintanceship, in much variety, her delight; society her sole field of investigation, observation, and action; in this she lived and had her being, this she ana-

lysed and pondered; on this she wrote, throwing her ideas and reflections into the novels which, although in comparison with the delicate, permanent, lifelike pictures of Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen, the searching dissections and vivid delineations of the darker shadows and fiercer lights of the human heart presented to us by such female novelists as Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, they seem light in structure and deficient in depth and force, yet were popular in their day, reflected faithfully the characteristics of their writer, and with their mixture of earnestness and cheerfulness—

‘ Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon ’—

conveyed instruction and amusement to a large circle of readers, and have given Mrs. Opie undoubted possession of a place among English writers of fiction. Her stories are so pleasantly and skilfully written that they do not so much inculcate morality as kindle a sympathy with it. Sober thought and right feeling insensibly colour the mind of the reader, a sort of involuntary preference arises for virtue and truth.

Southey remarks in his ‘ Colloquies ’ that Amelia Opie was as much esteemed for her worth as admired for her talents. These talents, and the interest she took in the world around her during the many years of old age she passed in Norwich, recommended her to her acquaintances; they could not ignore the attractive little being whose conversation, carried on in her pretty drawing-rooms in ‘ Lady’s Lane ’ or the ‘ Castle Meadow,’ was still so brilliant; whose kind activity in furthering the welfare of the inhabitants of the town was so well known; whose appearance in court during the assize trials was so regularly looked for, where her love for the scenic and dramatic was gratified by the exhibition of those epitomes of human life, and where she also triumphed occasionally in the presence of her distinguished cousin, Baron Alderson, on the judicial bench.* Nor could they forget the tenderness and strength of nature she had shown in her beautiful devotion to her father during his declining years, when she dedicated herself to his

* On one of these occasions, whilst waiting for a trial to finish, Baron Alderson insisted upon conveying her home in the High Sheriff’s carriage. In spite of her remonstrance, he drew her forward, saying ‘ Come, brother Opie ! ’ and handed her into the carriage, ‘ ashamed, ‘ but pleased,’ to the amusement of the astonished chaplain, who, instead of the expected enormous wig and ponderous scarlet and ermine, found himself seated opposite the tiny form, drab shawl, and quaintly shaped bonnet of Amelia Opie.

happiness, and solaced, by her affectionate attention, his last long painful period of sickness and decay. Even Harriet Martineau, grudging though she is of praise, and savagely perceptive of the weak points of her contemporaries, cannot but acknowledge that this popular lady was 'worthy of better' things than the pedantry of her early associates; and relates that Mrs. Opie was such a mistress of dramatic art, that her reading only of her own manuscript tales was wont to excite in her hearers the most overwhelming emotion.

As Mrs. Opie recedes, the tall figure and dark expressive face of the rising authoress we have just named look over her shoulder and come into prominence. Thirty years younger, her personal aspect was no greater contrast to the prettiness, airiness, and vivacity of Amelia Opie, than the stern earnestness of her work as a writer, with that work adopted and described by the other as her 'favourite amusement.' No one can have looked on the face of Harriet Martineau without perceiving that amusement was the very last object she would ever have proposed to herself, although her faculty of enjoyment was framed on the same large scale as the other mental and moral powers which would seem to have been intended to lodge in the brain and beneath the pulse of a man rather than of a woman. Her appearance was characteristic—the keen grey eyes, with an expression more penetrating than emotional; the decided, firmly closed lips, the lower one slightly projecting; the thin bony face and mass of black hair; the very broad and somewhat low forehead. These traits improved in attractiveness in later years, when, the face becoming fuller, the features looked smaller and less marked, and there arose a suspicion of softness and gentleness about the mouth which so many years of unselfish labour could not fail to throw over it.

In her lifetime her personality was less widely and accurately known than now. It was known to a certain extent to those who could, at any rate, by the wealth of language, the abundant faculty of invention, the mastery of abstruse subjects which they displayed, form an estimate of her surpassing intellectual powers. It was known still better by the friends and acquaintances, who, if occasionally damped by her unrestrained candour, her love of domination, and absolute confidence in her own judgment, yet felt these qualities amply balanced by her warmheartedness, and by the admirable self-abnegation of her character and practice. But now that she has passed away, the very innermost details of her life, thought, and action, her mental processes, and literary career, have become familiar from her minutely written autobiography. These

fill in with absorbing interest the framework of her life, which was spent for the first thirty years at Norwich, where the Martineaus had settled since their arrival in England in 1688, and where she was born in 1802; then in London until 1845, and afterwards at Ambleside. These periods are divided into epochs, less by her outward circumstances than by the fame and character of her successive works. Notwithstanding that her biography is thus marked out by the works that she published, she curiously undervalued the influence of books, placing it beneath that of the news of the day, home affections, and domestic duties, just as Mrs. Barbauld, who was one of the few female classical scholars of her day, depreciated her own achievements, and estimated such learning as far below practical domestic attainments. There was something akin in these two natures, although their outward manifestation was so different, something which deepened the warm admiration felt by Harriet Martineau, as a girl, for the graceful old lady who occasionally visited Norwich, and whose delicate beauty, gentle liveliness, and conversation ‘stamped with superiority,’ charmed and impressed her.

During this first stage of her life, Miss Martineau pursued her own independent course, living quietly with her family, and before she left Norwich she had already begun her literary career, and had disposed of the one morsel of romance with which her history is flavoured. This remarkable woman, although, as a child, so unusually susceptible both in soul and sense—heart, nerves, touch, all strung up to the highest pitch of sensitiveness, so that no one can read the account of her early years without a pang of misgiving as to her after chances of happiness—became, later in life, so self-contained and self-sufficing, so purely intellectual, so serenely philosophic, that when her lover went mad on the eve of their marriage, she dismissed for ever the whole subject of love, leaving aside, as an undiscovered country, that universal empire of passion which, understood but unexpressed, has been decreed to act with silent force upon the springs of human feeling, but which she, like Hypatia of old, not only eluded for herself, but recognised so slightly in her works. This and her other two main characteristics—her devotion to the welfare of mankind, and the moral beauty of her standard of life and conduct—contributed to procure for her the happiness and content which she enjoyed, in spite of the abstract opinions which she embraced and professed. Her moral principle, always high and unbroken, existed, after middle age, entirely independently of any theological considerations, or of any anticipation of reward or

punishment beyond the grave. She was at any rate no 'pessimist.' Her faith in the progressive happiness and welfare of mankind seems to have stood her in lieu of every other hope in futurity, and the practice of an active and enlightened benevolence to have been the chief object of her existence. Yet by a strange contradiction, although by no means insensible to the warmth of domestic affections or to friendship, she passed her latter years in buoyant cheerfulness, when she had mentally consigned herself and her dearest and closest ties on earth to an everlasting separation.

The eternal sleep which was all she anticipated has in it a thrill of dreariness when compared with the gleam of hope which lights up the thought expressed with charming simplicity by Mrs. Barbauld:—

'Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
But when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
Life ! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning !'

Let us trust that Harriet Martineau is not so completely extinguished as she desired to be, but that in some region undreamt of in her philosophy she has been saluted and revived by an unexpected 'good morning.'

Besides the traces furnished by the mental experience or the literary achievement of the notabilities of Norwich, another story has to be told, that of the outward aspect of the land from whence they sprang ; and this has been conveyed to us by a very original and remarkable school of painters. The Norwich painters have not been figure drawers ; they have not taken human nature for their subject ; they have put aside its incidents, its situations, its complications, and they have devoted themselves to the genuine, loving, honest delineation of the characteristics of their own country-side. Of all these painters, the scenery of Norfolk owes most to John Crome, who, while introducing the observer of his pictures to the places and peculiarities most worthy of admiration in the county, threw an interest over the commonest scenes which he rendered, touching into beauty the most ordinary cottage,

pool, field, or farmyard. There is something bracing and refreshing in the very recollection of the robustness and simplicity of this painter, who, abjuring the past, the unseen, and the imaginative, put down with boldness and fidelity, and overspread with the sunshine of his genius, the facts he saw before him. John Crome, born in the humblest circumstances, the son of a journeyman weaver, received an education so scanty, so brief, so early terminated by his entrance into domestic service at twelve years old, that his rise in life, his subsequent culture, the standing he attained, are proofs not only of the remarkable strength of his talent, but of his general activity of mind, enterprise, and determination. He completely triumphed over his circumstances, which were as opposite as can be imagined from the hotbed provided by the schools of drawing in every town, the endless exhibitions, the easy access to foreign galleries, for the dawning artist of the present day. Crome was shut up in Norwich, lost in the remoteness of the eastern counties, unassisted by railroads, too poor to procure books or prints, uneducated, and without artistic training, yet he contrived to mount the ladder; taking his first step as a house and sign painter in Norwich, where he shared a lodging with another future artist, Robert Ladbroke, and the two boys spent their limited leisure hours in painting hard in their dingy room, or hurrying out to win subjects from the adjacent country. The next round of the ladder was gained by setting up as a drawing master, but making by that vocation, even in subsequent years, such small sums only as are shown by the following extract from an old family ledger kept by one of his principal employers. 'December, 1796: John Crome, drawing master, 6*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* 1797: John Crome, half a year to Midsummer, 6*l.* 18*s.*' This instruction could scarcely have amounted to more than five shillings a lesson—a payment in proportion to the five pounds which he was wont to ask for some of the pictures whose easy, masterly, solid execution, sweet colour, and fidelity to nature, have now increased their value fifty-fold.

He mounted another step by the friendship of Mr. Harvey of Catton, and of Sir William Beechey, the portrait-painter, who occasionally visited Norwich. The latter warmly welcomed and assisted Crome during his visits to London, when the country lad would present his shrewd clever face, with its singular profile, and heavy hair and eyebrows, at the studio of his friend, who imparted to him valuable ideas and remarks upon art which his defective education scarcely furnished him with the means of acquiring. Mr. Harvey

offered to Crome the single opportunity which the painter enjoyed in early life of familiarising himself with the productions of the first masters. He possessed some good Flemish and Dutch pictures, which were then, and afterwards, carefully studied by Crome, who admired them with reverence and enthusiasm. Crome appears to have owed nothing throughout his career to the French and Italian schools, except through the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Opie, but to have based his style exclusively upon the Dutch manner; as he confined his range, with few exceptions, to the scenes of his own country. This narrow range, and definite unchanging style, give intensity and character to every line of his pencil and every sweep of his loaded brush.

His next step in life was the establishment, in 1803, of the Society of Norwich Artists, in whose annual exhibitions most, although not all, of his paintings were shown. He contributed to the first exhibition twenty-four pictures, and altogether, from the year 1805 until his death sixteen years after, 266 pictures, sketches, and drawings. The management and furtherance of this object no doubt kept Crome much at Norwich, and is one cause of the preponderance of Norfolk subjects in the pictures he has left behind him. The fine picture of Mousehold Heath, now in the National Gallery, was exhibited by him first in Norwich in 1816. Two years before, he visited France, and brought home the subject from Boulogne, with its sweep of beach sprinkled with the figures of the fisher people, and the fleet of boats, showing their red sails on the fresh sparkling sea, whose line appears beyond the brown sand; and, in addition, the study for the picture of the Boulevard des Italiens, where the houses on either side of the avenue, the grotesque carriages, the picture-dealer's stall, the lady with the large bonnet and the two poodles, the passers-by grouped about among the tables and stalls, give so vivid a record of the aspect of Paris in the first days of the Peace, and bear witness to the extraordinary attention and acuteness with which Crome must have mastered the details of the scene before him. But his visits to the Continent were rare, and in any case it is known that his oil paintings were all executed in Norwich, his method being to furnish himself, whilst travelling or exploring, only with the drawings and sketches which were afterwards transformed into pictures at home. Crome died in 1821, at the age of fifty-two; he brought up his children to practise his art, and the name of John Berney Crome, as well as those of another son and a daughter, occur frequently in the catalogue of the Norwich exhibitions. His

love for the Dutch pictures which he had studied in the early days when the anticipation of a successful career was beginning to dawn upon him, haunted his deathbed, and, the recollection of his favourite painter kindling for a moment his latest breath, he expired, exclaiming, 'O Hobbema! Hobbema! how I have loved thee!'

The exhibitions which Crome established differed from those which are now so frequently held in provincial towns, in that they included only the works of local artists; a system then adopted, as far as England was concerned, for the first time; suggested, perhaps, by the local exhibitions of Dutch art common in the principal towns of Holland. The Norwich Society was called 'The Lovers of the Arts; a Society instituted for the Purpose of an Enquiry into the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture.' The articles provided that each member should furnish a design annually, to be placed in the Academy's room; also that the members should meet once a fortnight to discuss subjects connected with the study of the fine arts. Crome was president about the fourth year, and occasionally afterwards; Cotman, Ladbroke, and others subsequently filled the post. The exhibitions continued for twenty-eight years, from 1805 to 1833, uninterrupted by a difference which took place in 1816, when a few members seceded and formed a rival society, which lasted for three years only. The catalogues (a perfect set of which exists in Norwich, collected after many years' search) announce that the exhibition is 'now open in the great room in Sir Benjamin Wrenche's court; these catalogues are in quarto form, large print, interspersed with woodcuts by way of *cul-de-lampe*, and each one with a Latin or English quotation on the title-page. They show that besides the two hundred and sixty-six pictures provided by Crome, three hundred and forty were contributed by Cotman, one hundred by Vincent,* a painter of great power, thirty-one by Joseph Stannard, and eighty-six by James Stark, both artists of repute, the latter the executer of the beautiful drawings in the 'Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk,' and the last survivor of the Norwich School.

John Sell Cotman, born in 1782, was the son of a Norwich silk mercer; he had the advantage of a good local education,

* Of all the Norwich artists, Vincent was the least known to the London public; but the picture of the Thames at Greenwich, exhibited at Burlington House in 1878, and the picture of Gorleston, in the Exhibition of the present year, are works of the highest quality, which would do honour to any school.

and the enjoyment in childhood of one of those gentle scenes of sloping garden, tree, and river which make the villas of Thorpe, a hamlet adjoining Norwich, so complete a contrast to its busy streets. He went to London early, to prepare for the vocation he had chosen, and spent some years in the study of art, returning to Norwich in 1807, when he joined the 'Lovers of the Arts,' and painted diligently for their exhibitions. He soon after settled in Yarmouth as a drawing master, where his great ability attracted the attention of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, who, as eminent for his encouragement of art as for his taste and success in the collection of choice antiquarian and historical literature, became to him an invaluable friend. Cotman lived at a small house on the Gorleston Road, near Yarmouth, facing the sea. In this abode he worked out the English and French architectural subjects published in his engraved illustrations, the production of which was varied by the painting of numerous oil pictures, and still more frequently by that of the many examples in water colour for which he has acquired a special reputation. His principal work, 'The Architecture of Normandy,' was suggested by Mr. Dawson Turner, who had been struck with the fine materials which abound in that province for pictorial illustration; and, knowing the fitness of Cotman's talent for such a task, he induced him to visit Normandy, for the purpose of making a series of drawings, and offered to write a descriptive letterpress to elucidate them.

Cotman had much endeared himself to his friends and pupils by his pleasant disposition and genial temper; he accompanied the family party of the Turners to Normandy, and spent some weeks in wandering within the shadows of the rich and picturesque architecture with which its towns and villages are so profusely decorated. He came home with an abundant record of these, and amply prepared to introduce his acquisition to the English public. A number of small sketch-books contained the drawings in pencil which he had made from these charming subjects; these drawings were copied by him at home in sepia or Vandyck brown, the outline and details in pen-work, the light and shadow in washes, enlarged to the size requisite for the projected volume. From these finished drawings he himself etched the copper plate, sitting at work at an upper window of his house near the sea, a large screen of silk-paper in a frame of wood tilted before the great sheet of copper to shade his eyes; afterwards printing the subjects off himself at a copperplate printing press in Yarmouth, thus originating every part of the process

from the first sketch or design up to the final issue of the finished etching. These designs have the peculiar merit which characterises his varied productions—the grand and simple light and shade, the breadth and dignity of style, the noble and picturesque treatment of his subject, the power, richness, and tastefulness of his use of the pen, either alone or in combination with colour. His plates are chiefly executed in the method of etching called the ‘broad point,’ and in the command of this branch of art he has never been surpassed. As a colourist he was sometimes harsh and over-vehement—certainly far too bold for the taste and judgment of his own times—but as a draughtsman he is incomparable. After the work on Normandy was finished Cotman left Yarmouth, and moved to Norwich, and later, in 1834, finally settled in London, where he obtained the post of Professor of Drawing at King’s College, due, it is said, to his great contemporary, J. M. W. Turner, who appreciated his artistic gifts. He lived eight years longer, but the close of his life was clouded by depression. Dissatisfaction that his work was not valued as he felt it deserved, vexation that oil painting, his favourite branch of art, was impossible to him to the extent he desired to practise it, in consequence of the enforced incessant teaching necessary to provide for his family, preyed upon his mind, and he died disheartened, not foreseeing that his talent would be recognised later, and himself estimated as one of the best ornaments of that artistic period at Norwich which, from the birth of Crome until the death of Stark, lasted for nearly a century. To supply even short biographical notices of such men as Crome and Cotman, who seem to exist only in their works, is a thankless undertaking. The wide extent of actual surface touched by their pencil into life is their most legitimate biography, graven for ever by themselves. Yet the life of the artist is perpetuated, as long as his works endure, even more vividly than that of the man of letters, the statesman, or the soldier. We have his handiwork before our eyes—the thing he touched, the scene he created, the colours he has endued with significance and beauty. Neglected in their lives, forgotten at their deaths, these Norwich painters have been restored to a fresh existence by the discerning admiration of a later period, and, if it be any consolation to the departed to live in posthumous fame, this at least will be vouchsafed to them, probably far more than to their literary townsmen and contemporaries.

- ART. III.—1. *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments.* By HENRY BRUGSCH BEY. Translated from the German by the late H. D. SEYMOUR. Completed and edited by PHILIP SMITH, B.A. Two volumes. London: 1879.
2. *Facsimile of an Egyptian Hieratic Papyrus, of the Reign of Rameses the Third, now in the British Museum.* Printed by order of the Trustees. London: 1876.
3. *Records of the Past, being English Translations of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments.* Published under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archæology. Vols. I. to X. London: Not dated.

NO events of the nineteenth century have been more surprising than the resurrection into the light of historic day of long-buried and long-forgotten nations. An unknown past has glided from the grave, to tell its own story in unexpected language. Forgotten tongues, forgotten arts, forgotten peoples have been restored to the domain of history. The decrees of Darius, committed to the long silent trust of the stone of Behistan, have been anew proclaimed by Rawlinson. Layard has dragged the monuments of Assyria, and Smith the crystal throne of Sennacherib, from beneath the ruinous heaps of the Mesopotamian valley. Schliemann has brought from Mycenæ the arms, the jewels, and the golden masks of Homeric kings. Dennis has collected from the sepulchres of Etruria the memorials of a people as far superior to the Romans, who afterwards occupied that country, in taste and in art, as they were earlier in time. H.R.H. the Count of Syracuse has recovered, by researches of a like character, the toilette articles, the workbox, and the feminine implements of Italian ladies of the age, or before the age, of Lucretia. In Cyprus, Cesnola has rifled the sanctuaries of Venus and the tombs of her worshippers. But in Egypt monuments have been recovered that were hoary with age before the hanging gardens of Babylon were constructed or the tombs of Etruria were plated with copper. Reaching back to a period which, not so very long ago, was considered to be that of the reign of Chaos and old Night, they loom through the grey dawn of history, and tell their own story in language which each year renders less ambiguous to the student. The very life of a great people—as remote from human knowledge a century back as if they had been dwellers in another planet—is presented to our gaze in its minutest details. Their faith,

their morals, their worship, their ideas of a future life, their arms, their arts, their amusements, are becoming more accurately known than those of our own ancestors when Cæsar invaded Britain, or those of the Gauls who defended Alesia against the Roman legions.

Fifty-two years ago, when the discoveries of Champollion and of Young were in their infancy, we first called attention to this subject in these pages; but although the researches of the learned were carried on with great assiduity and some success, their efforts to unlock the mystic secret of the hieroglyphics or holy writing of Egypt failed to overcome the scepticism of Sir G. C. Lewis. Even when Sir Gardner Wilkinson, after a long residence amid the temple tombs of Egypt, first published the work which brings before us the life of ancient Egypt with so much truth and vivacity, he relied mainly on Greek authorities, and on the pictorial representations of Egyptian life, which form in truth only the background to the hieroglyphic texts. But if we may trust the assurances of more recent scholars, we have now got far beyond this twilight of comparative incertitude. We can compare the renderings of hieroglyphic inscriptions and of hieratic papyri made by English, by French, and by German scholars. And Brugsch Bey, in his '*History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments,*' adds the authority of the archæologist to the charm of the writer of romance. The language of many pages of his book affects the imagination with something of the magic wildness of the music of Weber. We must let him, as far as practicable, tell his own story to our readers:—

'The wonderland on the banks of the mighty Nile is a land of continual and startling discoveries, and will remain so for all coming times and generations. In the hope of finding important discoveries in the soil of Egypt in consequence of new excavations, we should esteem it unwise to give to our views the absolute form of a fixed unalterable judgment. But we may well be allowed to compare the information in the inscriptions of the few monuments which have been preserved with the accounts which the Greeks have handed down to us, and from this to form our own opinion, and leave it to the consideration of the future if by a happy accident our conjectures should be confirmed or refuted.'

The period of Egyptian history which is brought before us by Herr Brugsch extends from the formation of the brilliant capital of the ancient empire, the city of Memphis, by the first Pharaoh, Mena or Menes, to the time when 'the Persians, who, after a short interval, took up the part played

‘by the Assyrians, gave Egypt her final death-blow.’ During the period of the thirty-first or Persian dynasty—

‘we are standing by the open grave of the Egyptian kingdom. The array of kings, whose names are enrolled in these last dynasties, some of them native and some foreigners, appear as the bearers of the old decaying corpse, whose last light of life flickered up once more in the dynasty of Saïs, only to go out soon and for ever. The monuments become more and more silent, from generation to generation, and from reign to reign. The ancient seats of splendour, Memphis or Thebes, have fallen into ruin, or at all events are depopulated and deserted. Only the strong bulwark of the “white citadel” of Memphis serves as a refuge for the persecuted native kings and their warriors in times of need. The Persian satraps dwell in the old royal halls of the city. The whole people have grown feeble with age, disordered to the marrow, and exhausted by the lengthened struggle of the petty kings and satraps of the mighty power of Assyria.’

The accession of the Persian dynasty in Egypt, thus taken as the close of the monumental history of the country, dates in B.C. 340, only eight years before the final conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great. At the latter date there had elapsed, since the era of Menes, according to the detailed estimate of dates to be found in Herr Brugsch’s former works, 4,423 years. It is, however, only shortly before the era of the twelfth dynasty, or about 2,500 years before the Christian era, that ‘the long silence of the stones begins to cease, and the mouth of the monuments to sing, and tell us tales of the olden time.’

Not that an absolute silence has been maintained down to that comparatively recent date. In the Museum at Turin exist the precious fragments of a papyrus which, in its perfect state, contained not only the names, but the lengths of the individual reigns, of a long series of kings. The list supplied by Manetho is only questionable in consequence of the errors of copyists. At Abydos, some thirty years ago, a table of stone was discovered in a corridor of the temple of Seti I. at Harabat-el-Madfouneh, which gives a succession of sixty-five kings from Menes down to the last reign of the twelfth dynasty. A similar table has been found at Saqqara. But there is by no means an accurate accord among these authorities. ‘Even in remote antiquity uncertainty and doubt seem already to have prevailed as to the succession of kings in the olden time; nay, even the stone monuments differ about their names and order. The enquiry is far from being closed, and it must be left for new discoveries to determine, precisely and finally, the names of the old kings.’

It is considered by Herr Brugsch to be a settled point, although the fact is questioned by the younger school, that

'the forefathers of the Egyptians cannot be reckoned among the African races, properly so called. The form of the skull—so at least the elder school teaches—as well as the proportions of the several parts of the body, as these have been determined from examining a great number of mummies, are held to indicate a connexion with the Caucasian family of mankind. . . . Comparative philology, in its turn, gives powerful support to this hypothesis. The Egyptian language—which has been preserved on the monuments of the oldest time, as well as the late Christian manuscripts of the Copts, the successors of the people of the Pharaohs—shows in no way any trace of a derivation and descent from the African families of speech. . . . The whole number of the buildings in stone, as yet known and examined, which were erected on both sides of the river by the Egyptian and Ethiopian kings, furnishes incontrovertible proof that the long series of temples, cities, sepulchres, and monuments in general exhibit a distinct chronological order, of which the oldest starting point is found in the pyramids, at the apex of the delta, south of the bifurcation of the great river. As, in proceeding southwards, we approach nearer and nearer to the rapids and cataracts of the Upper Nile, right into the heart of the Ethiopian kingdom, the more does the stamp of antiquity vanish from the whole body of extant monuments; the more evident is the decline of art, of taste, of beauty.'

The inference is that Egypt was originally colonised by a people reared in the lofty Asiatic cradle of the greater part of the human race.

This question of blood relationship with the great European family of nations throws light on a law of descent which we believe is now for the first time brought to light, and which is explanatory of much that has been hitherto obscure as to the succession of the Egyptian dynasties. The same rule that obtained among the Celtic peoples, and which has regulated the public law of Europe, with the exception of the kingdoms and lordships that adopted the opposite principle of the Salic law, prevailed in Egypt from the days of the first dynasty. It is on the authority, apparently, of Manetho, that we are told that it was the third king of the second dynasty, Bainuter, or Binothris, who, having no son, erected a standing law to consecrate the usage that

'the tender sex of the women should share the power of inheriting the crown. The working of this new usage was important to the fate of many a dynasty, as when the queen, after the demise of her husband, took the reins of government, or stepped into the place of her youthful son; or when the heiress left by the dead Pharaoh, who had not the good fortune to be lamented by a company of sons, gives her hand to a foreign husband. So far as the monuments which have been carefully

examined seem to show, according to the ancient manner and usage, the mother's pedigree had a high value in inheriting, because it gave an unconditional feudal claim to the son as the true heir of "the father of his mother." The husband of a princess heiress from her pharaonic blood had not the least right under the title of husband, and it was the son, issue of this marriage, who, on account of his maternal descent, was regarded as Pharaoh by right and by birth. If, on the contrary, a king married a lady of noble family, either Egyptian or foreign, the children, as appears from certain monumental indications, did not entirely possess a legitimate right to the crown.

'The father of the new king was distinguished by the title of "atef nuter," the father of the divine one, while the mother is called "mut suten," the mother of the king. The succession of the dynasties is founded, in the greater number of cases, on alliance with princesses heiresses, whether the husband was of pharaonic descent or not. Thus are explained all the difficulties of succession in the royal house.'

So far from this female succession having been introduced in the time of the second dynasty, the above remarks appear to carry it back to that very rude state of society, found to exist rather amongst Turanian than Aryan races, in which certitude of descent was held to be with difficulty ascertainable except on the female side. As far as historic evidence goes, however, it is rather the inflexibility of the law regulating royal descent than its special form of pedigree that secures national welfare. Exceptional as was the Salic law, even in France itself, it was effectual in preventing any dispute as to the succession to the throne, except in the case of the English claimant who affected to ignore that law. But the attempt to change this ancient family regulation bathed both Spain and Portugal in the blood of repeated revolutions and civil wars. In the same way we shall see how, in the history of Egypt, the infringement by a powerful prince of the family law, in the selection of a foreign bride, led to the decadence of one of the most famous lines of sovereigns that ever reared their monuments on the face of the earth.

The importance of this view of the law of the descent of the double diadem of Egypt is not trifling. Before passing to what is the real pith and marrow of the book, the revelation of the stirring, energetic, not ignoble life of a mighty people who were civilised nearly five thousand years before a Roman soldier trod the shore of Britain, it may be well to sketch that backbone of their history which (as was always the case down to the time of Voltaire) is defined by the dynastic succession of the kings and queens. Now that we see that it was not in virtue of such a relationship as made Henri de Bourbon succeed Henri de Valois on the throne of France, but according

to that more natural line of descent which makes Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir-apparent of the crown worn by his great-grandfather, we can glance, with less perplexity than has hitherto been the case, down the long array of the thirty-one dynasties that ruled in Egypt from Menes, the first Pharaoh, to the time of Alexander the Great.

From a date which the former volumes of Herr Brugsch assure us cannot possibly be very widely distant from the year B.C. 4455, at least sixty-five Pharaohs, descending in some way from Menes, reigned at Thinis, in the eighth nome of Upper Egypt; at Memphis; at Elephantine (opposite Syene); or at Thebes. A transference of the seat of empire, first for a distance of nearly three and a half degrees of latitude to the south, then for six degrees to the north, and then again for one and a half degrees to the south, indicates greater changes in the varying conditions of the Egyptian State, during a period of two thousand two hundred years, than are a necessary sequence of the division of these early Pharaohs into ten dynasties, to one of which is only attributed (as yet) a reign of seventy days. At a date not yet decided, but ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 years after Menes, a rival kingdom was established, of which the capital was at Heracleopolis, a city about half a degree north of Memphis, where two successive dynasties of kings reigned for 285 years. The selection of Thebes as the capital of the two kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt seems to have coincided with the conquest or extirpation of the collateral lines of the Heracleopolite kings.

There is at present a gap in the history after the time of the seventh king of the twelfth or first Theban dynasty, during which an opposition dominion was established at Xoïs or Sekuu, in Lower Egypt. This is the fourteenth dynasty of Manetho, who attributes to it a duration of 484 years, under seventy-six kings. The internal discord thus shown to have been existing gives a key to the long silence of the contemporary monuments during this period of Egyptian history. And it further affords an explanation of the success of the invasion of Lower Egypt by a foreign race, that of the Hyksos or shepherd kings, who reigned for upwards of 500 years at Tanis, or Zoan, in the fourteenth nome of Lower Egypt, and who were not finally expelled until the date described as the Second Period of Egyptian History—that of the new monarchy, which was established at Thebes by the powerful and magnificent kings of the eighteenth dynasty. Thus a period of about the length of that which has elapsed since the Christian era is occupied by an early history, of which the details are incomplete, but

during the whole of which, with the exception of rather less than 300 years, the kingdom was undivided. This portion of Egyptian history is succeeded by a thousand years of division or of struggle, of which the records are few and broken. This, again, is followed by a period of the utmost splendour, ushering in another cycle of a thousand years, during which three successive Theban dynasties were followed by kings reigning at Tanis, at Bubastis, and at Saïs, and by Ethiopian, Assyrian, and Persian conquerors, down to the time of the submission of Egypt, reduced to the rank of a Persian province, to the Macedonian sceptre.

The notions that we have formed of the duration of kingdoms and of dynasties, since the opening of the page of written history by Herodotus, are but ill calculated to prepare the mind to accept the records of these secular terms of rule. The oldest of European dynasties, which claims a succession of 260 heads, during 1,813 years, and which gives something like proof of the sequence of 217 pontiffs since the year A.D. 327, was independent of the law of descent. The present head of the royal house of France can trace an unbroken descent of 26 generations from Hugh Capet; but during that cycle of 840 years the regnant line has thrice been broken, and the descendants of younger branches have twice been called on to step into the front rank. The longest male line amongst the nobility of Europe, that of the Montmorencis, which claims to have raised its *cri* of '*Dieu aide au premier Chrétien!*' in A.D. 497, is now represented in France only by two aged ladies. The twenty-two dynasties of China do indeed cover a longer period than the thirty-three dynasties of Egypt (including Alexander and the Ptolemies). Their slowly changing order has endured to our own time. But the era of hereditary kings in China is fixed not earlier than the commencement of the foreign reign of the Hyksos in Egypt. When Fou Hi invented the art of writing in China, the hieroglyphic system of Egypt was already perfect both in significance and in execution. The founding of Memphis preceded that of the Great Pyramid by a period equal to that which divides the reign of Queen Victoria from the Norman Conquest. If we add to this the whole period of the Papacy, from the fabled primacy of Peter to Leo XIII., we shall not have measured a period so long as that which, commencing with Menes, preceded the establishment of the mighty eighteenth dynasty at Thebes. We must add a term equal to the duration of the French royalty, from Charlemagne to 1789, before we reach the period of final decadence, when Persian and Ethiopian

kings strove for the spoil of Egypt. We may well ask, in wonder, are these veritable records of human life and empire?

A reply to this question, which may convince the most sceptical, may be drawn from the extraordinary freshness, vivacity, and mutual harmony of the records now translated by the learned German. But it must be borne in mind that the expression, 'derived entirely from the monuments,' does not convey the exact state of the case to an English reader. The inscriptions on stone, in temples, tombs, *stelæ*, and sarcophagi, which Egyptian scholars now read, as one of the most famous of them recently remarked to ourselves, about as easily as a newspaper, are almost exclusively in hieroglyphics. But the most important papyri, such, for example, as that narrating the expedition to Antioch of Thothmes III., are in the hieratic character; and it is from these papyri, as well as from the pictorial inscriptions on the tombs, that the facts illustrating the life of the people have been principally taken. The hieroglyphic inscriptions, while they form the surest determinants of date, are for the most part so filled up with courtly or religious formulæ as to have far less importance, as regards the human interest of ancient Egyptian life, than the papyri.

While rendering to the learned author of this work the tribute of respectful admiration which is his due, we shall have occasion to express regret that, on one or two points on which he has abandoned that tone of philosophic reserve which commanded such confidence in his earlier writings, he has placed himself in opposition to ascertainable facts. When we have further said that the references to 'De Prisse' on p. 67 of the first volume, and to a Frenchman of 'that name' (or, as the text would read, of the name of Prisse-papyrus) on p. 92, are scarcely graceful allusions to that most beautiful limner of Egyptian scenery and monuments, M. Prisse d'Avesnes, whose death we have to lament while the ink is wet, and whose last splendid work on Egypt is an honour to the Government which supported the publication, as well as to the artists who produced it, we shall have indicated our main points of divergence from the German author. As to the translators, we have to notice a few—a very few—instances in which we find it impossible to make sense of their work, or to be sure that our sense is their sense. And we must also raise a protest against the hybrid form in which the name of the German Egyptologist is introduced to the English reader. We are unsparing in our comments when Frenchmen of letters write about 'Sir Beaconsfield,' or an-

nounce that 'milor Salisbury has been raised to the dignity 'of an earl.' But even these trips are scarcely less defensible than the description given in the preface of the author of the work as 'Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey.' We can understand an European taking an Oriental title, if he take it as an Oriental resident. We can understand that academic degrees are common to the learned world. But to begin with an English (or even a German) academic title, to go on by translating a baptismal name, and to conclude by an Oriental complement, is to produce a *mélange* of a character more original than admirable. 'M. Mariette-Bey' comes in under an introduction by the same master of the ceremonies. As an instance of the perplexity to which we refer, we cite the following sentences:—

'The information of the monuments is silent about a physician of the name of Tota, Atot, or Ata; mention is only made of a roll of a very ancient book bought in Thebes by Mr. Ebers, which, when Teta sat on the throne, was prized as a means for making the hair grow. More important than this information, interesting at most to hair-dressers, is the fact that the writings of the pharaohs on medical subjects reach back as far as the first dynasty of the Thinites.'

How the roll of a book can be the means of making the hair grow, may indeed conceal some 'goot meaning,' 'save the 'phrase is a little variations.' More interesting is the reflection how persistent is that human weakness which for more than 6,000 years has rewarded the skill of the professors of cosmetic art. We know from the tract Sabbath of the Mishna that the oil of roses, and the use of acid remedies for the tooth-ache, are as old as the codification of the oral law. Nay more, the use in those early days of artificial teeth is proved by the debate on the question whether it was allowable to go out on the Sabbath with these contrivances in the mouth. The decision, a very characteristic one, was that if the tooth was regarded as an ornament it was legal so to do, but not if it was regarded as a useful implement. It was also allowed to bear about the person on the Sabbath a fox's tooth, which, if extracted from the living animal, was good to procure sleep. But the prescription of Tota carries us back for some 2,500 years before the Exodus. We might have formed our own conclusions as to the care that must have been given to the arrangement of the complex head-tiring of the early Egyptians. We have their actual wigs in the British, as well as in the Berlin, Museum. We now have afforded us a glimpse at a monarch who exercised the paternal care of instructing his people as to their pommades! We must be pardoned for expressing the regret that this ancient *recipe* is not translated. It would be

curious to compare its chemical ingredients with those of the latest effort of American crinology, petroleum pommade, which is said to be of miraculous efficacy.

Having indicated the limits within which the acceptance of this new history of ancient Egypt is to be restricted, we shall do most justice to both author and translator by allowing them, as far as possible, to speak for themselves. This is how the history opens:—

‘In the eighth nome of Upper Egypt, west of the river in the direction of the Libyan mountains, there stood a small town called by the Egyptians Tini, a name which the Greeks converted, after their manner, into This or Thinis. It was the ancient metropolis of the eighth nome. Lying near to the great city of Abydus, Tini probably formed only a separate quarter of that celebrated city, as would appear from numerous notices in the old Egyptian records. The town of Tini had chosen for its tutelary deity the warlike god Anhur, whom the Greeks and Romans identified with their god Mars, while at Abydus Osiris was worshipped with the most holy rites of the dead. Both cities have now vanished from the face of the earth; but their memory is preserved by the vast necropolis, and by the splendid buildings of several sanctuaries which the pious faith of the Egyptians raised on the outermost border of the desert, at the place which the present modern inhabitants of this country call by the Arabic name of Harabat-el-Madfouneh (Harabat the sunken).

‘Although we have next to nothing to relate of the history of the little town of Tini, which, in the time of the Roman dominion, was only known for its dyers of purple, it must have enjoyed a very great reputation among the ancient Egyptians. As late as the period of the nineteenth dynasty, the highest functionaries of the blood royal were distinguished by the title of “princes of Tini,” a mark of honour such as only existed in the following titles, “princes of Kush” and “princes of Hineb” (the moon town, Eileithyiaopolis). The highest glory of this town was undoubtedly founded on the circumstance that the first king of the Egyptians, and his successors who composed the first two dynasties, according to the enumeration of Manetho, were descended from a family which sprang from this place. The name of this ancestor of all Egyptian kings—whom the classic authors call indifferently Min, Menis, Meines, Meinius, and Menes—was in the native language Mena, an appellation which will be best translated in English by its original meaning, “the constant.” All that we know of him is limited to some notices which we owe to classic authors. According to them, this pharaoh was the first legislator of the Egyptians, but they accused him of having perverted the good manners of ancient times, and of having replaced sobriety and a simple manner of living by royal luxury and sumptuous splendour. They related with regard to this that a long time after him a king named Technactis, or Tnephachthus, the father of the unfortunate king Bocchoris, having experienced, during an expedition against the revolted Arabs, the advantages of a modest repast and a bed of straw, was so much disgusted at the royal

mode of life, that he henceforward adopted the most simple frugality. He even ordered the sacerdotal caste to engrave upon a stone a decree containing curses pronounced against King Mena, and to place it in the temple of Amon at Thebes.'

Thus the papal excommunications and counter-excommunications as to the orthodoxy of Pope Formoso had an antetype in this more ancient race of kingly pontiffs.

It is only 'according to another tradition,' that we are told that Mena was the first to lay down rules for the service of the gods and the worship of the temples. He diverted the course of the Nile, which before his time ran close to the Libyan chain of hills, by the construction of a dyke (which the French engineer, M. Linant, declares to be the existing great dyke of Cocheiche), and thus gained land from the sea for the site of Memphis, or Men-nofer, 'the good place,' called also Cha-nofer, 'the good appearance,' or Macha-ta, 'the land of the scales.' Here he built the temple-palaces of Ha-ka-patah, the house of worship of Patah, or Ptah, who is spoken of at one time as the Egyptian Vulcan, and at another as the great architect of the universe.

'The dead of the Memphitic district rested in "the land of life," Anch-ta, of the towns in the stony desert in sight of the town of Memphis. Osiris, the judge of the dead underground, had his special temple—his serapeum, as the Greeks called it—bearing the name Han-ub, "house of gold." The holy canal at the place of the harbour was called Chet, or Mu-khet, i.e. "the waters of the voyage below." It carried off the floods of the inundation to the low-lying lands behind "the great circumference," Shen-ur.'

The god Ptah bore also the name of Sokar, or Sokari, of which name the trace is thought to linger in the name of the modern village of Sakkarah, near Memphis. The wife of Ptah bore the name of Sochet, and was symbolised by the sun's disc. Their son was Nofer-atum, later called I-m-hotep; in Greek Imuthes, the Æsculapius of Egyptian mythology.

'The monuments further inform us that a holy snake, under the name of Zotef, was worshipped in the temple of the god, and that the acacia, the mulberry, and the persea, were counted among the holy trees of Memphis. The bark of the god bore the name "ship of the lord of eternity;" his high priest was called, in allusion to the highest title of the god, "foreman," while the priestess had the flattering appellation, "beautifully formed." On the first days of the months Tybi and Mechir were the chief feasts in Memphis.'

These days, in the fixed Egyptian year, corresponded to January 9 and February 8, commencing the first two months of the winter tetramerus.

‘Mennofer is the most constantly recurring name of this city. The Greeks made of this Memphis, and the Copts Memphi, while in cuneiform the Egyptian name is rendered by Mimpi. The traces of the ancient name are still preserved in the modern name of Tel-Monf, by which the Arabs of the present day designate a heap of ruins on the site of the royal town of the ancient Pharaohs. All that remains of this celebrated city at the present time consists of fragments of columns and altars, and carvings which once belonged to the temples of Memphis—a far-stretching mass of mounds out of which shine in the clear sunlight the half-destroyed chambers and halls of ancient houses. Those travellers who visit the remains of Memphis in the hope of recognising some vestiges worthy of its fame will be little satisfied with the sad prospect that meets the eye.’

Memphis, though but little of value has been recovered from its ruins, is the city to which most frequent reference is made both on the monuments and in the papyri. Even the number of the temples and sanctuaries which it contained is there recorded. The high-priests of Ptah were personages of great importance. The post was often filled by a prince of the blood, until the removal of the seat of government diminished the political dignity of the Memphite pontiff.

Of the kings reigning at Memphis Herr Brugsch has very little to say, excepting from the well-known sources of Herodotus and Josephus; although the reality of the personages thus obscured under the veil of imperfect translation and erroneous copying is vouched by the tables of Abydos and of Sakkara, as well as by other monumental records. We could wish that a little more had been said of the important discovery, at the latter village, by M. Mariette, of the Serapeum, or mausoleum of the Apis bulls, the stelæ in which give such a definite certitude to the dates of the later Egyptian dynasties. Even of the famous Queen Nitocris we only further hear that her name occurs in the Turin Papyrus as Nit-aker, the perfect Nit, in the list of the Pharaohs of the sixth dynasty, before Nofer-ka (which will be about thirty-seventh in the list), although indications are said to have been recovered of her reconstruction, for her own mausoleum, of the pyramid of Men-ka-ra.

‘An unparalleled addition to the history of the old Empire, and the greatest treasure of antiquity,’ however, was, we are told, the discovery of the statues of King Khafra, the builder of the Second Pyramid, commonly called that of Cephrenes, but of which the title on the monuments is Urt, or ‘the great.’ In the remains of a temple built in connexion with the Sphinx, in the shaft of a well full of clear water, were found (we are not told by whom or when) a number of

statues of King Khafra, the greater part of which had been broken or damaged.

‘ Only one survived the fall, and, preserved with only slight injuries, gives us Khafra’s sitting figure of royal appearance, dignified in look and manner. Behind the king seated, the figure of a sparrow-hawk spreads its wings in calm repose, as if to protect the royal lord. The name and titles of the king appear in writing on the upper part of the base of the stone, close to his naked foot. The polish of the stone, a diorite, shines out of a green colour. It was seldom chosen for the execution of a monument.’

It would have added to the interest of the ‘ History of Egypt under the Pharaohs ’ if a representation of this valuable portrait had been among the very few illustrations given. As it is, a woodcut from a photograph of the head of a wooden portrait statue of an ancient Egyptian, found at Sakkarah, and now in the museum of Boulaq, is the only illustration worth notice. The features are wonderfully expressive, and the proportions of the face and head, which do not far depart from a spherical form, lend some weight to the idea of De Rougé, that a gradual attenuation of the average human figure might be deduced from the change in the proportions of the pictorial representations, to which we called attention five years ago * in writing on the Canon of Beauty in Greek Art. The view, however, can only be admitted under considerable reserve ; as in the history of ecclesiastical art in England we can trace a very rapid change from the squat broad figures which illustrate the sculpture of the eleventh century, in the representations of the miracles of the Confessor, to be seen in Westminster Abbey, and the ruefully wire-drawn saints of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The other illustrations of the ‘ History of Egypt ’ are two maps, and two groups of figures bearing tribute, taken from a tomb at Thebes, now in the British Museum. These, however, are but poorly executed, and very disadvantageously contrast with the admirable facsimile drawings in the great Harris papyrus, printed by order of the trustees of the British Museum, or with the delicate beauty of the plates given by M. Prisse d’Avesnes in his ‘ Histoire de l’Art Égyptien d’après les Monuments,’ published at Paris in 1860 ; a work of which it is difficult to speak in terms of too high admiration.

Of the faith and worship of the various nomes, each devoted to its special god ; of the pomp and splendour of the court ; of domestic labour and foreign travel ; of warlike defence and

* See ‘ Edinburgh Review,’ No. 285, p. 189.

invasion ; and of the energetic, joyous, active life of the Egyptian people, Herr Brugsch gives us much that is of the highest interest. From the earliest times of the pyramid-building sovereigns, the office of architect was the occupation of the noblest men at the king's court. One long line of architectural pedigree is traced, for a period of 700 years, through 22 generations. A yet higher office was that of the prophet of the pyramid of Pharaoh, whose office, somewhat like that of the ancient Attic bards, was to celebrate the memory of the deceased king. The direct relationship of the Pharaonic dynasties to divine progenitors forms, however, one of the special peculiarities of that far-descended royalty, and throws into the shade the pedigree of the Heracleidæ, or the descent of the Saxon kings from Odin. The memory of the departed, and the veritable reality of the invisible world, were among the main springs of Egyptian life ; and the worship of the king who had joined his divine ancestors was a consistent part of this ancient faith.

The king is usually spoken of in the monuments as King of Upper and Lower Egypt. His dignity is intimated by the appellation *Perao*, or 'of the great house,' the Pharaoh of the Pentateuch ; which may be compared with the style of 'the Porte' at the present day. To his subjects he was *Nuter* and *Neb*, God and Lord. In his presence prostration was the rule ; the courtiers rubbing the ground with their noses, unless, by special permission, they were allowed to touch the royal knee. The style of the '*Giornale di Roma*,' in the days of the temporal power, '*la Santità del nostro Signore*,' was anticipated by the pontiff kings of Egypt, who are often designated by the title '*His Holiness*.' The Pharaoh is also respectfully designated by a grammatical construction which is best represented in English by the pronoun 'he.'

The wife of the king, his daughters and granddaughters, were prophetesses of the goddesses, *Hathor* or *Neit*. The house of the royal women was placed under the care of officers who enjoyed the confidence of the king. The princesses were given in marriage to the highest nobles : young men of talent and promise were admitted to the society of the children of the king. The Pharaoh himself distributed decorations, such as the necklace of gold '*nub* ;' and made rich presents of lands, slaves, and maidens. The house of the children of the king was under the direction of a noble who was responsible for the health, as well as for the education, of the royal family.

The persons in the first rank at the court are designated as *Erpa*, hereditary highness ; *Ha*, prince ; *Set*, the illustrious ;

Semer-ua-t, the intimate friend. Among the high officers were the overseer, Mur; the enlightener, Sehat; the great, Ur; and the follower, Emkhet, who were attached to the person of the king.

'A steward had charge of the king's household, another had charge of the wardrobe, another acted as hairdresser, took care of the nails of his holiness, and prepared his bath. One was over the singing and playing, and prepared the means for the Pharaoh's pleasure and enjoyments. Other nobles were charged with the administration of the magazines of wheat, dates, and fruits in general, of the cellar, of the chamber for oil, of the bakery, and the butchering, and the stables. The treasury filled with gold and silver, and the offices for expenses and receipts, had their special superintendents. The Court of Exchequer was not wanting. The private domains, the farms, the palaces, and even the lakes and canals of the king were placed under the care of inspectors. By Pharaoh's order skilful persons of the class of the nobles were appointed to the charge of the buildings and all kinds of work in stone. From the caverns of the rocks of Ta-roou (the Troja of the Greeks and Romans, the Tura of the present Arabs), in sight of Memphis, they brought the white limestone for building the royal pyramids and the tombs, and for artistic works, as sarcophagi and columns. They also betook themselves to the southern lands, at the opposite boundary of the country, to loosen the hard granite from the Red mountain behind the town of Soan (the Assooan of our day), and construct rafts for the more easy conveyance of the vast masses of stone to the lower country in the favourable time of the high water.

'The dreaded company of the overseers were set over the wretched people, who were urged to hard work more by the punishment of the stick than words of warning.

'The population inhabiting the towns, as well as the villages of the country, was governed by the prefects of the Pharaoh. The judges watched over the strict obedience to the written law, and administered justice to the oppressed people, whose complaints the attorneys (Anwälte) of the king were bound to hear. A great variety of punishments were administered to an unjust accuser by the provost-marshal.

'The armed force—which was composed of young foot soldiers armed with clubs, axes, bows and arrows—was placed under the command of experienced officers. A general-in-chief prepared the campaign, organised the masses, made the necessary preparations for military expeditions, and gave the orders for battle. Of a more peaceful kind was the much-praised office of the hirsheshta, which literally means "teacher of the secret," for they possessed all hidden wisdom in these ancient times.'

The sense thus attributed to the title of Hirsheshta closely coincides with the interpretation which is given by the Targums (and on the margin of the Authorised Version of the Book of Genesis) to the name bestowed by Pharaoh on Joseph, of Zaphnath-Paaneah. Herr Brugsch resolves this expression

into a string of not only monosyllabic, but monoliteral words, and makes Za-p-u-nt-p-aa-ānk signify 'the governor of the district of the dwelling-place of the living one,' which a Greek of the time of the Ptolemies would have rendered by the translation, 'the monarch of the Sethroitic nome.' What the Greek translators of the time of the Ptolemies actually did, however, was to transliterate the phrase in the Hebrew text into the formidable word *φουθομφανήχ*. The next Greek writer who treated on the subject, and who possessed information of an unusual kind, wrote the word *φοθομφάνηχος*, and added *σημαίνει γὰρ τὸ ὄνομα κρυπτῶν εὐρετήν*. In accordance with this explanation it should be remarked that the Hebrew verb *זָפַן*, Zāphan, means to hide, while *קָאָה*, Pāāh, means to call out; so that the evidence is rather in favour of the interpretation of the Targum and of Josephus than of the more novel one of Herr Brugsch. We are very reluctant to appear at all to justify the hard measure which Sir G. C. Lewis dealt out to the Egyptologists of his acquaintance. But we must confess that the singularity in command of the language of the hieroglyphics on which Herr Brugsch so evidently prides himself does not carry absolute conviction to our minds. We see how he differs from the Jewish writers as to a word about which they probably knew something, and on which their view is supported by the great lexicographers, Buxtorff and Gesenius, as well as by Josephus. As to modern *collaborateurs* he is equally unhesitating. Of 'the united labours of two scholars, one French and the other English, both men of the highest merit in the pursuit of ancient Egyptian researches,' he adheres to what he formerly 'had the frankness to remark upon the less successful parts in the translation' of the journey of the Mohar, 'more particularly as to the conception of the meaning which forms the foundation of the whole letter.' Of the Great Harris Papyrus he says: 'The translations of it, which several scholars have written with the document before them, are partly unintelligible, unless we have the original at hand, partly evidently incorrect.' Of his own reading of a reference to an eclipse he says: 'This I still continue to maintain, notwithstanding all the objections of M. Chabas, so long as no better founded objection is brought against it.' As to one of the most curious of all the inscriptions, one cut on a stone of the time of King Ramessu XII., which was formerly set up in the temple of Khonsu, and which records the sending of the sacred animals from Thebes to a foreign country, in order to expel a devil which had taken possession of the queen, the first interpretation, 'which is due

‘to the labours of two masters of our science, Dr. S. Birch and ‘M. E. de Rougé,’ will recommend itself to most readers rather than that contained in the ‘History of Egypt,’ notwithstanding the remark: ‘Our own translation has, perhaps, the ‘modest merit of having utilised the latest discoveries in old ‘Egyptian philology for the elucidation of this stone.’ Yet while thus quietly asserting the superiority of his own learning over that of his most famous contemporaries, Herr Brugsch allows it to be seen that he is unaware of the cause of what he mentions as ‘a very remarkable fact, that at the epoch of ‘the twelfth dynasty—that is, forty-three centuries before our ‘days—the point of the greatest height’ attained by the Nile in Nubia ‘was 8·17 mètres above the greatest height which the ‘inundation ever reaches in our day;’ and he makes the acreage of four fields devoted to the service of the statue of King Ramessu VI., which are described, with their boundaries, as districts of some importance, amount to about 16 perches of ground. It has long been a matter of remark that the loss of the benefit of the rise of the Nile in Nubia was due to an earthquake which rent the rocky dam of the cataract that formerly pent back the waters. The inundation below Syene was not diminished in its flow.

We have further to express regret, not unmingled with surprise, at the mode in which certain references which promised to yield definite information as to Egyptian chronology are still left to be regarded as matters of opinion alone. The study of cuneiform writing is young, compared with that of hieroglyphics. But the Assyrian dates are absolutely determined by the late Mr. Geo. Smith’s discovery of the record of an eclipse of the sun which occurred in the year 763 B.C. The reference of this eclipse to the regnal year not only determines the whole of the newly recovered Assyrian chronology, but, by the slight correction which it enables us to make in the connexion of the Hebrew and the Greek reckoning in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, establishes the perfect synchrony of the Bible dates with those of Assyria and of Egypt.* And yet we find Herr Brugsch at war with M. Chabas as to a point which should be so easily decided as that of the eclipse of the moon in the fifteenth year of King Takelut II. Nor has the proper scientific treatment been applied to the record of the falling of the neomenia on the 21st Pachons in the twenty-first year of Thothmes III. A reference is indeed made to the attempts of men of science to arrive at astronomical determinations by com-

* See ‘Bible Educator,’ vol. iii. pp. 330, 361.

plicated calculation; but the difficulty is one not of calculation, but of interpreting the references made to phenomena. A remarkable instance of that contempt for the plain ordinary rules of arithmetic, which sometimes leads to considerable waste of time, occurs in page 102 of the first volume.

'A learned German, Mr. Gensler, who has specially occupied himself with enquiries and learning relating to the course of the stars in connexion with the monuments, has latterly put forth the opinion that the period of thirty years' (a cycle first referred to in the reign of King Pepi) 'served to regulate, according to a fixed law of numbers, the coincidence of the solar and lunar calendar by means of eleven synodic months intercalated in the period.'

We heartily wish that Herr Gensler had been the only learned German who had taken the pains to put forth an opinion without having cleared his path by the humble method of acquiring some accurate elementary knowledge of the conditions of the problem he undertook to solve. The plain fact is that so far from 371 months, the number proposed by Herr Gensler, coinciding, 'according to a fixed law of numbers,' with a period of thirty years, the lunar period is $5\frac{1}{2}$ days too long, if the vague Egyptian year be intended, and nearly two days too short, if compared with astronomical years. Thus, even if the Egyptian astronomers had been sufficiently ill-informed to imagine that such a coincidence existed, the revolution of one, or at the utmost of two, of such cycles would have convinced them of their error.

Herr Brugsch deduces from an inscription in the rock-cut tomb of Knum-hotep at Beni Hassan the opinion that as far back as 2500 B.C. the Egyptians had a knowledge of four different years. Of these the revolution of the sacred vague year, without intercalation, is of the most value to the historian. The fixed year, corresponding, there is some reason to believe, with the present Coptic year, is a second mode of reckoning. The lunar year, coinciding with the reckoning of the Greeks and of the Phœnicians, would be a third. As to the fourth, the suggestions are somewhat hazy. But with reference to the Hib-set, or 'feast of the tail' (if that be really a cycle of thirty years), there is a close parallel to be found in the Chinese cycle of sixty years, which appears to have been adopted for convenience of numeration rather than for any more abstruse reason. The first of these cycles is said to have commenced with the full moon of the year Kia Zing (B.C. 2757), about 500 years later than the first mention of the Egyptian triakonteris. The division of the circle into 360

degrees is intimately connected with all these early *radices* or systems of reckoning.

The real key to the chronology of Egypt is found in the *Almagest*. In that treasure of ancient learning Ptolemy refers to a series of lunar eclipses, which he attributes to given days in the vague Egyptian year. It thus becomes easy to carry back the reckoning of this invaluable measure of time, and to ascertain the coincidence of any recorded eclipse and the consequent determination of its date in astronomical time. A very simple table showing the revolution of the vague year (we would print it but for the aversion of most readers to tables) would form the skeleton of any sound Egyptian chronology, a reckoning which we hope to see recovered from its present aspect of mystery and haze. This calculation, which is referable to the absolute conjunctions or oppositions of the sun and moon given by Ptolemy, is in accordance with the concurrence of the fourth day of the month Xanthicus with the eighteenth day of the month Mecheir, in the ninth year of Ptolemy Epiphanes, as given on the Rosetta stone; allowance being made for the difference between real and visible new moon.

With reference to one result of his labour which possesses extraordinary fascination for a large class of readers, Herr Brugsch has curiously failed to do justice to his own brilliant discoveries. The question how far the records of Egypt throw any light on the study of the Hebrew Scriptures is one of more than merely archæological value. Herr Brugsch himself remarks in his preface: ‘The most searching investigations have almost completely overcome the last remaining difficulties which lay as hindrances in the way of understanding the Holy Scriptures.’ And yet an author who, after long years of study, could justly hesitate as to his power to group together the scattered data in one complete history, ‘on the ground that a work so comprehensive, based above all on the explanation and understanding of the superabundant number of texts, would need long years for its completion,’ has been led, by one or two hasty assumptions, to miss the most remarkable series of synchronisms that ever fell, without straining or special pleading, to the lot of a student to indicate. We hope to be able, without fatiguing the reader by any parade of calculation, to allow the records in this matter to speak for themselves.

The assumption which has hitherto prevented the detection of these remarkable synchronisms is the following: Ramses II., or Ramses Miamoun, the third king of the nineteenth dynasty,

covered Egypt with magnificent buildings. He erected splendid temples at Abydos, at Memphis, and at Thebes; and 'in Nubia Ramses must be especially designated as a 'founder of temples and towns "to his name."' He transferred his court to Zoan, a city 'on the eastern frontier of 'Egypt, in the lowlands of the Delta,' which Herr Brugsch characterises as 'the key of Egypt;' he 'strengthened its 'fortifications, and founded a new temple city, the holy places 'of which were dedicated to the great gods of the country, 'Amon, Ptah, and Hormaku, with whom as a fourth he associated the foreign Baal Sutekh. Zoan, or, as the place is 'henceforth called, Pi Ramesu, the city of Ramses, became 'henceforward the especial capital of the empire.'

It is, however, a very different style of argument from that which has earned such well-merited fame for this great interpreter of the past that draws from the above facts the inference that—

'the new pharaoh, who knew not Joseph, who adorned the city of Ramses and the city of Pithom, the capital of what was afterwards the Sethroitic nome, with temple cities, is no other, *can be no other*, than Ramessu II., of whose buildings in Zoan the monuments and the papyrus rolls speak in complete agreement. And although, as it happens, Pithom is not named as a city in which Ramses erected new temples to the local divinities, the fact is all the more certain that Zoan contained a new city of Ramses, the great temple district of the newly founded sanctuaries of the above-named gods. Ramessu is the pharaoh of the oppression, and the father of that unnamed princess who found the child Moses exposed in the bulrushes on the bank of the river.

'While the fact that the pharaoh we have named was the founder of the city of Ramses is so strongly demonstrated by the evidence of the Egyptian records, both on stone and papyrus, that only want of intelligence and mental blindness can deny it, the inscriptions do not mention one syllable about the Israelites.'

The candour of the last admission does honour to the writer. But it cannot make up for the essential want of connexion in his argument. Briefly stated, the logical sequence is as follows: Because King Ramses Miamun, who built noble temples of stone in various parts of Egypt, built one at Zoan, and so favoured this ancient city that it was afterwards called Pi-Ramessu, without, however, losing its original name, therefore the children of Israel, who, 430 years before the exodus, were settled in the land of Rameses; who are mentioned as preparing bricks, not as working in stone; and who built, not temples, but (according to Gesenius) granaries, not at Zoan or Pi-Ramessu, but at Pithom and Ramses; were the labourers of this great building king. Were no check on this theory possible,

it could only be regarded as a wild guess. But when it is remembered that the assumption is in direct contradiction to the explicit statements of the Bible, we must decline to cut 200 years out of the third chapter of the First Book of Kings without something more worthy the name of evidence.

In fact, if, instead of the unsupported assertion that Ramses Miamun 'must be regarded beyond all doubt as the 'Pharaoh under whom the Jewish legislator Moses first saw 'the light,' we compare the Hebrew with the Egyptian records, we find such an identification to be impossible without a totally unauthorised tampering with the text of the former.

In the list of Egyptian kings which Herr Brugsch has given in an appendix, he has used, antecedent to the date B.C. 666, the rough reckoning of thirty-three years to a reign. In a former publication he has given with more exactitude the recorded lengths of many individual reigns. The difference between the two methods, over the whole period of Egyptian history, is little more than half a century; the era of Menes being dated 4400 B.C. by the former, and 4455 by the latter, mode of reckoning. Without proposing to fix dates to a year, we shall find it more convenient, in the case of some of the reigns with which we have to deal, to take the recorded, instead of the average, lengths. For the Jewish chronology we take as a guide the latest and most exhaustive work on the subject, which is to be found in the 'Bible Educator.'

In the fifth year of the reign of Rehoboam, King of Judah, Herr Brugsch states, Shashanq, the Shishak of the Book of Kings, 'made his expedition against the kingdom of Judah, 'which ended in the capture and pillaging of Jerusalem.' According to both the average and the detailed dates of Brugsch, which in this instance agree exactly, the fifth year of Rehoboam coincides with the fourteenth year of Sasank. This date was forty-one years after the foundation of the temple by Solomon, 'in the 480th year after the children of Israel were 'come out of Egypt.' Taking that epoch of settlement as the 'rest' (Joshua xxi. 44) which occurred in the second Sabbatic year after entering Canaan, a further term of fifty-five years, making a total of 575 years from 5 Rehoboam, carries us back to the Exodus. This reckoning is also checked by the detailed dates given in the books of Judges and of Samuel.

The date thus indicated by the Hebrew Scriptures falls on the fifth year of Amenophis or Amenhotep III., according to the detailed dates of the eighteenth dynasty. The titles are given to this sovereign on the monuments of 'tamer of the

‘Syrian shepherds,’ and ‘pacificator of Egypt;’ affording a view of the events recorded in the Book of Exodus which we may well understand that the courtly royal scribes of Egypt would be only too ready to give. This prince reigned for thirty-five years. But it must be remembered that the Book of Exodus nowhere states that Pharaoh himself was drowned. In fact, the expression, ‘Pharaoh’s chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea,’ may be taken distinctly to negative such a gratuitous assumption; as the destruction of a king at the head of his army could not fail to have been stated in a triumphal ode, if such a signal catastrophe had occurred. There is thus no objection to dating the occurrence of the exodus in the early part of the reign, which, on other grounds, is the most probable supposition. The indications of season given in the Pentateuch require a period of three years from the first vision of Moses to the exodus. That the accession of a young king should be selected as the time for attempting a release is in accordance with human nature.

On this view of the case, Thothmes IV., on whose massive and menacing features we may look in the colossal portrait bust in the British Museum, was the Pharaoh, or at least one of the sovereigns, under whom the bondage in the brick furnaces was most intolerable. It is in accordance with this view that we find that it is in this reign that Egyptologists have dated the famous tomb of Rosenchere, on the walls of which is portrayed so vivid a picture of the toil of a Semitic race in the making of bricks. The length of the reign of the predecessor of Thothmes IV., Amenophis II., is undecided. But forty years from the date of the exodus brings us into the reign of Thothmes III., whom Herr Brugsch calls ‘the greatest king of Egyptian history, the victorious conqueror and ruler of a whole world, from the southernmost lands of inner Africa to the columns of heaven in the land of Naharain.’ The tenth chapter of the second book of the Jewish Antiquities of Josephus, which we cannot doubt to represent an otherwise lost portion of sacred history, details the appointment of Moses to the command of an Ethiopian war, and his marriage with Tharbis, daughter of the King of the Ethiopians, events which it is easy to understand as occurring in this reign. How the jealousy of the king was excited by this triumph, as asserted by Josephus, will further become fully intelligible.

Thothmes III. was the brother and successor of one of the most famous personages in ancient history, the woman king Ma-ka-ra, whose former appellation of Hatasont Herr Brugsch has now replaced by the less euphonious name of Hashop.

To the glory of the reign of this great princess the monuments bear eloquent witness. First as the sister-wife of Thothmes II., then alone, lastly associated with her younger brother, Thothmes III., she carried the Egyptian name to the coast lands of Africa, and added new sources to the wealth of her empire. To her throne came the Prince of Punt, bringing with him presents from the shore of the great sea. On the walls of a great temple built by this queen exist coloured pictures and inscriptions, giving the details of the expedition to the balsam-bearing land of Punt, and of the return of ambassadors from that country. The earliest representation of any attempt to transplant a tree to foreign soil is to be found among these pictorial records. Thirty-one 'incense trees,' each set in a tub, are shown as being carried on board the vessels of the queen. An inscription explains the picture.

'Laden was the cargo to the uttermost with all the wonderful products of the land of Punt, and with the different nut woods of the divine land, and with heaps of the resin of incense, with fresh incense trees, with ebony, objects in ivory inlaid with much gold from the land of the Amoo, with sweet woods, Khesit wood, with Ahem incense, with holy resin, and paint for the eyes, with dog-headed apes, with long-tailed monkeys, and greyhounds with leopard skins, and with the natives of the country, together with their children. Never was the like brought to any queen since the world stands.'

The buildings of this great queen are held by Herr Brugsch to be 'some of the most tasteful, most complete, and brilliant creations that ever left the hands of the Egyptian artists. They are specimens of the matchless splendour of Egyptian art history, whether we consider the treatment of the stone, as to form and proportion, or the rich coloured decoration.' Queen Ma-ka-ra knew how to recognise and to encourage talent. She raised a memorial stone 'as a mark of gratitude to her architect Senmut, the son of Rames and Ha-nofer. It contained his portrait in black granite, in an attitude of repose; and on the right shoulder was the significant inscription: "Nen kem em an apu," there were not found in writing his ancestors.'

We shall not attempt, by any philological legerdemain, to identify Hatasont with the Thermuthis of Josephus. But it deserves note that the reign of the Mephra-Muthosis of Manetho represents the reign of Thothmes III. and Hatasont, while Thothmes II. appears in Greek characters as Mephra. The death of Thothmes II., according to Brugsch's details, occurred the year before the birth of Moses, as before determined. It is thus in accordance with the best light yet thrown

on the subject to imagine that the Bath Pharaoh, who came forth with her maidens for a solemn rite on the banks of the Nile (for the Hebrew word signifies a ceremonial ablution), was not an unnamed princess, furtively rescuing a chance foundling from the law of her father, but one of the most splendid and majestic queens that ever wore the double diadem of Egypt—fitting foster-mother for the greatest of prophets.

One of the discoveries mentioned in the ‘History of Egypt’ is of signal interest as bearing on this portion of ancient history. ‘A place is mentioned in Middle Egypt,* which bears the name of the great Jewish legislator. It is called T-en-Moshé, “the island of Moses,” or “the river bank of Moses.”’ It is not marked on the map of Egypt, but it is indicated as lying on the eastern side of the river, near the city Arsinoe, the capital of the successor of Amenophis III. This city is situated nearly halfway between Thebes and Memphis, in latitude 27° 45’ N. Whether this lingering echo of a mighty name be held to indicate the spot where the rushen cradle was rescued from the crocodiles, or that where Moses ‘smote the waters that were in the river in the sight of Pharaoh,’ the identification of the spot is keenly to be desired.

We are far, however, from having exhausted the synchronisms arrived at by simple comparison of the two histories. Josephus states† that the exodus occurred in the Egyptian month Pharmouthi. In the year B.C. 1541 the 14th of Abib or Xanthicus coincided with the 27th Pharmouthi. As the beginning of the Egyptian year receded a day in every four years, there is thus afforded a latent indication of time, which alone fixes definite limits for the year of the exodus. The Armenian Chronicle, referring to the ninth king of the eighteenth dynasty (whom we have seen to be Amenophis III.), says: ‘Hujus ætate Moyses Judæorum ex Ægypto dux fuit.’ The establishment of this great dynasty at Thebes, and their conquest of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings of the Delta, explain the verse, ‘Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.’ Four hundred and twenty years before the reign of Amenophis III. brings us to the time of the seventeenth dynasty, that of the Hyksos, reigning at Tanis, or Zoan, of whom Eusebius says: ‘Horum tempore, ut imperaret Ægyptum, Josephus apparuit.’ Herr Brugsch quotes a Christian tradition preserved by Syncellus, according to which it was ‘received by the whole world that Joseph ruled the whole land in the reign of King Apophis.’ The names of the

* History, vol. ii. p. 112.

† Ant. ii. xiv. 6.

Hyksos kings have been carefully obliterated from the monuments; but of two which are yet distinguishable the first cartouche of one contains the name Ra-aa-ab-tani, and the second 'encloses the family name Apopi or Apopa.' According to Manetho, Apophis was the fourth of the Hyksos kings. It is probable that the dates of these reigns will hereafter be better determined, as there is a roll of papyrus in the British Museum which gives account of the relatives of King Apepi, reigning in the town of Avaris, with a king Ra-Sekenen, who resided at Thebes, apparently in subjection to the former. Indeed, from the inscriptions on the tomb of Baba at El-Kab, which dates about this period, Herr Brugsch cites a passage which he thinks must refer to the seven years' famine of the Book of Genesis: 'I collected the harvest, a friend of the 'harvest god. I was watchful at the time of sowing; and 'now when a famine arose, lasting many years, I issued out 'corn to the city at each famine.' The clearest indication of the date in question is that which refers to the fourth king of the dynasty, but even this is vague. It may very well be the case that Baba 'lived and worked under the native king Ra-Sekenen-Taa III. in the old town of El-Kab about the same time as Joseph exercised his office under one of the 'Hyksos kings.' But it is perhaps a little too confident to add: 'The only just conclusion is that the many years of famine 'in the time of Baba must precisely correspond with the seven 'years of famine under Joseph's Pharaoh, one of the shep- 'herd kings.'

It only remains to add to the above synchronisms, that the expedition of King Ramses Miamun to the north of Syria, prior to his eighth regnal year (or about B.C. 1400), coincides with the date given in the Book of Judges to the reign of that Jabin, King of Canaan, who reigned in Hazor, and who had nine hundred chariots of iron. The heroic poem of Pentaur, of which a translation is given in the 'Records of the Past,'* as well as in the 'History of Egypt,' describes the horsemen and chariots of the King of Khita, and twelve other allied or subject peoples, as 'numerous as the sand, and they stood three 'men on each war chariot.' They are thus shown in the illustrations to Sir Gardner Wilkinson's 'Manners and 'Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.' This document appears to identify the town, which is read as Kadesh, near which 'Pharaoh's chariots and horses gave way before' the army of Khita, with the famous capital in later times of the Greek

* Vol. ii. p. 65.

kings of Syria, Antioch, by the expression 'on the west side of the river Urunatha'—an undisguised version of Orontes. There were numerous holy cities or towns named Kadesh. Jerusalem itself, which was occupied by King Ramses in his eighth year, being then a Jebusite city, is known as El-Kuds; and the Kedesh Naphtali of the Book of Judges is well known not to be the city on the banks of the Orontes. But the breaking of the power of the great Syrian king by the King of Egypt—a remarkable rehearsal of those conflicts which occurred between the king of the North and the king of the South in the time of the Maccabees—may have rendered possible a successful attack on a portion of his forces by so insignificant a body as a hastily levied guerilla band of ten thousand men.

It is of course idle to anticipate what may be the results of future discovery. But a simple comparison of the two chronologies is enough to show that, at each period of the sacred Jewish history which brings the Israelites into more or less direct connexion with the Egyptians, the monuments of Egypt have some record that gives an account of some international relation with the Israelites or with Palestine, from a point of view which is naturally very dissimilar to that of the Hebrew writers, of whose general accuracy they thus afford unimpeachable testimony.

It is only doing justice to the memory of a very meritorious student of cuneiform script to mention the fact that a large portion of the eighteenth chapter of the 'History of Egypt' is drawn, not from Egyptian monuments, but from the 'Mémoire sur les rapports de l'Égypte et de l'Assyrie dans l'antiquité éclaircis par l'étude des textes cunéiformes' of M. Oppert, published at Paris in 1869; and that English translations of the records of Assur-bani-pal, studied by M. Oppert, occupy sixty-four pages of Mr. George Smith's 'Assyrian Discoveries.' Mr. Philip Smith remarks in a note: * 'The narratives of the double capture of Thebes by Assur-bani-pal are of singular interest for the light they throw on the striking allusion to its fate in Nahum iii. 8-10, which had no known historical counterpart till the discovery of these records.' It should be added, however, that the date of the prophecy of Nahum, which Josephus† fixes in the reign of Jotham, 115 years before the destruction of Nineveh, has to be brought down by some three-quarters of a century to allow

* *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, vol. ii. p. 265.

† *Ant.* ix. 11, § 13.

of the reference to the capture of Thebes as historic in the time of the writer.

It is a matter of great regret to ourselves to have to speak on the 'discourse on the Exodus,' which closes the second volume of the 'History of Egypt,' and on the map in illustration, which, with its German lettering, is reissued as a guide to the English reader.

The basis of all geography is the work of the geodesic surveyor. Land surveying, even when it deals with a superficies as solid and permanent as may be found in inland and in mountainous countries, demands the skill of the expert. But a very special degree of skill is required for the work of the hydrographer, whose task it is to delineate with exactitude the constantly varying lines of coast, and to mark the growth of shoals and of deltas. In no part of the world is the skill of the hydrographer more required than in the low lands of Egypt, the annual changes in the aspect of which, caused by the inundation of the Nile, have been said by ancient authors to have led to the origin of the art of surveying. To suppose that a map of the Delta, correct at any given period of time, would be applicable to the condition of the same part of the country a century earlier or later, is to ignore the primary laws of hydrography. But Herr Brugsch has founded a detailed and somewhat angry argument on the assumption that the lapse of more than 3,000 years has caused no alteration in the coast line of the Egyptian Delta.

That the whole of the vast mass of alluvial deposit which forms an irregular triangle between Memphis, Alexandria, and some point not yet determined on the Syrian coast, has been brought down by the Nile, we need not stop to show. The only question that can arise on the subject with persons at all familiar with the laws of river action is that of the period of time within which this deposit has taken place. As to that we showed on a former occasion * a very remarkable coincidence between the measurements given by Herodotus and the results of the gauging of the flow of the Nile, and of the proportion of mud carried down by its waters, carefully carried out by Mr. Fowler, C.E. To what we then said we need only thus far refer as entirely unanswered up to the present time. But the unqualified disregard shown alike to the laws of river action, and to the statements of ancient historians, by the map and essay of Herr Brugsch, are so astounding, as to require a little further direct evidence to be adduced as to the

* Edinburgh Review, No. 297, p. 120.

position of the northern boundary of Egypt in the time of the exodus.

We have carefully compared the map now published with seven others, of which the authenticity is not to be disputed. These are: (1) The Chart of the eastern part of the Levant, giving Captain Mansell's soundings east of Alexandria in 1857, published at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty in 1858; (2) the '*Carte Générale de l'Egypte*,' published by the *Dépôt Général de la Guerre* in 1807; (3) the '*Atlas Maritime*' par S. Bellin, dated in 1764; (4) De Witt's General Atlas, 1678; (5) the '*Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*' of Ortelius, of 1606; and (6) the Geography of Ptolemy, dating as early as A.D. 147. To these may be added the map of M. Linant de Bellefonds, referred to in our former number; and a smaller map issued by the same engineer, with a portfolio of plans illustrative of the public works of Egypt, which brings down the series of maps to the year 1872. These maps of M. Linant, however, appear to be based, as to physical outlines, on the great survey of 1807, which also Herr Brugsch has closely followed as to the coast outline.

Of the various features of a delta system, that which is always the newest and the most subject to change is the berm, *cordon*, or spit of sand which is thrown down by the river as it advances to the sea, and which forms the first sketch of a future delta. In 1807 a comparatively narrow *cordon* of this nature was in course of formation from about $32^{\circ} 50'$ to $33^{\circ} 40'$ east longitude, running from about $31^{\circ} 4'$ to $31^{\circ} 8'$ north latitude, and enclosing a lagoon of from six to seven miles wide in the widest part, which Herr Brugsch has chosen to call '*Sirbonis See*,' or '*Jam Zuph*.' In 1858 this *cordon* had entirely changed its form. A lagoon had been formed on the north of it, and a second or northern *cordon*, reaching as far as $31^{\circ} 14'$ north latitude, was in course of deposit. In 1766 the coast presented a totally different outline. The *cordon* which had formed in 1807 to the north of Lake Bourlos was then only represented by isolated sandbanks; and neither in this map nor in that of Bellin is the spit in question to be detected. In 1606 the mouth of that branch of the Nile which Herr Brugsch calls the '*Phatmetische Mündung*' is shown by Ortelius at a point twelve minutes south of its position in 1807, and sixteen minutes south of its position in 1857. And in the maps to Ptolemy's '*Geography*' (on which the degrees of latitude are marked) no portion of the Delta lies north of the parallel of 31° north latitude.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who arrived at a very inadequate

idea of the action of the Nile from the observation of the very slight deposit that occurs where the water is shallow, and at a distance from the main channel, gives the northern limit of the Delta at $31^{\circ} 37'$, having taken it, probably, from the great French survey. Our own Admiralty Chart gives the northern limit of $31^{\circ} 41'$. Thus, in the first half of the present century the Delta was pushed forward into the Mediterranean by four geographical miles, according to the official surveys of the French and the English Government surveyors. During the 1660 years which elapsed between the French survey and the date of Ptolemy, the growth is shown by the maps to have been thirty-seven minutes of latitude. The advance of the coast line must have been more rapid in the earlier period when the width of the Delta was less; so that at the date of the exodus there is every reason to conclude that the Delta had nowhere advanced northward of the parallel of 30° , and that the easternmost branch of the Nile then flowed through that very Wady Toumilat down which M. de Lesseps led his fresh-water canal, and in which M. Linant de Bellefonds, in his last map, marks the ruins of the city Avaris, as well as of Ramses or Heroopolis.

It is thus as certain as are the laws of river action, and is borne out by a series of independent documentary proofs, that what Herr Brugsch speaks of as the 'long tongue of land' which, in ancient times, formed the only road from Egypt to 'Palestine,' occupies on his map a position which must have been at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and from eighty to a hundred miles north of the coast of the Delta, at the time of the exodus.

Had Herr Brugsch paid the slightest attention to the precise language of the Book of Exodus, he might have been prevented from now occupying, in the face of the educated world, a position which is so entirely inconsistent with the fame of a careful antiquary. The only account of the escape of the Israelites which is at present known is that contained in the Pentateuch. It may be open to a scholar to accept or to reject it. But, if he does the latter, we see no reason why he should suppose there was any exodus at all, far less attempt to indicate its precise route. From Ramses, we are told by the Book of Exodus, the Israelites journeyed to Succoth, from Succoth to Etham 'in the edge of the wilderness.' Thence they turned to encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon. Here, the sacred writer repeats, 'encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon,' they were caught by the Egyptian

forces.* The flying host are described as 'a mixed multitude, 'and flocks, and herds, and very much cattle,' 'beside children.' From the Zoan to the Etham of Herr Brugsch is a distance of twenty geographical miles; thence to his Migdol is seventeen miles; thence to his Pi-habiroth, eighteen; and thence to the great newly formed sand dune, which his map calls Baal Zephon, twenty-five. The places of which the Hebrew writer speaks as side by side, the German writer separates by distances that would have tried the endurance of a picked German army to cover in the time. In the first three days eighty geographical miles, and in the second three (or at the most four) days, an equal distance, are supposed to have been covered by the fugitives! And this is the work of a writer who justly condemns 'those who, without knowledge of the 'history and geography of ancient times, have attempted the 'task of reconstructing the Exodus of the Hebrews, at any 'cost, on the level of their own imperfect comprehension.'

The truth is, that the word 'identification' has been used with a freedom which is totally unjustified. In countries remote from sea or river basins, where ancient monuments are found, it may be possible to identify their sites, although the utmost caution is requisite. Rock-cut inscriptions, when they afford any distinctly local information, are of course the most valuable authorities. The coincidence of distances with the indications of ancient itineraries, or other records, is an important consideration. The military value of a position, as well as its relation to the water supply of the country, forms one of the surest guides to the explorer; and when to one or more of these indications is added that of the lingering on the spot of an echo, or even of a translation, of an ancient name, identification may be probable or even certain.

When, on the other hand, we find districts of variable superficies, whether eroded by tidal or river action, or silted up by ever increasing alluvial deposits, in which no rock-cut monuments exist, and in which any ruins that occur are indistinguishable as to date or original importance, the case is very different. The lingering of a name, in such case, might have a certain import. But this would depend on what the name is. If it were the mere common name of some natural object—as tower, fort, ditch, marsh—the geographical value is *nil*.

* Herr Brugsch appears to have overlooked altogether the 17th verse of the 13th chapter of Exodus, which is perfectly explicit. 'When Pharaoh had let the people go, *God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines*, although that was near,' &c.

Beacons or light-houses, as we know from well-determined cases at the mouths of the Rhone and of the Tiber, are moved century after century, in accordance with the advance or retrocession of the shore line, while still retaining their old names. Herr Brugsch assumes that 'the Semitic name which 'was adopted by the Egyptians, Migdol, that is, "the tower,"' which he makes the equivalent of the 'purely Egyptian 'name Samout,' was on a site which 'is fixed by the position 'of Tell-es-Semout, a modern name given to some heaps of 'ruins, which at once recalls the ancient appellation of Samout.' To say nothing of the extreme unacquaintance shown with the mode in which the signal towers on the deltas of the affluents of the Mediterranean are known to change their position, century after century, we miss here even the single link of the word, as Tell-es-Semout, to an Arabic scholar, means the 'Heap of the Acacias;' and no similar word exists in Arabic with the meaning of tower. Neither is the argument that Tinch must be on the site of Pelusium, because both words refer, in different languages, to mud, convincing to any one who knows what the task of the explorer really is. Yet this is what Herr Brugsch calls rediscovering, 'by means of their ancient names 'and their modern positions, the four geographical points 'which Holy Scripture calls Ramses, Succoth, Etham, and 'Migdol, situated at a day's distance from one another.' Herr Brugsch does not scruple to misquote. He says: 'The Hebrews stop at Etham on the third day from their leaving 'Ramses.' The Book of Exodus makes Etham the second stage of the flight. Herr Brugsch imagines Baal-zephon is eighty geographical miles from Ramses, not 'over against 'Migdol,' but two long days' march from it. It is not making a proper use of language to speak of two such accounts as being accordant with each other.

It is not merely the natural regret, which is aroused by seeing a writer of European fame gratuitously impair his own authority, that we have to express in directing attention to the fallacy of arguments of this nature. Justly or unjustly, literary men of distinction in this country have accorded but a modified assent to many conclusions of Egyptologers. Not altogether unjustly, that hesitation will be increased by the comparison of the positive language of Herr Brugsch with the utter incertitude of the data on which it is based. Nor is it the credit of Egyptian research alone that will suffer. It is not too much to say that the claims of the great body of German criticism to the assent of those who have to form their opinions on authority rather than on personal research,

will sustain a very heavy blow and great discredit from the discovery that one of the leaders of German literature has pinned his credit to a map which any Woolwich cadet could show to be not only imaginary, but utterly impossible, as a representation of the Egyptian Delta 3,500 years ago.

A geological map of the Delta would at once enable the hydrographer to decide whether it was possible or impossible that the site delineated as that of Zoan by Herr Brugsch could have been that of the ancient city.

A noble facsimile of the great Egyptian hieratic papyrus, of the reign of Rameses III., made by order of the trustees of the British Museum, lies before us as we write. It is a production in all respects worthy of the eminent men to whom we owe it. The original, which is the largest known papyrus in existence, was discovered, with four other rolls, all in the hieratic script, in 1855, in a tomb at Medinet Habu, and was purchased by the late Mr. A. C. Harris, of Alexandria. The roll is 133 feet in length by $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and is written, by three different scribes, in a remarkably bold script. So perfect is the facsimile, that it is only by the touch that the reader becomes convinced that the pages do not contain actual leaves of papyrus mounted on paper. The roll was divided by Mr. Harris into seventy-nine leaves, containing in all 117 pages. From eight to sixteen lines are written on each page, in letters varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ inch in height. The headings of sections, and characters marking totals, are in red; the remainder of the writing in a fine full black. Three pages, the 2nd, the 24th, and the 43rd, are pictorial, representing figures of from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 inches high, and containing cartouches and perpendicular lines of hieroglyphics. On the first of these plates Ki Rameses stands on the right, wearing the *hut*, or lofty golden crown, with the uræus, and clad in a white linen garment, with the royal collar, belt, and tunic or apron. He holds in his left hand the hook (*hek*) and scourge (*nexex*); and stretches his right hand forth towards the deities Am-en-ra, the goddess Mut, and the hawk-headed Khonsu, who occupy the remainder of the page. On the 24th page the same king is represented as before, but the deities who face him are the four gods of An, or Heliopolis; viz. the hawk-headed Ra, or Harmachis; Tum, or Atum, 'lord of the two countries of An;' and the goddesses Nausaas and Athor, the last three human-headed, and bearing their characteristic insignia. On page 43 the king is uncrowned, wearing a gold-coloured head-dress and tunic; and the deities are the Memphic triad, Pthah, Sexet (the lion-headed or cat-headed goddess whose name was formerly read as Pasht), and

Nefertum. The details of these figures, as well as the hieroglyphic inscriptions, may be studied with as much minuteness as if they were inscribed on the marble of the temples.

It affords a curious example of the want of accord yet prevailing among Egyptian scholars to compare the translation by Professor Eisenlohe and Dr. Birch, prefixed to the facsimile sheets, with that of a portion of the same manuscript given by Herr Brugsch, with the before-cited remark that 'several scholars 'have completely mistaken the sense of the document just in 'its most important passages.' We do not presume to offer any decisive opinion where such doctors disagree. But it is due to a great English scholar, the value of whose long labours is yet but imperfectly estimated by any but the learned, to remark that in this splendid work, as well as in the last new edition of 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' Dr. Birch has done all that is possible to command confidence as to his results, by printing in the notes the hieroglyphic equivalent of each questionable hieratic word. The value of work of that nature is imperishable. Whether, for example, 'A-as-su, a Khasu,' or 'Alius, a Phenician,' be the reading ultimately adopted, the comparison of the hieratic and the hieroglyphic symbols, thus put into the hands of the reader, will never cease to be instructive.

We must refer those who would follow out this comparison in detail to the pages of the 'History of Egypt,' and of 'Records of the Past.' An instance of the variations is as follows. Brugsch reads page 75, line 9, 'Such as showed themselves 'refusing to acknowledge anyone as a brother were locked up;' and adds a note to the effect that the literal meaning is 'walled 'up,' and that 'this punishment was sometimes inflicted by the 'kings.' Birch renders it: 'He made the places as they were 'before, each regarded one his brother. They were built 'up;' with a note giving the hieroglyph signifying to surround with a wall. The next line goes on: 'He set up 'the temples' (Birch). 'He restored order to the temples' (Brugsch). It is clear which version most commends itself to the common sense. Two other signal discrepancies between the two translations are, that where Dr. Birch renders 'Said 'the king, the son of the Sun, Ra-uses-ma, beloved of Amen 'the king, the great god,' Dr. Brugsch translates: 'Thus 'says King Ramessu III., the great god;' while the third line, which the German translator renders: 'The people 'of Egypt lived in banishment abroad. Of those who lived in 'the interior of the land none had any to care for him,' reads in the Museum version: 'The land of Kam had fallen into

‘confusion. Everyone was doing as he wished; there was no superior authority for many years which had priority over others.’

We have no wish to undervalue the great difficulties that evidently still beset the translator. It may even be admitted that the general outcome of these differing versions is much to the same effect. But we must be pardoned for the remark that the learned men who have undertaken to render vocal the long silent language of the monuments of Egypt have hardly advanced as yet beyond the harmony of a Dutch concert.

That a history of Egypt, based on the concurrent testimony of hieratic papyri, monumental hieroglyphics, and cuneiform tablets, is in course of gradual recovery, we think may be fairly admitted. How much of the merit of the work, whenever it assumes something like complete form, may be due to Herr Brugsch, and how much to the students with whom he is as yet so little in accordance, time will probably show. Some advance may be attributed to the present volume, although, considering the abstruse nature of the enquiry, it will be only those statements on which the different authorities are in accord that the public will as yet be prepared to accept. More valuable, because less liable to mistake, are those portions of Egyptian research which relate to the history of art from its early cradle by the Nile. In Herr Brugsch's remarks on this part of the subject we recognise the outcome of a refined and poetic taste. It would have given us much greater pleasure to linger over those portions of the work with which all cultivated men must sympathise, than to dwell on those points as to which we have felt it to be an unavoidable duty to speak without hesitation. In spite—or perhaps in consequence—of the constraint caused by the effort to translate the original German into vernacular English, there is a quaint charm in many passages which will delight even those who are familiar with the graphic illustrations of Prisse d'Avesnes, or with the rich treasures of the Egyptian galleries of the British and the Turin Museums.

But we have felt that it would be an abdication of the highest duty of criticism, in the face of the unqualified assertion of Herr Brugsch that his results, ‘which are entirely opposed to the views hitherto adopted with regard to this part of the history of the Hebrews,’ tend to ‘establish the supreme veracity of the Sacred Scriptures,’ to point out the extraordinary inaccuracy of the map on which his proposed identifications are based. Not only are the most distinct statements of the Books of Kings, and of that portion of the

chronology of the Bible which is most clear and consistent, entirely ignored, but the record of the exodus is reduced to a positive absurdity by the distances which the flying nation is made to cover in the time stated by the Book of Exodus. And so far are these unnecessary difficulties from being ‘derived entirely from the monuments,’ that even the fundamental assumption of the identity of Zoan and Rameses is extremely improbable; while the proposed identification of the site is opposed by the at least equally competent authority of M. Linant de Bellefonds. A blow has been given to the faith which men of letters can attach to the most confident assertions of German criticism, by the neglect of Dr. Brugsch to ascertain the possibility of his topographical theories before he proclaimed them at the International Congress of Orientalists. And the ‘lively marks of satisfaction with which his hearers were pleased to honour him, and which were echoed by journals held in the highest esteem,’ are only so many attestations of the sagacity of the Italian proverb: ‘Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano.’

ART. IV.—*Correspondence of the Family of Hatton.* Being chiefly Letters addressed to Christopher, First Lord Hatton, A.D. 1601–1704. Edited by EDWARD MAUNDE THOMPSON. 2 vols. For the Camden Society.

THE appointment of the Historical Manuscripts Commission has led to many important literary results, and not the least of these has been the discovery of family papers stowed away in cellars, and even in lofts over stables, which the carelessness of past centuries had docketed as ‘worthless papers which may be burnt or destroyed.’ As a general rule the possessors of these documents were as ignorant of their existence as of their value when discovered; and thus among these very Hatton-Finch papers, when they were sent to the Rolls House, in Chancery Lane, for the inspection of the Commission, some were found—the Anglo-Saxon charters, for instance—which it would have been hoping against hope to expect could ever come to light in any private collection, however comprehensive. This is not the place, however, to trace the steps by which the Hatton-Finch muniments passed away from a noble family and became the property of the nation. Suffice it to say that these papers, contained in forty-nine large volumes, comprising the period between the years 1514–1779, were purchased in 1874 by the trustees of the British Museum,

and are now numbered among the Additional MSS. in the national collection. This discovery in the first instance by the Historical Manuscripts Commission has now been followed by the publication of a portion of their contents as 'The Hatton Correspondence,' for the Camden Society, by Mr. Thompson, who has discharged his task with a judicious modesty and with a critical skill which are worthy of all praise. When it is considered that the letters of one of Lord Hatton's correspondents alone fill three thick volumes, and that others were hardly less diligent, we may well wonder at the courage which could cope with this great mass of documents, and the dexterity which, like that displayed by the 'good fairy' in the popular tale, could reduce the tangled skein to symmetry and order.

Having said thus much in general, we will now turn to the Hattons in particular. The first Hatton of whom the world knows or cares is of course Sir Christopher, Queen Elizabeth's dancing Chancellor, who, like other Christophers, was by no means such a fool as he seemed. He had the grant of Ely House from his royal mistress, and his name still lingers in Hatton Garden, built on those beautiful slopes where Cardinal Morton, Bishop of Ely, grew fine strawberries in the days of Richard III. From him our Hattons, as we may call them, were not lineally descended. They sprang from John Hatton, a younger brother of the Chancellor's father, and, on the failure of Sir Christopher's direct line, succeeded to his estate in the person of another Sir Christopher Hatton, who thus inherited both the names and the property of his collateral, the Chancellor. This second Sir Christopher died in 1619, leaving a son, Christopher the third, who was a Knight of the Bath, as his father had been before him, and who, in 1643, was raised to the peerage as Baron Hatton of Kirby, in Northamptonshire. After the Restoration, as a staunch Royalist, he was appointed governor of Guernsey, then a very important post, where, among other prisoners, he had the custody of the Parliamentary General Lambert, who passed the rest of his days in that island, having escaped the fate which befell so many of Cromwell's followers by the respect which his character had inspired even among the most exalted Royalists. This first Baron Hatton died in 1670, and was succeeded by his son, another Christopher, both in his governorship and his title, which was advanced to a viscounty in 1682. It is to these two Lords Hatton, and especially to the viscount, that the letters in these volumes are addressed. Living for the most part away from the world and the court in their island, they

were eager for news, and their main supplies from the well-head of London gossip were drawn by the prolific pens of Charles Lyttelton, a cadet of the distinguished family of that name long settled at Hagley, in Worcestershire, and of Charles Hatton, a brother of Viscount Hatton, who married a daughter of the notorious Serjeant (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) Scroggs, from whom he derived much of the political or court intelligence with which his letters are stored.

Of these 'two principal newsmen,' Mr. Thompson tells us that Charles Hatton writes with 'some humour,' and, after William's accession, with a 'certain Jacobite zest for fault-finding;' Lyttelton in a 'blunt, straightforward way of his own,' as befitted the man who was nothing if he was not a Royalist, who began his military career as a boy at Colchester, was colonel in the Duke of York's or Admiral's regiment, a corps corresponding pretty nearly to our useful marines, who was successively governor of Harwich, Landguard Fort, and Sheerness, and who finally rose to be a brigadier-general under James II. Evelyn calls him 'an honest gentleman and soldier,' and from the epithet 'sérieux' applied to him in Grammont's memoirs, it is probable that, though his second wife was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, he was not 'fast' enough for the gay and dissolute crowd which thronged the Long Gallery at Whitehall. In a word, he seems to have been in the fashionable world of the day, but not of it, and to have been never happier than when he was expecting the Dutch to attack his strong forts on the Essex coast in the frequent hostilities of the time. After the Revolution he was true to his cause and his lights; his regiment was broken up, and though he retained his governorship for some time, and at last took the oaths, he spent the remainder of his life at Hagley, or at a charming estate at Shecn, which his old brother-in-arms, Lord Brouncker, a man of a very different character, had left him by will. In 1693 he succeeded to the baronetcy and the family estates on the death of his brother, Sir Henry, and died at an advanced age in 1716. The other Charles—Charles Hatton—was more of a courtier than Lyttelton, and loves to tell of town gossip; but he has other tastes than those of fops, bullies, and sots. He had a strong turn for what we should now call 'natural science,' and especially for ornithology and arboriculture. Thus he procures gulls and red-billed jackdaws, i.e. Cornish choughs, for the king's aviary in St. James's Park. He is never so happy as when he can tell his brother of a rare plant or tree, and he chronicles the advent of a new pear and the flowering of Lord Mordaunt's tulip tree, the first of its kind

in England, with as much particularity as though the first blooming of that lovely American tree were an event of national importance.

These were Lord Hatton's chief correspondents; but there were others for whom, if they would only have written more, we could have even spared some of honest Charles Lyttelton's voluminous letters. First in rank and in importance is Finch, Earl of Nottingham, who, at the critical period of 1688, favours Lord Hatton with some remarkable letters on the state of affairs. He had married Lord Hatton's daughter Anne, and in corresponding with his father-in-law, who was little older than himself, he displays a cautiousness, not to say a cunning, worthy of a secretary of state of those days. But all his cunning did not avail him to keep office when William III. turned him out in 1693 on the occasion of the Triennial Bill. Both Lyttelton and Hatton agree in describing that event as 'great news,' and it seems that the surprise of the public was only exceeded by that of Nottingham himself, for he insisted that Trenchard—whom Lyttelton calls 'Trencher'—must have been mistaken in the king's 'meaning' when he asked him to surrender his signet; nor was he entirely undeceived till he waited in person on William. Then, too, there is the notorious Scroggs—Scroggs, who, according to Dugdale, was the son of 'a one-eyed butcher near Smithfield Bars, and his mother a big fat woman with a red face like an ale-wife,' a description which reminds one of dear old Prideaux's fancy portraits of some of his enemies at Oxford or Norwich. Whatever his parents might have been, Mr. Thompson well points out that Scroggs was a man of education, having entered at Oxford in 1639 at the age of sixteen, where he took a degree. In 1653 he was called to the bar, and having 'a bold front, handsome person, easy elocution, and ready wit,' he rose rapidly, was knighted about 1662, became serjeant in 1669, Judge of the Common Pleas in 1676, and Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1678. He 'ratted,' as is well known, on the occasion of the Popish Plot, from the attacking to the attacked side. We first hear of him in this correspondence in an account given by Charles Hatton, afterwards his son-in-law, of the consternation caused in 1671 in Westminster Hall by the appearance of a 'mad cove,' which had tossed several persons in the neighbourhood, and made the King's Bench rise in disorder. Some cried out that the 'Fifth Monarchy men were up, and come to cut the throats of the lawyers, who were the great plague of the land.' Lest this fate should befall them, the lawyers threw away their gowns, 'that they might appear to be

‘meaner persons;’ and, says Hatton, ‘your friend, Serjeant Scroggs, who of late hath had a fit of the gout, was perfectly cured, stript himself of his gowne and coife, and with great activity vaulted over the bar, and was presently followed by the rest of his brethren.’ We forbear to follow the fortunes of this mad cow, which, after she had been houghed or hamstrung, trampled a sentry at the Cockpit in Whitehall. But this sudden cure of the serjeant’s gout reminds us of a like wonderful cure of the same disease not many years ago in the person of a well-known member of Brooks’s Club, who, though for years obliged to hobble upstairs, ran down with the nimblest of that society and out into St. James’s Street on an alarm that Mr. Green’s balloon had caught the roof of the clubhouse with its grapnel, and was just about to pull it off. This good story, however, is of Hatton writing of Scroggs. When the serjeant writes to Lord Hatton himself, it is all about wine and drinking, and especially of claret, in which we are sorry to say he not only convicts himself of intemperance, but accuses the ladies staying at his house at Weald Hall in Essex of sitting up drinking till past midnight. But then we must add that one of these ladies was his own daughter, Charles Hatton’s wife, so that her propensity to the bottle was perhaps inherited.

Besides peers, such as Lord Windsor—who in 1658, just before Cromwell’s splendid funeral, when the Puritanical fashions were going out, ‘observed that all gentlemen were (wear) swords, and, that I may not looke more like a bumking (bumpkin) than the rest, I desire you to bwy mee a lytle wryding (riding) sword and belt. I would not exced five pound price’—ladies wrote to ‘deare Kytt,’ that is to say, to Christopher Hatton, while his father the baron was still alive. The spelling of all these ladies, with the exception perhaps of Lady Hatton, Kytt’s mother, whose tender style and more accurate spelling betoken an earlier and better educated generation, was simply atrocious. It would almost equal in this respect the worst examples of the young gentlemen of the present day who present themselves at army examinations. Here is Elizabeth Bodvile, a lady of birth and fashion, writing in 1658 or 1659. She addresses ‘Kytt’ thus on a proposed marriage for himself: ‘I have delivered your letter to the coll., and he intends to writ to you and to my Lord Spencer, hoes buisnes and yours may both be done at a time. He tells mee of a mach which your mother has implied (employed) a friend of his about for you. I beelive hee would gladly goe halves with him in it. I sopose 3 hunderd pounds will doe

' much with him, therefor if you pleas I will bee your frind
 ' to him in it. Both hee and shee often tells mee of this, and
 ' profesis a great dell of love to you. My thinks the reats
 ' (rates) are resnabell enufe. . . . My Lord Middillcexs is like
 ' to diy of the small pox; and Mrs. Crue (Crewe) is like to
 ' rune quit mad, for shee was but 3 quarters mad before.' In
 spite of her bad spelling, which it would take not one but
 several of Lord Macaulay's charity-girls to correct, Elizabeth
 Bodvile had a smart wit. A little further on she writes:
 ' One (on) Munday I was at the new Aprer (Opera), and I
 ' chanced to sit next to Mr. Lane' (probably Dick Lane,
 often mentioned by Charles Lyttelton), ' hoe told mee a black
 ' cap and a staf was a better sight then that was. . . . I was
 ' this day thare agane, where I met one of the godly partty, my
 ' Lady Cauly by name. Sir Charles Sidley (Sedley) is like
 ' to diy' (he lived, however, till 1701, Mr. Thompson tells
 us). . . . ' Heare is nuwes that a yong lady in Cambridg-
 ' shier has drouned her selfe for love, they say; but more fool
 ' shee, for that is but cold love, my thinks. Shee thru her
 ' selfe into a well, and the water was not deepe enufe, and they
 ' say shee was starved to death. And now to break your
 ' hart, my Lady Barkle (Berkeley) is like to diy of a fright'
 (she appears from other letters to have been a flame of dear
 Kytt's). ' Pray doe not you be desparat and dround your
 ' selfe in a well to, for you know as long as there is life ther's
 ' hopes.' She was a sensible woman too, for later on, when
 the first Lord Hatton had seemingly been disappointed of the
 office of Privy Seal, she writes to Kytt: ' I doe not love to
 ' tell things which will not be wellcome, but I sopose you have
 ' allreddy hard it, but I hope you have more witt then to be
 ' troubelld att it. I was att Court whare the Duck of York
 ' came and told mee that this day the king had giveing my
 ' Lord Robarts the privi seall. I was to aquant you that
 ' to morrow att ten you are expected; likewis I would have
 ' you belive to that you will not bee worst lookt one (on) by
 ' your friends for your father's not being Lord Privi Seall.
 ' Good night, and pray sleep never the les. I hope your good
 ' fortune is still to come.'

Prelates, too, and those of no mean repute, wrote to Lord
 Hatton, such as Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who, besides writing
 on politics to his lordship, descants to his second wife on the
 spurious works of edification attributed to the author of the
 ' Whole Duty of Man.' With the first Lord Hatton a greater
 than Fell corresponded. We can make allowances for the
 obsequiousness of the time-serving Dean of Christ Church, who

at last was rewarded with a bishopric, but it shocks our feeling of propriety to find the great Jeremy Taylor writing a very fulsome letter, in which every other word is 'my lord' or 'your lordship,' to such a very ordinary piece of humanity as that first Lord Hatton, and extolling him to the skies, when we know all the while, from other letters in this correspondence, that he was, at the best, a morose husband and so unkind to his children that he would not speak a word to them for days and days together; not to mention the fact that it was reported that he docked his soldiers in Guernsey of their pay, and was cruel to his prisoner Lambert. But then we must remember, with Mr. Thompson, that in the seventeenth century 'a peer was a personage to be approached only in one way,' that way being down a very avalanche of flattery; and as few men are before their time, even the golden-tongued author of the 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying' was not in this respect in advance of his. Of the other learned professions the Bar is poorly represented in these letters. Scroggs had wit and force of expression sufficient for the whole bench; but, as we have seen, Scroggs will write to his friend Lord Hatton of wine alone, and, so far as this correspondence is concerned, might have been a vintner or a publican.

As a compensation for this lack of law we have a series of very interesting letters from a Doctor of Medicine, that famous Dr. King who, on February 2, 1685, happening to be present when Charles II. was seized with apoplexy, 'with great judgment and courage (though he be not his sworn phizitian), without other advise immediately let him blood himself.' It is well known how, under this treatment, the king came to himself and lingered a day or two. For this great service the bold physician was to have received 1,000*l.*, but he was put off with a knighthood, which, as the practical Bishop of Oxford remarks, was 'in truth fining him a hundred pound,' which he had to pay for fees. In this correspondence it is not so much of medicine as of match-making that we find King writing to his friend. His lordship's 'melancholia,' consequent on the loss of his second wife, indeed afflicts the physician, but he knows a cure for it in the shape of 'a lord's granddaughter'—we suppose on the *similia similibus curantur* principle—'who is about 19, finely accomplished, bredd by the Countess of K——, her grandmother, 5 or 6,000*l.* certaine, or thereabouts.' Then he tells him in 1687 'a peice of news,' how Duke Albemarle, Sir John Narborough, and others, armed with a patent from the late king, have raised a sunken Spanish ship in the West Indies, and have divided 250,000*l.* in gold and silver

between them. In March 1688, he has seen Lady Hatton's picture by Mr. Sadler, 'very fleshey and well coloured, and 'it is a very fine peice, and extreamly like too.' On this occasion he tells him, 'we hear the Bp. of Oxford' (Fell, who did not fill his see long) 'dyed Tuesday last, not a R.C.' (Roman Catholic). The doctor's next letter was written in the tumult of the Revolution, when William was in Devonshire, and James at Salisbury. It is more like a sermon than anything else. In it the worthy knight is evidently afraid for his life, and prays 'God to fitt us for himselfe, and 'make our passage easie, if it be his will, and at last receve 'us unto His everlasting arms of happiness, wher we shall 'be out of gunshott and all manour (manner) fears to all 'eternity.'

Later on, December 13, 1688, he is still in dire dread. 'The 'mobile' (a word which was not yet for some time shortened into 'mob') 'have been extreamly insolent and ungovernable, 'and are not yet supprest.' It was just then that James had been captured at Feversham. The Prince of Orange had not yet come, and Jeffreys had been discovered and dragged to prison. 'I was in Cheapside when the Chancellor was brought 'to my Lord Mayor. There never was such joy, not a man 'sorrise that we could see. They (the mobile) longed to have 'him out of his coach, had he not had a good guard. Dr. Oates, 'I am told, is drest in all his doctor's robes and gowne, and 'expects liberty quickly.' All sorts of rumours filled the air. 7,000 Irishmen had come up from the army, and were cutting throats; and as for James, the story ran that 'the king died 'two hours after he was taken.' In May 1689, the doctor is less distracted with the state of affairs, but still writes on the doings of Dundee in Scotland, and of the siege of Derry in Ireland. After all, he was a good Protestant, and began, like so many around him, to sympathise with the powers that were. We do not hear of the doctor again till the end of January 1692, when he writes what may be called his first professional letter, detailing the death of the illustrious Robert Boyle, of whose case he had no hope from the first. After being up with him two days and nights he had just got 'hot in bed after 'something I had taken for my great colde,' when he was sent 'for; and tho' I had not a graine of hope he would live till I 'cam, yet considering it was the last attempt I could make 'to serve won (*sic*) who for many years past had great affection for me, and relyed under God, as he often told me, upon 'my care, I was resolved to goe to him. It was one o'clock 'in the night, but he was dead before I cam. His lamp went

‘out for want of oyle; soe did his sister’s, too. He was
‘buried last night at St. Martin’s, and lyes by his sister.’

That sister was Lady Ranelagh. Charles Lyttelton supplements this account of Boyle’s death thus: ‘There is an odd
‘report goes that when Lady Ranelagh lay dying there was
‘a flame broke out of one of the chimneys, which being observed by the neighbours, gave notice of it, and on the chimney being looked into there was no cause found for it in the
‘world, yet appeared to flame for some time to those without;
‘and the same thing happened when Mr. Boyle died;’ a popular superstition, which seems to have fastened on Lyttelton’s imagination, for on April 6, 1695, he writes: ‘Dr. Busby, of
‘Westminster, died last night too; and I heard an od story
‘that the people in the street, when he was expiring, saw
‘flashes and sparks of fire come out of his window, which made
‘them run into the house to put it out, but when they were
‘there saw none, nor did they of the house.’ We may smile at such superstitions of the vulgar in the seventeenth century, but yet it is not so very long ago that the rustics in a metropolitan county were firmly convinced that a noble lady had been carried off on her deathbed very much after the fashion of the old woman of Berkeley.

But the medical profession in those times had other dangers than the risk of catching cold on being dragged out of bed at dead of night to visit a dying patient. In the same letter Dr. King proceeds: ‘I suppose your lordship has heard of the
‘barbarous murder of Dr. Clinch (Clench). He lived in
‘Brownlow Street in Holborn. Monday night last, about
‘9 at night, 2 men came in a hacknie coach to call him
‘to won not well, but he was not at home, and they said they’d
‘come againe. About 10 the same night they came to the
‘end of the street and sent the coachman for him. He, poor
‘man, tooke his cloak and went to them into the coach. They
‘bid the coachman drive to the Py without Aldgate. But as
‘soone as they had him they began their villanies, for his hat
‘was fond in the street near Barnard’s Inn, and we believe he
‘was soon dead. And then to blind the coachman they
‘enquir’d for a man ther near Aldgate noebody knew. By
‘this time the dead man began to be colde and stiffish, that
‘they were sure he was dead. When they cam back as far as
‘Leaden Hall Street they call’d the coachman and gave him
‘3s. and 6d. to buye 2 pulletts for supper. The man got them
‘quickly, and when he cam back ther was only the doctor
‘dead and almost colde; the murderers gon.’ This was the Dr. Clench of whose ‘execrable murder’ Evelyn also writes.

Dr. Clench was famous, besides his tragical end, for a most extraordinary son, a John Stuart Mill of those days, of whom Evelyn also writes, who, though not twelve years old, displayed not only a most wonderful memory, but also ‘a most prodigious ‘maturity of knowledge,’ which fairly puzzled both Pepys and Evelyn, who examined him. ‘All the while,’ says Evelyn, ‘he seemed to be full of play, of a lively sprightly temper, ‘always smiling and exceeding pleasant, without the least ‘levity, rudeness, or childishness. . . . In sum, *horresco* ‘*referens*, I had read of divers forward and precocious youths, ‘and some I have known, but I did never either hear or read ‘of anybody like to this sweet child, if it be right to call him ‘child who has more knowledge than most men in the world. ‘I counselled his father not to set his heart too much on this ‘jewel :

“Immodicis brevis est ætas et rara senectus.”

But to return to the crime. Dr. King assures his lordship ‘that 14 days since two huffing men cam at night for me in a ‘hack, but I was abroad.’ He is pretty sure that they meant to serve him as poor Dr. Clench had been served. More than this, ‘it was reported in the cittie that it was me, to the great ‘concern of many of my friends.’ Next Saturday night Dr. King was to be one of the pall-bearers. ‘I am not well, yet ‘intende to go, to pay the last respect to him.’ As he wrote, one Harrison had been arrested for the crime, and, it is consoling to think, was speedily convicted and executed.

So much for what may be called the ‘off’ correspondents of Lord Hatton. We now return to his two ‘chief newsmen,’ Charles Lyttelton and Charles Hatton, one the dear friend, and the other the brother, of ‘deare Kytt,’ afterwards Viscount Hatton; for their letters form the staple of these volumes, into which those of the rest are, as it were, worked and embroidered. And first of Charles Lyttelton, who, when we first hear of him, was a gay young man about town, ready to do any fair lady a service, as when he begins his correspondence with ‘Deerest Kytt’ by apologising to Mrs. B. (? Elizabeth Bodvile) for not executing her commission for a muff and mantle. She may have both for 40*l.*, and now that fur tippets are so much in fashion, both for coahmen and ladies, it is well to note that Lyttelton adds ‘for tippets is not the mode (i.e. ‘fashion) soe much.’ At the same time the young man was sadly in want of a wife, but the lady must be ‘well furnisht,’ and he alludes to one not in that condition. In fact he wanted what young men so often want—a wife with money. This

was in 1656, and being a good Royalist, though he speaks of Charles II. as Charles Stuart, Lyttelton was sadly afraid that he might be sent to the Tower. He had been already once sent prisoner up to Cromwell by Major Creed from Worcestershire, besides having been taken prisoner earlier still at Colchester. Besides Kytt, a great friend of his was that Lord Windsor who gave Kytt the commission for the sword. These fears, however, soon passed away, the king had his own again, and Lyttelton's fortunes were in the ascendant. In 1659 he was jilted by Miss Frances Murray; but though, according to his own account, he 'swore and stormed,' he adds, 'I bore it like a man, and with such evenesse that I thought I was no longer suspected as a rival.' In 1660 he was at Breda with the king, and in 1661 we hear that he is going to Jamaica, Blake's recent conquest, as lieutenant to Lord Windsor, just appointed governor of the island.

By this time Charles Lyttelton had forgotten Miss Murray, for he was newly married to Mrs. Lister, a widow, daughter of Sir William Fairfax. In 1662 he was knighted, sailed for Jamaica with his wife, and soon afterwards, on Lord Windsor's return, succeeded him as governor. He worked hard at his new post, but he found 'Jameico,' as he sometimes calls it, 'a melancholy place'—as he might well think it, living as he did in pestilential Port Royal. The colony, we fancy, flourished under his care, and he built forts and equipped fleets, but his domestic affairs went to rack and ruin. He got 'no forwarder,' to use a good old English phrase, and worse than all his wife and little son died of fever and consumption. All this was too much for the ardent young man. Between 1662 and 1664 he was recalled, as we gather at his own request. He now seems to have thrown in his fortunes with the Duke of York, in whose regiment he about this time received a commission, and rapidly rose to be colonel. This command brought him frequently to the sea-coast, and so we hear of him writing from Portsmouth, Southampton, Harwich, and Sheerness. His letters are full of the doings of the Dutch and English fleets, but he finds time in December 1664 to inform Kytt, as a friend, 'that the common whispers and open talke' of military men 'has beene that you' (that is, Lord Hatton and his son) 'have received the pay of the souldier at Garnesey for above a 12 month, and payed the souldier never a penny; and if this be not true you will doe very well to say something in justification of yourselves.' At that time he was quartered with his company at Winchester, and 'mighty well paid.' In 1665 he attended the court of the Duke and Duchess of York

in a progress into Yorkshire, and hopes for promotion, which soon came. He was made colonel, which led to his being stationed at Harwich, where we find him in 1667 'expecting the Dutch every hower.' By this time he had married his second wife, Anne Temple, for he had sent her off from the coast to the Countess of Oxford. The Dutch were indeed near; four days after Lyttelton wrote they were with seventy sail at Chatham. So matters went on for years in fights and bickerings with the Dutch, who in 1671 were desired to strike their flags to British ships of war, an order with which it seems they complied, and thus avoided an open breach. Lyttelton's letters are full of these quarrels, with which we will not weary the reader. He enlivens them, however, with court gossip, and with 'Harry Saville's adventures at Althorp and elsewhere,' which prove that unworthy favourite of Charles to have been as great a profligate as the Duc de Richelieu in the days of Louis XV. For his escapade at Althorp he was forbidden the court by Charles II., but he was soon received into favour, and appointed the king's vice-chamberlain; afterwards, as we shall see, to fall into fresh disgrace and to rise to renewed favour.

At this time the king's coffers were said to be filled with 3,000,000 livres of French gold, all in the Tower; but, for all that, in 1671-2 the Exchequer was closed, and most of the bankers in the country ruined—a measure which Charles Lyttelton heard 'an honest country gentleman' say had a good effect, as making money more plentiful by dispersing the balances lying at interest with the bankers, and 'undoubtedly it will enhance the value of land everywhere.' But it was sad to think that many of Lyttelton's friends had suffered by losing the money deposited with their bankers. To make matters worse, we were soon afterwards at open war with the Dutch, and Sir R. Holmes had fallen on their Smyrna fleet. The king and duke were at Sheerness, where Lyttelton saw 'a greate many brave ships in good readinesse, but not half mand.' In May 1672, the crisis was coming. Lyttelton was in Landguard Fort with the 'Dutch fleet before him, looking very terribly, both for number and quality.' The English fleet, under the Duke of York and Lord Sandwich, was wind-bound at Dover; but as the Dutch had sailed away, 'I hearken every moment to hear them at it.' On May 28, as is well known, the two fleets met in Sole Bay, or Southwold Bay, when, after a desperate struggle, the English had the best of it, and the Dutch retired, though the victors suffered severely. Their greatest loss, however, was that of

Sandwich himself, who, after fighting heroically in the ‘Royal James,’ was drowned on leaping overboard just before his ship blew up. For some days it was hoped that he was either a prisoner or had escaped; but on June 4, Lyttelton, writing from Landguard, says: ‘My Lord Sandwich’s body was found last Tuesday at sea, at least forty miles from the place of battle, floating upon the water, and was known by the George and star on him; though when he first came in it was easy enough to know him. He had in his pocket three rings—one a white sapphire with his crest and garter, and the most glorious blew sapphire that I ever saw in my life; the other was an antique scale. So soone as I heard of it, I went and brought the body hither, which lay in a small boate, as it was towed by the smack which found him. I presently writt to my Lord Arlington of it, and gave order to my surgeon, Mr. Thatham, who is here with mee, to prepare for the embalming of it, which he has done; and since I had a letter from my Lord Arlington, who commanded me by order from His Majesty to embalm him, and to keepe the body with all possible honour and decency till it be sent for away, and gave the man that found it and who went with the news himself, fifty pieces; His Majesty being resolved to bury him at his own charge and expence for his great and eminent services, especially this last at his death, wherein he certainly made for some howers as brave and generous a defence before the ship was burnt. . . His son also perished with him. . . He lyes now in my chappel in his coffin, with black bays over it; and some black bays and scutcheons round, which is all the ceremony this place will afford.’ So ended the most faithful servant of Charles II., one who had been instrumental as a naval commander in restoring him to his throne, and whose many virtues and few failings are microscopically depicted in the Diary of Pepys, which does not, however, come down to the year of his patron’s death, and is thus completed by this graphic account by Charles Lyttelton. It is a satisfaction to think that the tenderness shown to the great naval commander by the Governor of Landguard Fort was requited by the gift from his successor of that ‘most glorious blew sapphire’ which the earl had in his pocket. We hope it still glows among the ancestral treasures of the house of Lyttelton.

But we must hasten on. On the night of December 29, 1672, occurred a strange catastrophe in the Hatton family which powerfully excited the sympathy of their friends. On that night the powder magazine at Castle Cornet, in Guernsey, was struck by lightning, and in the explosion Lord Hat-

ton's mother and his wife both perished, together with several of their servants. Lord Hatton himself had a miraculous escape, as he was thrown in his bed on to the battlements, and escaped uninjured, as also were two of his children. Lyttelton was at Rochester when he heard the news through Sir William 'Seruggs,' as he calls him. He immediately hastened to town, and, together with Charles Hatton, saw the king and Lord Arlington, and took measures 'for the bringing my ladyes to towne 'and their interment.' They were both buried in Westminster Abbey on January 11, 1672-3, according to the invaluable Westminster Abbey Registers of Colonel Chester. Lord Hatton remained four years a widower, and in 1676 married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Yelverton. She bore him several children, and died in 1684. In August 1685 Viscount Hatton married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Hazlewood. By this lady, who at last bore him a son, he had a large family. In 1706 he died himself. To return to Charles Lyttelton, on the disagreement between France and England, he was sent to Flanders, where we find him ten days landed at Bruges on May 18, 1678, where he had the command of twenty-eight companies, expecting 3,000 men more that week. At Ostend there were twelve companies of the Guards under Lord Howard, but he adds: 'We are in a mighty mist what our businesse is 'heere. This place is not to be defended nor worth it,' while before it lay the French king with 60,000 men. What most concerned Lyttelton was that he was 'undone with making 'my equipage to come hither, and with the charge heere to 'maintaine it;' but the Duke was very kind to him before he came away, and promised to do his best to make him a brigadier, a piece of promotion, however, which he did not receive till after Charles II.'s death.

On June 11, 1688, just after the Bishops had been committed to the Tower, amidst the prayers and blessings of the populace, Lyttelton writes: 'Yesterday at 5 minutes before 10 'in the morning the Queen was delivered of the Prince of 'Wales. I come now from seeing him as he was undressing, 'and he is a delicate fine boy, very well complexioned, and 'lookes healthy and sprightly. He is to have no wet nurs.' When the Prince of Orange landed, Lyttelton remained at his post at Sheerness. On November 15 he writes: 'His 'Majesty is pleased to make me eldest Brigadier of Foot, 'though he thinks it for his service I should continue here.' 'Poore Harry is marcht with the army.' Poor Harry was his eldest son, who no sooner reached the King's head-quarters than he followed the example set him by so many of his superiors,

and 'marched off' to the Prince of Orange. In a note Mr. Thompson has printed a letter written by Lyttelton to his wife from the History of Worcestershire by Nash, in which the loyal father describes an interview with the King after the desertion of young Harry. 'I told the King I could not see his Majesty without some confusion that so much of my blood had forfeited his duty.' The answer of the unfortunate James was generous and touching. 'He could not wonder that my son had done so since his own children were so disobedient.' It was a consolation, Lyttelton adds, that the King told him at his 'couchee' the night before 'my Lord Churchill waited four hours after he came to the Prince of Orange's quarters before he was admitted to see him,' and then was 'faine' to go five or six miles before he could get quarters. Besides this, it was reported that the Prince 'pays nobody a penny but those he brought with him,' 'soe that I believe our spark will grow quickly weary of his adventure.' 'The poor King is mightily broken. A great heart can't so easily bend.' Shortly after, as we hear from Charles Hatton, the whole town was ringing with stories of Mary's levity, whether it were real or assumed, on taking possession of her father's palace. It was then that the witty Catherine Sedley made her famous retort to the Queen. 'The Countess of Dorchester,' says Hatton, 'lately went to visit a certain Lady, who received her very coolly; upon which the Countess told her she wase much surprised.' 'For,' said shee, 'if I have broken one commandment, you have another; and what I did wase more naturall.'

As for Lyttelton's undutiful son, he was soon received into favour. In September, 1690, his father thus writes of him: 'I have had so much concern about my sons being wounded at a duell with the Major of the Guards, Will Matthews, that I really forget if I have told you of it. They fought at Fulham, and my son was run through the thigh, and 'tis a great wound, but I hope the worst is over, and he is in a faire way to recover. He came hither, after he was drest upon the place, in a coach; but bled all the way.' Soon after the Revolution the regiment in which Lyttelton had served so long was broken and his occupation as eldest Brigadier of Foot was gone. He seems, however, to have retained his governorship of Sheerness, and to have followed William's campaigns in the Low Countries and in Ireland with respect if not with admiration. In August, 1692, it must have given him a pang to hear of a terrible earthquake and hurricane in his old governorship, Jamaica. In less than two minutes the

greatest part of that Port Royal which he had built was 'destroyed or sunk, with all the factories, storehouses, and 'magazines.' 'It is said the church is sunk a fathom under 'water, and that there, and in other places of the island, 'above 5,000 people are destroyed.' One of his last letters is from Hagley, dated March 9, 1696, complaining that the Commissioners of Taxes had charged him '2ble' (double) as a reputed Papist, though he had taken the oath and test without which he could not have held the governorship of Sheerness 'in the 'present Government.' It is sad to think that all this annoyance was done to affront him and to 'pick a thank by a pragmatick shopkeeper,' but even in this enlightened age we have heard of such things as income-tax assessments made use of as a means of petty persecution by some parochial Jack in office.

We now leave Lyttelton and turn to Hatton, who must bear away the palm in reporting the freaks and follies of the town. In 1673 he tells us how November 5 was observed with 'an 'incredible number of bonfires,' and how the Pope and his cardinals were hung up and then burnt in effigy. 'Two hundred bonfires were counted between Temple Bar and Aldgate.' Duels were very rife. About 1675 'one at Marybone, 'by Lord Ossory and Col. Macarthy, against Buckley and 'my Lord Gerard's son,' only because Buckley jostled Ossory 'as he wase coming into the Bedchamber.' There were riots between the English and French weavers, and murderous brawls over drink, as when Mr. Scroope grossly insulted Sir Thomas Armstronge, and at last 'drew upon him; whereon 'Sir Thomas drew, and the first passe ran Mr. Scroope through 'the heart, who fell down dead.' Worse still, on the night of May 17, 1676, the Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard, being in drink, abused the sentinels in St. James's Park—pretty much on the site of that parade across which so many of us now tramp by day or night in peace—and afterwards Mr. Gerard, meeting Captain Witte's footboy, 'struck him soe 'that the boy fell down dead.' It was said to be only a box on the ear, but when the surgeons examined the body 'the 'neck was broke.' Lord Cornwallis was put out of the Guards for this, and had to stand his trial for murder, while Mr. Gerard, who it seems was the guilty party, fled to France. So the trial took place in Westminster Hall, Hatton duly reporting it, and it turned out that Gerard killed the boy by 'taking him by the shoulder, tripping up his heeles,' and flinging him on the ground. 'The summe of evidence in breife,' says Hatton, 'wase that both the Lord Cornwallis and Mr. 'Gerard threatened to kill the sentinell, and that one of them

‘ bid the sentinell kill the boy, and said “ We will kill some-
‘ “ body.” ’ Lord Cornwallis made a brief defence ; nothing had
been proved against him, and if he ran away it was because
the corporal was coming with his guard. Next morning he had
delivered himself up to the coroner. Then Lord Privy Seal
moved that their lordships should retire. They were absent
above three hours, and in the interim ‘ they’r wase brought
‘ by the Lord Cornwallis’ servants Naples bisquits and wine,
‘ which wase first presented to the Lord High Steward, and
‘ after given about to the company.’ In the end all the
lords acquitted the earl of murder, but six found him guilty
of manslaughter.

In the same year we hear of mad doings at Epsom.
‘ Mr. Downs is dead. The Lord Rochester doth abscond,
‘ and soe doth Etheredge and Captain Bridges, who occa-
‘ sioned the riot Sunday sennight.’ It was a very simple matter.
They were tossing some fiddlers in a blanket for refusing
to play, and seized a barber who came up at the noise,
and held him till he ‘ offered to carry them to the handsomest
‘ woman in Epsom ; ’ but he outwitted them, for he directed
them to the constable’s house, and, he refusing to let them in,
they broke open his doors, and broke his head, and ‘ beat him
‘ very severely.’ At last he escaped and called his watch,
when Etheredge made a ‘ submissive oration ’ to them, and soe
far appeased them that the constable dismissed his watch.
But presently after the Lord Rochester drew upon the con-
stable ; Mr. Downs, to prevent his pass, seized on him, the con-
stable cried out murther, and the watch returning, one came
behind Mr. Downs, and with a ‘ sprittle staff ’ cleft his skull.
The Lord Rochester and the rest ran away, and Downs having
‘ noe sword snatched up a sticke, and striking at them they
‘ run him into the side with a half-pike, and soe bruised his arm
‘ that he wase never able to stir it after. He hath given his estate,
‘ which was 1,500*l.* per annum, to his sister, and it is reported the
‘ Lord Shrewsbury is to marry her.’ It was not, however, only
from lords and gallants like Rochester and Etherege that poor
fiddlers came to grief, and blood flowed. That unhappy race
of men suffered even more at the hands of high-born ladies.
Lady Elizabeth Montagu, writing to Lady Hatton on Novem-
ber 27, 1683, after mentioning that Algernon Sydney had
been tried and convicted, goes on : ‘ The other night Lady
‘ Mary Garrett (Gerard) and her women, and some other of
‘ her companions, was at a tavern, whear they had musick ;
‘ and after some time they went away and would not pay
‘ the musick, and soe thare was a quarrell amoungst them, and

‘ some of the fiddlers was killed; and thoes that did it was
‘ taken, and one of them was the lady’s woman in man’s
‘ cloaths, who was a Friench woman; and she is much con-
‘ cerned, and tells many stories of her lady, who thare is a
‘ warrant from my Lord Chief Justice to take; but I fancy
‘ she will not be easily found, for if she should, it is beleived
‘ she will be punished. They say the woman will be hanged.’
It does not appear whether Lady Mary was punished at all, but
in the next year she was divorced from her husband. When
noble lords and ladies could thus behave, what wonder is it
that we hear of ‘ young gallants tilting every day,’ and of
captains and subalterns all over the country quarrelling and
‘ drawing on ’ and murdering inoffensive people?

We have already mentioned Harry Savile and his adventures
at Althorp. In 1676 he was again banished the court for im-
pertinence to the Duke of York. ‘ The duke wase saying
‘ that Burnet wase a much better preacher than any of the
‘ doctors soe much cryed up at court. H. Savile told him he
‘ was not a compctent judge, for he never came to court to
‘ hear any of them preach.’ This was pretty well from the
king’s Vice-Chamberlain to his master’s brother and heir pre-
sumptive. But worse followed, for when the duke spoke of
the necessity of soldiers to prevent tumults, Harry Savile told
him that an army had turned out Richard (Cromwell), and he
feared might turn out others; and that he hoped to see Eng-
land governed without any soldiers. This was his offence, in
which it will be seen he was prophetic. But though this
speech was insolent, Hatton tells us it was wondered at that he
should be turned out for this, when he had been so much more
insolent to the king himself; as when ‘ not long since, being in
‘ the king’s company when they were very merry and high-
‘ flown in drink, of a sudden he appeared very melancolly;
‘ and the king enquiring the reason, he told him that we
‘ should very shortly be all in confusion and up in arms, and
‘ that he wase thinking what to doe with himself, and that he
‘ had resolved to get up behind the old king at Charing Crosse;
‘ and was thinking what sport it would be for him to peepe
‘ through his arms and see the king with Chiffings (Chiffinch)
‘ and the Sergeant Trumpeter (for with an oath he averred
‘ he would have noebody els with him), mounted on their
‘ great horses and charging the three nations.’ ‘ For this,’ adds
Hatton, ‘ he was only put out of company for that time, and
‘ the next morning all the blame wase layd on the wine, and
‘ he pardoned.’ Later on, in a letter from Lyttelton to Lord
Hatton, on January 5, 1681-2, we hear that Savile was still

in favour with Charles; and while of Argyle, who had just been sentenced to death in Scotland by the Duke of York on evidence which Halifax said would not have hanged a dog in England, we are told, 'Arguile is not much pittied, being 'looked on generally as a very ill man to the Crown,' of Savile it is recorded that he is to be a Commissioner of the Admiralty.

The troublous times of 1688 interrupted the scientific and gossiping correspondence which Charles Hatton had so long kept up with his brother. He now became a soldier, and dates from the camp near Windsor, as well as from Plymouth, where his regiment was. On October 16 he writes that the Dutch are daily expected with a very great force. 'I trust the nation 'in general will behave themselves with loyalty to their prince 'and regard (*sic*) to their country, and that the Dutch in 1688 'will succeed noe better than the Spaniards did in 1588. As 'to my own particular, I shall endeavour to act according to 'those principles of loyalty in which I have been educated and 'to which I am obliged both by my religion and allegiance, 'and submit myself to whatever state Providence designes.' On November 20 Charles Hatton is still at Plymouth, commanded by the Earl of Bath, 'under whose conduct, should 'the Dutch think fit to attaque us,' we feel very secure; but all intercourse with the rest of the world had been cut off since that wicked Prince of Orange had entered Exeter. There had been some deserters, and, horrible to relate, 'it hath been 'reported that I wase one, but I assure myself that your lord- 'ship, knowing how firmly I have imbibed the principles of 'the Church of England, will be secure I can never depart 'from my allegiance to my Prince.' Alas! on the 25th we hear that Plymouth had surrendered to the Prince, the Earl of Bath having declared for him. We next hear of Hatton in London: 'I moved your lordship for a letter to Mr. Temple, but 'should your letter now come I would not follow him to deliver 'it, for last night about 6 a clocke he took occasion by water to 'go into another world. He went upon the water about 12 'at noone, enquired how the tide wase. Betwixt five and six 'in the evening he took boat at Whitehall, went with the first 'oares who plyed him, who wase a stranger to him, refused 'those who used to carry him, bid the waterman carry him 'below bridge, and just as he wase shooting the bridge, layd 'down in the boate a shilling and a peice of paper on which 'was writ the following words: "My folly in undertaking ' "what I cannot perform hath done the King great prejudiee, ' "which cannot be stopped any other waye but this. May

‘ “ his undertakings prosper ! May he find a blessing ! ” Then
‘ bid the waterman farewell, and leap’d over. Afterward he
‘ rose up againe, but the eddise (eddies) suck’d him in before
‘ the waterman could bring his boate about, and so wase
‘ drown’d.’ So perished John, son of Sir William Temple,
and William’s Secretary of War. His fate is well known to
the readers of Macaulay, but the manner of his death has
never been told so well before. According to Charles Hatton
he had promised to secure Ireland for the king without blood-
shed, but had been imposed on by false assurances from Tyr-
connell. Imputations made on him by inconsiderate persons
worked on his naturally melancholy mind and caused him to
take that ‘ fatal resolution.’

Soon after came what was called the Pewter Pot Plot,
which Charles Hatton calls rather more ridiculous than the
Meal Tub Plot, which brought so many good men to death.
The writer was soon to learn that a man might suffer much
for very little cause. In his foolishness, as his niece, Lady
Nottingham, writes, he kept bad company and published a book,
containing very ‘ scurulous things on the Government,’ so he
was seized, carried before the Council, and so ‘ bewitched ’ that
he confessed the authorship, and was sent to the Tower. This
was on June 26, 1690, and in the Tower he remained for some
months. His wife, the daughter of Scroggs, stood by her hus-
band like a true woman, and details his sufferings in terribly
illiterate letters. ‘ They have peeche him of high treason,’ she
writes to Lord Hatton, ‘ which makes a great sound, but most
‘ doe say there is nothing that can tuch his life.’ At first she
could not see her husband, but on August 24 she writes :
‘ Last Tuesday, my lord, I got an order to have the freedom
‘ of the Tower. I went immediait thither. I thank God I
‘ found him very well in helth, and I did not return to the
‘ Pell Mell till this day, which I had not come home soe sune
‘ but to meet the doctors and the sirgent (surgeon) about my
‘ son, which is in a very weak condition.’ All this time the poor
gossip who had played at treason was kept a close prisoner,
and allowed neither to stir out nor to see any friend. So
things went on till November 11, when he writes to his wife :
‘ I am very sorry, my dearest, that your son Robin continues
‘ soe very ill. God grant he may receive benefit by the advice
‘ of the new surgeon. But, my dearest, I fear my threats will
‘ prove more effectual than I designed ; for I told thee in jest
‘ if thou did pass Sunday thou shou’dst be shut out, which is
‘ likely to prove true in earnest, for the hungry head jailor here
‘ is soe greedy of his pretended fee he growes every day more

‘ and more barbarous and vexatious. Had he been educated
‘ at Ambonia (Amboyna) he cou’d not be more mereiless.
‘ And finding that noe person will take notice of his extra-
‘ vagant usage of me he is the more encouraged thereto.’ This
‘ gingle-key,’ as Hatton calls him, this ‘hungry cur whose
‘ mouth no crust could stop,’ was constant in persecution, and
all the time it was growing wintry, and Hatton’s cloak trans-
formed into a coat was ‘too thinn for that cold place.’ We are
sorry to add, that it appears from Mrs. Hatton’s letters that
‘gingle-key’ was no less a person than Lord Lucas—she calls
him ‘Lucus’—the governor of the Tower.

We cannot say how or when Charles Hatton was bailed and
released from durance. It was some time before, March 5,
1690–1, when we find him writing to his brother about Mr.
Ashmole’s baking pears, and of his ‘famous great haw tree,’ in
which strain his correspondenc continues to the last. On
June 5, 1703, he writes, ‘Mr. Pepys, who was a very valuable
‘ person, and my partieular friend, to whom dying he left
‘ mourning, is dead, and was yesterday buryed; severall per-
‘ sons of quality and note being at his funeral.’ Though he
had once burned his fingers with politics, Charles Hatton could
not altogether refrain from expressing opinions unfavourable
to the new order of things. Thus, on February 13, 1693–4,
the anniversary of the acceSSION of William and Mary, he
writes ironically: ‘We are a very ungrateful rebellious gene-
‘ ration. The ominous 13th of February, to the work of which
‘ day we owe the present felicity, prosperity, glory, or re-
‘ nown of the nation, which I doubt not but will be recorded
‘ to all posterity, and which day but five years agoe wase
‘ thought soe auspicious, that upon that aecount Ash Wednes-
‘ day wase made a festival, yet now it hath had noe observaney
‘ paid to it but what the noble and loyal Lord Lueas’ (his old
enemy, ‘gingle-key’) ‘hath done by the discharge of the
‘ gunns at the Tower. I doe not heare it, nor have seen this
‘ evening, the expence of one farthing candle to make an illu-
‘ mination, nor have we one poure squibb or cracker.’ In this
bitter frame of mind he persevered to the end. His last letter,
dated March 9, 1703–4, thus speaks of the anniversary of
William’s death: ‘Yesterday was generally observed here as a
‘ day of mourning, not of thanksgiving. Severall sermons for
‘ King William were preach’d in most churehes, and in our
‘ market the butchers’ shops were generally shut up, and few
‘ would sell any meat tho’ it was market day, they postponing
‘ their gaine to faction; from the effects of which, good Lord,
‘ deliver us!’ At this distance of time it may be left to the

impartial reader to pronounce which was the 'faction' and which was the 'nation' in England in 1703. While the Jacobite faction looked on the anniversary of William's death as a day of thanksgiving, the whole people mourned for him.

We need not dwell on the way in which the gay and frivolous Charles and the gloomy and revengeful James outraged the feelings and forfeited the fidelity of their subjects. It took more than twenty years to do it; but the day of reckoning came at last, and the sentence of deprivation then pronounced by the good sense of the nation was final and irrevocable. If any further proof were required to show how the cup of bitterness was gradually filled drop by drop till it was full to overflowing, it may be found in this Hatton correspondence, written entirely by devoted royalists, who, in spite of their affection for the house of Stuart, bear damning evidence against the doomed dynasty. Charles Hatton was a man not much troubled with liberal tendencies, but even he is scandalised at the ratting and tergiversation of his friend Seroggs; as when he says the unscrupulous serjeant would be only too happy if he could 'secure the Court favour by deed of entail.' In all England, James II. had no truer servant than Charles Lyttelton, the brave soldier and gallant gentleman, but his noble heart sickens at the Bloody Assize. He had known the violence of the bad old Cromwellian times; but writing from Taunton on October 7, 1685, he declares that the outrages lately practised exceeded 'such as I have known at any time 'in our former civill warrs, which I cannot believe but we 'shall heare more of when Parliament meets.' As for the executions and quarterings of traitors, he declares that 'the country lookes as one passes already like a shambles;' and from this 'you may think what it will be when all is done.' When the adherents of the king could thus express their horror, it is easy to imagine how the leaven of rebellion must have worked in the hearts of all lovers of English liberty and English Protestantism. Against that revolutionary spirit it was in vain that supposed Romanists like Fell, writing from Christ Church, descanted sententiously on the way in which Algernon Sydney died 'with the same surliness wherewith he 'lived; and indeed men's deaths are seldom better than their 'lives;' or when he declared that the manner of the Duke of Monmouth's death was 'matter of great mortification to me. 'Tis a strange instance of obduration . . . that men should 'believe themselves saints when they are incarnat devils, and 'take themselves to be secure of heaven when they are sinking 'into the pit of hell.' In a few more months Fell, the sus-

pected Roman Catholic of Dr. King, passed away, making, we hope, a less surly end than the noble patriot, and meeting that mercy which James had denied on earth to the unfortunate Monmouth. Fell died on March 24, 1687-8. On December 11 in that year James II. left Whitehall; and two days afterwards Dr. King writes to Lord Hatton of the feeling in the city: 'There never was such joy, not a man sorry that we could see.' And for good cause. The nation was as sick of the king and his politics and his popery as Charles Lyttelton of the shambles at Taunton, and had adopted the motto of the surly Algernon Sydney:—

'Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.'

ART. V.—*Report from the Select Committee on Intemperance.*

Ordered by the House of Lords to be printed March 17, 1879.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Lords was appointed at the end of the session of 1876 'for the purpose of enquiring into the prevalence of habits of intemperance, and into the manner in which these habits have been affected by recent legislation and other causes.' Two years were spent in accumulating the evidence of physiologists, magistrates, chief constables, and other persons interested in the extension or the suppression of the liquor trade; and the report which was founded on this evidence contains the most exhaustive investigation which the subject has yet received at the hands of Parliament.

We shall confine our remarks to the practical questions: (1) Has past legislation, especially the legislation of 1872 and 1874, had any effect in diminishing the amount of drunkenness which unfortunately prevails in the most populous districts of the country? (2) Are we likely to effect this object, either by amending the provisions of the laws now in force, or by introducing some entirely new system of licensing? The answers of the committee to these two questions are not very encouraging. To the first they give a distinctly negative answer; and as regards the second, with the exception of a half-hearted recommendation that legal facilities should be given to municipalities for adopting either the Gothenburg *bolag* or Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, they condemn all the substitutes which have been suggested for the present system of regulation by the magistrates. They make, it is true,

numerous recommendations of importance and utility for the amendment of the licensing laws; but they do not give us much reason to hope that the adoption of these recommendations, or indeed that any legislative enactments will materially diminish the consumption of alcohol.

As to past legislation, we are apt to forget the importance of the reforms introduced between the years 1869 and 1874. The main points of these reforms were:—

1. The extension of the licensing powers of the magistrates, so as to include the beer-houses and other retail licenses as well as the public-houses, which alone had previously been under their control.

2. The increased severity of the penalties attached to offences against the licensing laws, especially in the case of second convictions.

3. The new closing regulations, which very materially reduced the number of hours during which the publican was permitted to keep his doors open. Before the year 1872 he was in the country subject to no restriction in this respect, and even in towns his business was only suspended for three hours in the middle of the night.

It is generally admitted that these alterations in the law have had a beneficial effect. Between the years 1869 and 1876, in spite of the growth of the population, the magistrates reduced the number of beer-houses by no less than six thousand; but the mere reduction of number gives but an inadequate idea of the good effects thus produced. The beer-houses were, as a rule, less well conducted than the public-houses; and the six thousand which were abolished would presumably be those which bore the worst characters and would therefore be the cause of the greatest amount of drunkenness and disorder. A great improvement appears to have taken place both in the character of the licensees and in the manner in which they conduct their business; and, above all, the streets of the large towns are much quieter, and less frequently disturbed by drunken brawls, than they were ten years ago. In these respects we are repeatedly told that Lord Aberdare's Act has 'worked wonders,' and we are far from underrating the value of these results. Here, unfortunately, the wonders cease. There is no evidence whatever to show that drunkenness has yielded to the attacks which have been made upon it. The witnesses can only say that, had it not been for restrictive legislation, the causes which have tended to increase drunkenness of late years would have produced yet more disastrous effects.

It is extremely difficult to gauge the amount of intemperance which prevails in the country. The statistics, constantly quoted in support of the most widely divergent opinions, are more than proverbially misleading, whether we rely on the estimates of the national expenditure on intoxicating liquors or on the police returns.

The national drink bill is a very alarming document ; and, though subject to fluctuations, it increased most rapidly during the period of prosperity which followed the year 1869. It rose from 112,885,603*l.* in that year to 147,288,759*l.* in 1876 ; or, put in another way, the expenditure per head rose from 3*l.* 16*s.* to 4*l.* 9*s.* During the last two years of commercial depression this amount has been reduced by 5,000,000*l.* a year ; but it still exceeds 142,000,000*l.* The whole of this enormous expenditure, however, must not be attributed to increased intemperance. A large proportion (Professor Leone Levi calculates four-fifths) represents the moderate consumption of the temperate. Higher wages and increased incomes enabled all classes to live better, and to consume a larger amount of the luxuries and the necessaries of life. The consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar increased more rapidly than that of beer and spirits. It is calculated that the consumption of sugar per head rose from 33·11 lbs. in 1860 to 59 lbs. in 1876 ; of tea, from 2·67 lbs. in 1860 to 4·50 lbs. in 1876 : and during the same period the consumption of spirits rose from 0·93 gall. to 1·27 gall. ; of malt from 1·45 bush. to 2 bush. per head. The statistics, therefore, though they represent the amount of drinking, are not an accurate measure of the amount of drunkenness which prevails. The police returns are not more trustworthy guides. The number of persons apprehended for drunkenness was 100,357 in 1867, 131,870 in 1870, and 203,989 in 1875 ; so that in nine years the numbers were more than doubled. If all other causes were constant, this enormous increase might be taken as a proof that the character of the population had deteriorated ; but these statistics are affected not only by alterations in the law, but also by a number of circumstances which vary at different times and in different localities. We will quote two cases to explain our meaning.

The towns of Birmingham and Manchester have about the same population, but yet the number of apprehensions for drunkenness in 1876 was in Manchester 9,612, in Birmingham only 2,824. It is scarcely probable that the iron-workers of Birmingham are much more sober than the cotton-spinners at Manchester, but it appears that the former town covers a larger area than the latter. In the one case every policeman has to

watch over 16 acres and 661 persons; in the other he has only 5 acres and 442 persons. This disproportion will to a great extent account for the apparent sobriety of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain in his evidence (2364) somewhat significantly says: 'The statistics of Birmingham might to-morrow be made ten times as bad as they were before; just one turn of the screw would bring in ten times the number.'

The second case we shall cite is that of London. In the year 1833, out of a population of 1,500,000, no less than 32,600 individuals were apprehended for drunkenness; in the course of forty-three years the population had grown to 4,500,000, and the apprehensions had actually diminished in number; in 1876 they were but 32,328. Here is apparently a clear proof of an extraordinary improvement in the metropolitan district, but this pleasant delusion is ruthlessly destroyed by Mr. Davis, the legal adviser to the Police Commissioners, who shows conclusively that the diminution is entirely due to a change in the police regulation introduced by Lord Melbourne when he was Home Secretary (1191). Many similar cases could be given to show the fallacies into which we may be led by statistics, unless the local circumstances of each case are ascertained and taken into account. We believe that the increase in the number of apprehensions, which is especially remarkable in the great northern towns, is mainly due to the greater severity of the recent Acts of Parliament, and to the fact that the magistrates have been stimulated by legislation and by public opinion to more energetic action against drunkards, and that the police have in consequence been also more active in the discharge of their duties. Allowing, however, for all these disturbing causes, it cannot be denied that the figures quoted above indicate that, in spite of restrictive laws, both drinking and drunkenness increased concurrently with the rising trade and prosperity of the nation. The agricultural labourers are apparently becoming more sober; but the mining and manufacturing classes, who are congregated in large towns, were unprepared to take advantage of the rapid improvement of their position which was caused by the largely increased wages which they earned and by the more ample leisure which they enjoyed. Their increased earnings, instead of benefiting them and their families, were too often squandered in the indulgence of their coarsest appetites, or found their way into the tills of the publicans.

An intelligent working man, in a report made to the Society of Arts of his visit to the Paris Exhibition, describes in vigo-

rous and graphic terms the disastrous effects of drink on the working classes of this country. He says:—

‘I have been secretary of one of the richest trade organisations in the country for a period of twenty-five years, and can attest that drink is the foul and bitter curse of the English race, and all the associated philanthropy of our country cannot cope with its dire effects. Our trade famishes because our wages are swallowed up in drink: the purchasing power of the people is utterly destroyed by its use. . . . Man for man, the English workman is at the head of all producers of the world, with the exception of the American; but I hold to the views expressed by H. M. Commissioner at the Washington Exhibition, viz., that he fears more from the drunkenness of our people than from any other cause in the competition of ours with other countries of the world.’

It would be impossible to obtain more genuine or more emphatic evidence of the prevalence of intemperance, and of the moral and economical evils which result from it, than this condemnation of the working classes by one of their own number.

If, then, past legislation has, as the committee allow (Report, sec. 36), ‘been powerless to produce any perceptible decrease ‘of drunkenness,’ is there any hope that greater success will attend the efforts of Parliament in the future? The committee conclude their report with a summary of recommendations. They are twenty-one in number, and, with a single exception, they consist of suggested amendments of the existing laws, many of them calculated to produce beneficial effects. We welcome the recommendation that public-houses should be opened an hour later and closed an hour earlier than they are at present; and after the experience of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act in Scotland, and more recently of the Sunday Closing Act in Ireland, we think the suggestion that the liquor shops should be closed on Sunday, except for two hours in the middle of the day for consumption ‘off’ and for two hours in the evening for consumption ‘on’ the premises, is one which might be adopted with advantage to the public, and without exciting any serious opposition. The restoration of the provision of the Act of 1872, which rendered it obligatory on the magistrates to record the convictions for certain grave offences on the licenses, and which was repealed two years later by Mr. Cross’s reactionary measure, is supported by a decided preponderance of evidence: and the suggestion that the price of licenses should be raised will be especially agreeable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, considering the great value which the system of monopoly has given

to the license and the vast size to which many of the gin palaces have grown, it is not unreasonable that the scale of duties should be revised and the rate of payment increased. The remaining recommendations for the most part relate to matters of detail and of procedure, into which it is not necessary here to enter.

We may fairly assume that these recommendations, made by an unusually strong committee of the House of Lords, after an enquiry which has extended over two sessions, include all the practicable amendments of which the existing licensing system is capable. Their adoption would doubtless improve the Acts of 1872 and 1874 in some important respects, but we are not sanguine enough to believe that they will be more successful than those Acts have been in checking the national vice.

The question then arises whether some more efficient licensing system may not be devised than that of magisterial control. Very different answers have been given to this question. On the one hand we have the advocates of free and open licensing, on the other Sir W. Lawson and the prohibitionists; and between the two extremes stand those who would establish some system of local control over the licenses, either by means of elected licensing boards or by the introduction of the Gothenburg or Mr. Chamberlain's schemes.

The free-trade system is unlikely to find favour with the public, and may be dismissed in a few sentences. Its supporters hold that the liquor trade should, like all other trades, be left to the law of supply and demand, and that every person of good character should be entitled to have a license granted to him; at the same time they would raise the price of the license, and would insist upon very stringent police regulations. The main advantage which they anticipate from this system is the abolition of the monopoly and of the fictitious value which the monopoly gives to the license. The licensees, they say, could no longer afford 'to beautify their premises so much,' or to supply those artificial attractions, which add very much to the danger of the system (Mr. S. Rathbone's evidence, No. 305). It appears to us equally fair to argue that free competition, which it is proposed to establish, would force the publicans to have recourse to these very attractions to keep up the popularity of their houses. The open system was tried for four years (1862-1866) at Liverpool, and was abandoned, not because it failed, but because the composition of the bench of magistrates was changed, and the minority which opposed its introduction in 1862 was converted into a majority in 1866. This period was too short to test the

experiment, and the committee, after hearing many conflicting opinions, came to the conclusion 'that the evidence given as to its working was not sufficient to warrant the committee in drawing any definite conclusions as to its effects on intemperance' (Report, par. 30).

Under the Beer-house Acts the experiment was tried on a larger scale and for a longer period; but the Act of 1869, which placed the beer-houses under magisterial control, and the subsequent disestablishment of six thousand of their number, is a sufficient proof of its failure. The experience of the same system in Sweden is not more satisfactory. Before the year 1854 little or no restraint was placed on the manufacture or sale of spirits in that country. The result was that the consumption of spirits amounted to ten gallons a head—more than four times the consumption of Scotland, a country which is not generally supposed to include sobriety among its many virtues. The term 'free licensing' has a specious sound, and theoretically there is not a little to be said in its favour; but it cannot be tried as a local experiment, for the decisions of the authority which grants the licenses may be overruled by the authority which confirms the grant; and, further, the composition of the bench of magistrates is, as in the case of Liverpool, liable to changes and fluctuations; and its general adoption by Parliament would be vehemently resisted alike by publicans and tectotallers, and would be opposed to all the principles of recent legislation and to the public opinion of the country.

The views of the Alliance are diametrically opposed to those of the Liverpool reformers, and are maintained with something like religious fervour. The Alliance plainly asserts 'that the traffic of intoxicating liquors as common beverages is inimical to the true interests of individuals and destructive to the order and welfare of society, and ought therefore to be prohibited.' Admitting that, in consequence of the frailty of man, absolute prohibition is as yet impossible, the members of the Alliance are for the present satisfied with promoting the somewhat anomalous Permissive Prohibitory Bill, which is annually rejected by the House of Commons.

It is scarcely worth while to repeat the arguments against absolute prohibition. We will only give the opinion of one witness as to its operation in the country of its birth. A British consul, who is quoted by Professor Leone Levi, states (Evidence 9767)—

'A long residence of nearly fourteen years in this State [Maine] has given me unusual opportunities for studying this question, and I have

no hesitation in reaffirming that, with the exception of some isolated villages, the Maine prohibition law has been a failure in the larger towns and cities; that the actual good it may have produced has been more or less counterbalanced by the hypocrisy and consequent demoralisation of a very large class who, though nominally and politically prohibitionists, are not consistent in their conduct, and of which I have daily proofs.' *

In spite of this evidence, Sir W. Lawson and his friends would give a two-thirds majority of the ratepayers in any district which adopted his Bill power absolutely to prohibit all sale of intoxicating liquors. This prohibition applies to wholesale as well as to retail sale, and would affect wine merchants and refreshment rooms as well as public-houses and beer-shops. The arguments against this measure have been repeated over and over again, but they have never been stated in a more succinct form or in more forcible language than in par. 31 of the Report of the Lords Committee. The Bill is shown to be unjust and unsound in principle, and likely to prove in practice inoperative or mischievous. It is unjust to give a majority, however large, the power of controlling the tastes of their neighbours, and of depriving them of the moderate use of liquors which are to them simply an article of diet, because some few among them drink to excess. The prohibition will be inoperative in cases where the district in which it is in force is conterminous with one in which it is not in force, mischievous where such an escape is difficult or impossible, by leading to illicit and secret sale, and 'by the incessant agitation and strife which would in most cases result from the 'absolutely indispensable provision' that the adoption of this 'Act should be subject to revision from time to time by the 'further votes of the ratepayers.' It is further to be observed that it is most improbable that the large towns would adopt the Act; it would come into force only in those more sober districts where it is least required. With these objections to its principles it is unnecessary to follow the committee in their criticism of the machinery by which it would be introduced; but it would be easy to show that the principle of the plebiscite, or vote of the unrepresented and irresponsible majority of ratepayers, is new to our constitution, and would be capable of very dangerous extension.

The third class of reformers, who would substitute some system of local control for the magisterial system, deserve more careful consideration. We propose in the first place to deal

* Prof. Leone Levi, Question 9767.

with the Gothenburg system and Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and then with the larger question of electoral licensing boards.

So much has been said and written of late years about the Gothenburg system that the principles on which it is based are very generally known. Before the year 1855 the manufacture and sale of spirits in Sweden was practically uncontrolled. In that year a restrictive Spirit Act was passed (malt liquors are in Sweden somewhat anomalously classed among temperance drinks). Under this Act the number of distilleries was reduced from 30,000 to 500, and the consumption of spirits per head of the population from 10 gallons to $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. Ten years later a number of philanthropic gentlemen at Gothenburg formed a company, or *bolag*, to conduct the liquor trade of that town on temperance principles. The municipality, under the powers which they had obtained by the Act of 1855, after fixing the number of licenses to be issued, let them all, *en bloc*, to the company for a period of three years. The company, on its part, undertook that no individual connected with it, either as shareholder or manager, should derive any gain from the sale of spirits. The shareholders were to receive no more than interest at the current rate on their paid-up capital. The managers of the houses were to be paid fixed salaries, and were to be allowed to make what money they could by the sale of food and temperance drinks. The profits arising from the sale of spirits, which now amount to 40,000*l.* per annum, are devoted to public purposes; three-fifths are paid to the town and two-fifths to the agricultural society.

The experiment, which has now had a trial of fourteen years, has on the whole been fairly satisfactory. Intemperance has greatly decreased, but it is somewhat difficult to determine how much of this decrease is due to the operations of the *bolag*. In the ten years which intervened between the legislation of 1855 and the establishment of the *bolag* in 1865, the number of apprehensions for drunkenness fell from 10·46 per cent. of the population to 4·86, and in the following decade they again fell to 3·83. The last period was one of unusual prosperity, and at Gothenburg, as elsewhere, intemperance somewhat increased; but yet the number of apprehensions was, relatively to population, smaller than in 1865, and in this respect the town of Gothenburg presents a very favourable contrast to other Scandinavian cities.

Mr. Ekman, a member of the municipal council of Gothenburg, gives his opinion as 'to the results of the company's operations' in a letter to Mr. Erskine. 'It cannot be said

‘ that they have been as satisfactory as one could have expected, looked at solely from the information furnished by statistics; but here comes the question, What would have been the situation of matters here now had these improved regulations for the sale of spirits not been in force?’ (Evidence, vol. i. app. A, No. 4). The Gothenburg system has now been adopted by all the Swedish towns except Lund, and by many towns in Norway; but its popularity is probably due quite as much to the hope which the inhabitants entertain of applying the large profits derived from the sale of liquor to the reduction of taxation as to their desire to promote habits of temperance.

Mr. Chamberlain’s scheme is based on the Gothenburg system, but differs from it in one important point. He would substitute the municipality itself for the company to which in Sweden the municipality lets its licenses.

In the application of either of these schemes to England there is one element of difficulty which did not exist in Sweden—viz. the vested interests of the publicans, which would have to be purchased. Under the free-trade system no vested interests were created; the bolag was consequently able to carry on its operations with a capital of only 5,700*l*. To meet this difficulty Mr. Chamberlain proposes that the town councils should have compulsory powers of purchase over all the licensed premises in their districts on the terms prescribed by the Artisans’ and Labourers’ Dwellings Act, 1875, and to effect the purchases he would borrow the requisite amounts on the security of the borough rates. After providing for the interest and sinking fund, all the profits derived from the trade would be handed over to the education rate and to the poor rate in equal proportions.

The Lords committee, in what is probably the most important paragraph of their report, recommend ‘ that legislative facilities should be afforded for the adoption of these schemes or some modification of them.’ A division was taken on this recommendation, and it was carried by a majority of six to three Peers. The members of the committee who voted in the majority do not appear, as far as we can judge from the subsequent paragraphs of the report, to have fully appreciated the importance of this recommendation. It practically concedes the principle of ‘ local option.’ No possible reason can be given for making an exception of municipal towns. If it is desirable that in these towns the ratepayers should through their representatives have the control over, or even the management of, the liquor trade, why should other districts,

which are not blessed with a corporation, be deprived of a similar option?

The committee do not by any means commit themselves to the unqualified approval of either of the schemes in question, nor do they appear to anticipate that their adoption would effect any remarkable change in the habits of the people of this country. They recommend, however, that the experiment should be tried, and their reason for doing so is that 'legislation has hitherto been powerless to produce any perceptible decrease of intemperance,' and that 'it would seem somewhat hard, when such communities are willing at their own cost and hazard to grapple with the difficulty and to undertake their own purification, that the legislature should refuse to create for them the necessary machinery or to entrust them with the requisite powers.'*

This policy, as well as the reasons which are given for its trial, appear to us to be equally unsound. It is not a mere matter of local government, but it is a distinct measure of Imperial policy. It rests with Parliament to decide whether the local authorities can safely be entrusted with these large and novel powers, and whether, in addition to the superintendence which they now exercise over the public health and order, they should have the regulation of public morality committed to them; and Parliament must be responsible for the results of any legislative experiments which it may sanction. The committee admit that there are serious objections to the schemes in question; 'but,' they add, 'if the risks are considerable, so are the expected advantages.' We venture to think that, in their estimate of the risks and advantages, they have somewhat understated the risks. In the first place, the concession of compulsory powers of purchase, which are admitted to be indispensable, requires very careful consideration. These powers are jealously guarded by Parliament, and are only granted in cases where the exercise of the rights of private property is clearly opposed to the public welfare. This is the case with the powers granted to the local authorities under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act, 1875, which Mr. Chamberlain cites as a precedent for his demands. It is obvious that the two cases are not analogous. The municipalities are responsible for the improvement of our towns, and fairly obtained powers to purchase the filthy slums which render these improvements impossible; it is a very different thing for them to ask for similar powers to purchase

* Report, par. 36.

the interest of an entire trade in order that they may carry it on themselves. Then, again, we hear a great deal of the evils of the partial monopoly which the present licensing system has created; but Mr. Chamberlain proposes to make the liquor trade an absolute monopoly in the hands of the ratepayers and their representatives. Is it likely that the town councils would be proof against the temptations to which monopolists are inevitably exposed? In the absence of competition the price and the quality of the municipal beer would be absolutely determined by the town councillors; and not improbably 'Strong beer!' and 'Cheap spirits!' might become popular cries at the local elections.

In the third place, an enormous amount of patronage would be placed at the disposal of the municipal bodies. It is so notoriously difficult to exercise the powers of patronage without incurring suspicions of partiality and unfairness that in the public service patronage has been replaced by competition. We see no prospect of applying the system of competitive examination to publicans and barmaids, and in the absence of this resource a vast field would be opened for all kinds of jobbery and corruption. And even if the local authorities were virtuous enough to resist all such corrupt influences they could not avoid the unpopularity which invariably accompanies patronage.

The main objection, however, to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is that it would convert the municipalities which adopt it into vast trading companies, with almost limitless opportunities for speculation. It is true that these bodies not unfrequently undertake the duties of gas and water companies; but gas and water are necessities of life, which can best be supplied by a single organisation, and that organisation may very conveniently be the authority which has the management of the streets, under which the pipes for the conveyance of gas and water are carried. These considerations do not in any way apply to the liquor traffic; nor do there appear to be any circumstances connected with the trade which justify an infringement of the wholesome rule that public authorities should not run the risks or undertake the responsibilities of trading companies.

The enormous sums of money which would be required to purchase the vested interests of the publicans would, it is argued, be invested in a most remunerative business; and the profits arising from it would not only suffice to provide for the interest and sinking fund, but, by contributing to the rates, would relieve the ratepayers from the annually increasing

burden of local taxation. Here lies one of the dangers of the system. If it is a financial failure, the ratepayers will suffer a heavy loss; if it succeeds, they and their representatives, not a few of whom are directly or indirectly interested in the sale of beer and gin, may not improbably be tempted to push the trade, with a view of increasing its contribution to the rates. 'Low rates!' can never be an unpopular election cry. At present, we admit, the municipal officers who advocate the experiment are actuated solely by an earnest wish to promote the cause of temperance; but we have no guarantee that their successors in office will be equally disinterested; and what was in its origin a measure for the promotion of temperance may in process of time degenerate into a vast speculation, the profits of which are to be applied to the reduction of rates.

The dangers which we have pointed out are by no means imaginary. The counterbalancing advantages are said to consist in the diminution of the number of licenses, in the better administration of the law, and in the improved quality of the beer and spirits. It does not seem very certain that the liquor sold under municipal monopoly will be of a better quality than that which is now subject to public competition; nor is it clear that the law will be more carefully administered when the persons who grant the licenses will themselves hold them, and when the justices who now have to try the public-house cases will have to inflict penalties on their own servants, the managers of the municipal liquor shops. The greatest stress, however, is laid on the diminution of the number of licenses; for it is assumed with some show of reason that the greater the number of licenses the greater will be the amount of drunkenness.

Before going further it will be worth while to enquire how far this assumption is borne out by the facts. So far is this from being the case that the statistics furnished to the committee apparently point to a directly opposite conclusion. We have already shown that between the years 1870 and 1876 the number of licenses was considerably reduced, and yet the number of apprehensions rose from 131,874 to 203,989. Local statistics are even more remarkable. Of the nineteen towns, with a population of 50,000, situated north of Birmingham, Norwich appears to be the most sober; yet it has the largest number of licensed houses in proportion to its population. Liverpool, on the other hand, stands in the unenviable position of being by far the most drunken town in England: one out of every twenty-four of its inhabitants is annually apprehended for drunkenness; yet only five of the above-mentioned towns

can show a smaller proportion of licenses to population. Or, again, take the cases of Stockport and Bolton, which have exactly the same proportion of licenses; in Stockport the proportion of apprehensions is one in 73 inhabitants, while in Bolton it is only one in 125.

The absence of any direct relation between the number of licenses and the amount of intemperance is further illustrated by the following table, taken from a very interesting memorandum on the local distribution of drunkenness, which was drawn up for the use of the committee by Messrs. Dendy and Poynting. England is for this purpose divided into two parts by a line drawn from a point a little south of Grimsby to the junction of the Wye and the Severn, and a comparison is made between the northern and the southern division:—

—	No. of Apprehensions for Drunkenness per 10,000 Population	No. of Licenses per 10,000 Population
Northern towns with a popu- lation of 10,000 . . . }	159·48	59·48
Southern towns with a popu- lation of 10,000 . . . }	44·79	69·70
Northern counties . . .	72·74	55·19
Southern counties . . .	23·56	60·52

Allowance must be made for the density of the population and for the greater amount of drinking accommodation afforded by the public-houses and gin-palaces in the manufacturing towns of the north, but yet it is tolerably clear that the drunkenness which prevails in that part of the country is due to other causes rather than to the number of licenses. We do not deny that the number of drinking shops is far in excess of the requirements of the people, but we doubt whether anything short of extreme measures in the direction of suppressing these superfluous licenses would have any good effect; and extreme measures would lead to a great increase of illicit trade, and probably to the abolition of the Birmingham or any other system which would render such measures possible. With all deference to the opinion of the committee, we venture to think that the experiment which they recommend for trial is a very hazardous one, and that the objections which have been urged against it more than counterbalance the advantages which it is likely to produce.

The only other scheme for reforming the licensing laws which remains to be discussed is that of local elected boards. The substitution of such boards for the magistrates as the

licensing authority was the ostensible object of Sir W. Lawson's motion which was negatived by the House of Commons last March. The functions now performed by the magistrates in granting and renewing licenses are of a purely administrative nature, and in principle there can be no objection to their transference to an elected board. The question is a practical one, Would these boards perform the duties of a licensing authority more efficiently than the magistrates? by which the temperance reformers mean, Would they take more effectual steps for diminishing the number of licenses?

The magistrates, it must be remembered, had nothing to do with the beer-houses before the year 1869; they have now absolute power to refuse a new license either for a public-house or for a beer-house, but their power of refusing to renew a license is much less ample. Technically, they have the same power of refusing to renew an old license as they have to grant a new one; but Parliament and the courts of law have admitted to a certain extent the vested interests of the license-holders, and consequently the renewal of a license can in practice only be refused on the grounds of disorderly or bad conduct. With this limited discretion the magistrates have reduced the number of beer-houses from 44,501 to 38,845, and have in the meantime only granted 900 new publicans' licenses to meet the wants of an additional 1,500,000 of population. We very much doubt whether any elected board which could at present be devised would, with the same powers, have accomplished as much. If the magistrates were deprived of their licensing functions, they must be discharged either by the board of guardians—for there is no other authority in the rural districts—or by a board appointed *ad hoc*. The former alternative would clearly be a change for the worse, and there are very serious objections to the latter. It would involve a multiplication of boards and officers, adding to the already hopeless confusion of our system of local government. The constant change in the composition of such a board would render uniformity of action almost impossible. The election of members would be an annual cause of turmoil and corruption, the teetotallers on the one hand, and the publicans, of whose electioneering influence we have had some experience, on the other, exerting themselves to the utmost to ensure the election of their nominees. And, lastly, the ordeal of an annual election, and the comparatively limited nature of the duties to be performed, would deter men of high standing, independence, and ability from taking any part in the matter. In some cases fanatical members of the Alliance, in other cases the brewers

and publicans, would obtain a preponderating influence; but most commonly the boards would be composed of members less independent in character and more open to appeals *ad misericordiam*, and even to corrupt influence, than the magistrates are at present.

We do not argue against popular election; but we wish to point out the difficulty of establishing on this basis a strong and independent licensing authority. If local government reform is ever seriously taken in hand, and if the duties which now devolve on countless small boards are concentrated in the hands of a single local authority, there could be no objection to entrust it with duties of granting and renewing licenses. Such a measure would satisfy the desire, which is very generally felt, that the inhabitants of a district should have a voice in deciding upon the number of public-houses which they require, without producing the bad effects we have indicated.

We have now, as fully as our space will admit, investigated the results of recent legislation and the various suggestions which have been made for its amendment. Of the three possible modes of dealing with the liquor trade—free trade, prohibition, and regulation—the two first are impracticable; the third mode alone remains. In regulating this trade the Legislature has two distinct objects in view—the preservation of order and the diminution of drunkenness. In other words, it would discourage individuals from drinking to excess, or, at any rate, it would prevent those who do from being a nuisance to their neighbours and the public. As regards the preservation of order, a decided improvement has been effected. The licensing authorities have now very ample powers; everything depends upon the manner in which they exercise those powers. The law, especially if the recommendations of the committee are adopted, would be severe enough; it only requires to be fairly but stringently administered. As regards the diminution of drunkenness, but little has been done, and though we do not positively assert that nothing can be done by Parliament, all the evidence seems to prove that we must look elsewhere for really efficient means of checking the national vice. And we do not look in vain.

A strong feeling against intemperance is rapidly spreading and gaining strength; this feeling is in a great measure due to the action of temperance societies, which have been established in all parts of the country. The Church of England and other religious bodies have taken a leading part in promoting this movement, and we give them full credit for their exertions. We deprecate, however, the attempts which are

sometimes made to combine a system of religious propagandism with the temperance movement. The coffee shop is not unfrequently used as an instrument for disseminating some form of religious belief, generally of a somewhat sensational type; and the distribution of tea is combined with a distribution of tracts—a combination which deters many persons who like tea, but who do not like tracts, from frequenting the coffee shops. The extreme views which are held by some of these societies have brought no little unpopularity and some ridicule upon them; it cannot, however, be denied that they have done good service, by stimulating the energies of the licensing authorities, by bringing the evils of intemperance prominently before the minds of the people, and by encouraging the establishment of cocoa shops and temperance clubs as counter-attractions to the public-house.

The experiment of cocoa stalls was first tried on the large scale in Liverpool. The ‘British Workman Public-house Company,’ which was formed in 1875, has established thirty-one coffee-shops, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the docks; it commenced operations with a capital of 20,000*l.*, which was doubled in 1878. The results thus far have been eminently satisfactory: the shops are said to be crowded with customers, and the shareholders have received three dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. In London a ‘Coffee Tavern Company’ has been started, with a capital of 50,000*l.*, and has already fourteen houses at work; they are said to be greatly frequented by the working classes, and promise to be a remunerative investment. Similar efforts are being made in all the large towns, and even in the country districts. In addition to these more ambitious schemes coffee carts, barrows, and even omnibuses are constantly to be seen in the streets and thoroughfares and at the entrances of factories and other works; some of them ply their trade all night for the benefit of those whose callings keep them out late or take them from home at a very early hour. An omnibus which is now at York appears, from Canon Ellison’s account, to be a marvel both as to its resources and its cheapness. ‘In addition to offering a means of advertisement it supplies you with a ride, a rest, a warm, a cup of coffee, and a look at the daily papers—all for a penny.’*

Mr. Lecky, in his ‘England in the Eighteenth Century,’† states that the introduction of coffee into this country in the last years of the seventeenth century had a perceptible influence

* Ans. 9055.

† Vol. i. p. 477.

in diminishing drunkenness; and he quotes from a paper on the 'State of the Revenue in Scotland,' by Duncan Forbes, in 1742, in which the writer laments the decline of the revenue derived from beer: 'The cause of the mischief we complain of is evidently the excessive use of tea, which is now become so common that the meanest families, even of labouring people, make their morning meal of it; and thereby wholly disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink.' We sincerely hope that an increased consumption of tea and coffee may again produce the 'mischief' of which Duncan Forbes complains; but for the coffee-house movement to be thoroughly successful two things are necessary: the shops and taverns must be made as comfortable and as attractive as their rivals, the public-houses, and they must be made to pay; for the permanent success of a vast enterprise of this kind must depend not merely on the benevolent but often spasmodic efforts of philanthropists, but on the more certain though less disinterested co-operation of those who are seeking for a safe investment for their money.

We are often too ready to blame the working classes for their intemperate habits, without sufficiently taking into account the excuses which are to be made for them. Their education has hitherto been neglected; their homes are unhealthy and worse than comfortless; the water supplied to them is often bad in quality and insufficient in quantity; and, driven from their homes, they have no resource but the public-house. These wants are now acknowledged, and are gradually being met by the agencies which we have described. By degrees we hope that a higher tone of feeling may be introduced among them, as has been the case in the richer classes of society. At the beginning of the present century drunkenness was common among the richer classes of society, who now regard it with disgust and abhorrence, and there are indications that this better feeling is extending itself, for the committee state 'that, as a rule, the higher class of artisans are becoming more sober, and that the apprehensions for drunkenness are becoming more and more confined to the lowest grades of the community.' Legislation has done something for the cause of temperance in the past, and may do something more in the future; but we rely rather upon the moral and social agencies which we have indicated than upon any legislative enactments which the wisest of Parliaments could devise.

- ART. VI.—1. *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays-Bas.* Par H. TAINÉ. Paris: 1869.
2. *Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art.* Par ATH. COQUEREL fils. Paris: 1875.
3. *L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt décrit et commenté par* CH. BLANC. Two vols. Paris.
4. *Rembrandt, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par C. VOSMAER. Second edition. Hague: 1877.
5. *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique—Hollande.* Par EUG. FROMENTIN. Third edition. Paris: 1877.
6. *The Etched Work of Rembrandt.* A Monograph. By FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, F.R.C.S. London: 1879.
7. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt van Rhyn.* By CHARLES HENRY MIDDLETON, B.A. London: 1878.
8. *Kunst und Künstler.* Herausgegeben von ROBERT DOHME. *Rembrandt van Rijn.* Von C. LEMCKE. Leipzig: 1878.
9. *The Great Artists: Rembrandt.* From the text of C. VOSMAER. By J. W. MORLETT, B.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. London: 1879.

REMBRANDT is to many minds the most interesting of modern painters. We say of modern painters, because his work, with that of his fellow-countrymen in the same age, reflects for the first time in the history of art a state of mind which is essentially akin to our own.

It was the destiny of the Dutch people to open the modern era of history by victoriously asserting and illustrating the principle of human freedom at once in the spheres of government and society, of thought and of art. To the generation whose desperate resolution and tenacity in war had established the liberties of their country against the strength and the fanaticism of Spain, succeeded generations whose task it was to exhibit to the world fruits worthy of those liberties. The result fairly corresponded to the effort that had preceded it. Throughout the seventeenth century—at least from 1609, the year when the independence of the Dutch provinces was recognised in the armistice signed with Spain, to 1672, the year when a failure of vigilance, if not of valour, allowed Louis XIV. to overrun the southern frontier—throughout this period the place of honour in European history belongs unquestionably to Holland. First among the nations in naval

strength and in commercial and colonial enterprise, first in industry and energy, unsurpassed in statecraft, alone in the self-respecting equality of her citizens, alone in honourable hospitality to exiles, alone in tolerant and assiduous love of learning and letters—no element of sober, dignified, and practical greatness seems wanting to make the nation admirable.

It is a somewhat commonplace reflection, to which M. Fromentin, in the book quoted at the head of these pages, succeeds nevertheless in giving a striking turn, that not all the heroism nor all the wisdom of Holland in her great age has earned for her from after generations so much attention, so much affection, so many pilgrimages, as the skill and diligence of a few score of her artificers, some of them famous in their own day, the greater number obscure, and not a few who died in the depth of penury and neglect. A solitary like Ruysdael, a roysterer like Jan Steen, is familiar, in the very trick of his thought, touch, character, to thousands to-day to whom the strategy and the constancy of a William or a Maurice, the policy of a Heinsius, the prowess of a Tromp or a Ruyter, the learning of a Grotius,—even the wisdom of a Spinoza or the inspiration of a Vondel,—are but names and the shadows of names. In the enthusiastic criticisms of W. Bürger, in the fluent narratives and prefaces of M. Charles Blane, in the lucid and effective generalisations of M. Taine above all, it has been set forth how the greatness of the Dutch school coincides in date with the emancipation of the Dutch people, and how the same temper animates their politics and their painting. Nearly all the chief men of the school were born in the years immediately before or after 1609, which was the year of the armistice signed between Spain and her revolted provinces. With their first breath they thus drew the spirit of independence; and independence, originality, the spontaneous rejection of tradition and authority, is the common characteristic of their work.

It is not often that the progress of art really reflects, in this close and obvious way, the progress of historical events; but the reality of the connexion between the two seems proved, in the case before us, by a comparison of what took place in the Dutch provinces with what took place in the sister provinces of Flanders. While Holland had made herself Protestant and free, Flanders had allowed herself to be forced back into allegiance to Spain and to the Church. Up to this time Dutch and Flemish art had been to all intents and purposes one; but henceforth they were one no longer. Flemish art presently underwent, in the hands of Rubens and his school, a great and

dazzling revival, but a revival along traditional paths, a revival of which the inspiration and the character were ecclesiastical, ceremonial, courtly. What happened a few years afterwards in the Dutch school, on the other hand, was in no sense a revival at all: it was a new departure. In a community which had broken with Catholic tradition and with feudal forms, there was no longer any demand for an art which should continue to run in the traditional grooves. In such a community, men must choose either not to paint at all, or else to paint on new principles. The Dutchmen chose the latter course. They painted with greater activity than ever; but they painted not for the Church nor for princes, but for their own homes; and we all know in what manner.

The breach with precedent was complete. Precedent directed the painter to occupy himself almost exclusively with themes of another world—the precedent of the Middle Age, with themes of Christian devotion—the precedent of the Renaissance, with themes of Christian devotion and of pagan poetry together. Under either rule, the artist had hitherto devoted nine-tenths of his powers to representing the best only of the things he saw, and those not for their own sake, but in order to shadow forth other and still better things of which the Church or the poets told him. But now, by a sudden shifting of interest, he begins, in Holland, to occupy himself almost exclusively with the themes of this world. He takes all facts as they come, and takes them simply as they are, for the sake of their humanity, their reality, their variety, and of the part they play not in his hopes or imaginations concerning another world, but in his observations and experiences in this.

Of the new generation of Dutch painters, one division goes out, among timbered lanes or windy dunes, or by sunlit water-meadows or frozen meres, to study and report the effects and qualities of their native scenery and native atmosphere. Another division interests themselves most, not in the landscape itself, but in the pastoral life which peoples it: their choice is to study and exhibit the groups of cattle, the sheep and shepherds, the peasants at rest or labour. Other divisions find their interest indoors; some in the company of harlots and tatterdemalions, some in that of silken dames and gallants. Others love to exhibit the gestures of those who chaffer over the variegated wares of the fruit-stall or the fish-market. Others, again, delight in these wares by themselves, and find materials for their pictures in nothing else but fruits and fishes, and dead game furred or feathered. Others apply themselves to portraiture; but this in itself is nothing new. In the old

days when the Church and the poets between them had monopolised nine-tenths of art, the one-tenth not so monopolised was already taken up with portrait. What the Dutch school did with this branch of art was to give it a new extension and a new importance by painting groups of many figures in combination, not, according to a common practice of the Florentine and the Venetian schools, under the disguise of actors or bystanders in some great religious or mythologic scene, but in their natural characters and habiliments as they lived. Such groups of civic or military personages—magistrates, officers of corporations, officers of trained-bands, members of commercial tribunals and the rest—are among the most powerful and most characteristic creations of Dutch art. And they are the only class of its creations which have never found their way out of their native country, but impose an unavoidable pilgrimage upon the foreigner who seeks to be acquainted with them.

The art of Holland, indeed, at the date of which we speak, has sometimes been described as an art of universal portraiture. It has been said that the Dutch school effected the revolution of painting by simply applying to everything the same literal and straightforward principles which hitherto had been only applied to the features of men and women that it was desired to leave to posterity. But this is only another way of saying that in the hands of this school art, from being sacerdotal, aristocratic, monotonously subservient to a fixed ideal, becomes for the first time secular, popular, human, variously natural and free.

Such as it thus first became in the seventeenth century, such in principle, with intervals of exception and reaction, has the art of painting remained ever since. And such, from the very nature of the modern world, it must in the main no doubt continue. But there is a set-off against the merit of that great and spontaneous achievement by virtue of which the Dutch painters of this age take their place as leaders and pioneers of modern art. Leaving Rembrandt, who is at once a typical master and a great exception in the school, for the moment out of sight, and taking the rest of the school as a whole, its weak point is this, that it fails to afford to contemplation delight of the same degree as is afforded by the works of the older and traditional schools. There are minds, we are aware, incapable of taking much pleasure in the ardent and solemn imaginations which make up the world of old Italian art, yet quite capable of taking pleasure in the sincere and faultlessly expressed realities which make up the world of ordinary Dutch art. But to minds capable of taking a sensitive and discriminating plea-

sure in the work of both schools, there can be no kind of question which pleasure is the more intense. Nor is this because the work of the Italian schools is the better done. Perhaps, indeed, the combination of technical powers put forth upon the monumental undertakings of Italian art, in the perfection of the crowning age, was greater than any combination of technical powers put forth upon the homelier performances of Holland. But, on the other hand, much of the still immature work of Italy, which certainly delights us not the least, is, strictly speaking, not nearly so well done as the Dutch work. One of the surprising features of the new art in Holland is that it is so evenly, so signally, so universally well done. Every important Dutch painter of the seventeenth century (we again postpone the consideration of Rembrandt) is at all moments perfectly sure of his hand; perfectly well instructed as to his means, which are so precise and sound that the result seems beyond the attacks of time; perfectly efficient in the solution of all the problems to which he applies himself. Whatever the materials before him, and however minutely he transcribes them, he knows how to harmonise his work into a just and agreeable result; he knows inimitably well how to draw and place objects and figures in space, and how to give them their exact force and value among their surroundings; how to express the subtlest relations of near and far, to give to things on earth their due degrees of solidity, and to clouds their perspective, their lightness, their remoteness; how to play with the contrasts of open or imprisoned daylight in public place or garden, in courtyard or chamber, in corridor or alcove; how to realise the very structure and substance of humanity beneath garments which serve not less to express the life of the frame within, than to reflect and take their part in the life of the atmosphere without.

In spite of all these and a hundred other secrets, which the ordinary Dutchman of the seventeenth century possesses and practises to admiration, why is it that his work leaves us cold in comparison with any fragment from the churches or palace walls of Italy in her great ages? The only answer is that the elements with which painting must work, the appearances which it must in some mode or another represent and combine, in order to give us the most intense pleasure we are capable of receiving from it, are, and must surely for ever be, those of bodily symmetry, distinction, grace, of facial sweetness, expressiveness, power, with beauty of costume and environment, and poetry of skies and landscape. All these elements we are accustomed to find the work of the Italian schools, even when

it was least mature, exhibiting or striving to exhibit. Some of the same elements, in various degrees and admixtures, have entered into the work of one and another of the modern schools. But the founders of modern art, the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, hardly show any feeling for such elements at all. Their physical types are, at least, types of a plain and self-respecting gravity, at worst, types of ribald deformity or sensual abjectness. Their dress and scenery have no more than the picturesqueness, sometimes of domestic opulence, sometimes of pothouse disorder. Their landscape is perfectly harmonious and justly felt within its special range of light and colour; but that range is narrow, and the Dutch landscape painters as a rule avoid such occasions of splendour, poetry, and deeper imaginative suggestion as even the quiet scenery of their country might have afforded. A man like Everdingen, indeed, imported into Dutch art some sense of the poetry of mountain and forest gloom, and Everdingen found in Jakob Ruysdael a follower of greater power, originality, and penetration than himself. And men like Both, or again Dujardin, imported some of the poetry of classic sentiment from Italy. But, making all due allowance for exceptional tendencies, it is true of the Dutch painters in general that they do not speak to our finer emotions. They apply the most delicate perceptions, the truest pictorial instinct, the most skilful handling, often to an unrejoicing, and sometimes to a revolting, order of facts. In a word, the faults of this school, in many respects so exemplary, are the faults of spiritual commonness and of prose.

But commonness, prose, the absence of charm and distinction, are qualities of northern art by no means new in the seventeenth century. M. Taine has explained, in his decisive way, how physical coarseness, the absence of bodily symmetry and grace, are the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern races of Europe, and atmospheric gloom, the absence of sustained light and radiance, the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern climate; and how the differences between northern and southern art are the permanent and inevitable result of these conditions. M. Taine's great talent, we had almost said his genius, consists in thus bringing out clear and convincing relations between distinct orders of facts; but usually, and here not least, he is obliged to simplify and to overstate both orders of facts for his purpose. Certain, nevertheless, it is that northern art had always suffered in some shape or another from an inveterate inability to realise any high conception of human breeding or beauty. Flemish

painting under the Gothic and religious rule, from the Van Eycks to Memling, had in part made up for this shortcoming by the expression of strength with devotion in men, and of mildness with devotion in women, by an unexampled force and splendour in the colour and finish of costumes, jewellery, armour, and by a landscape primitive indeed, but of much loveliness both in sentiment and detail. German art, in the hands of Dürer and his contemporaries, had in like manner made partial amends for want of beauty by a still greater character of strength, of rugged sincerity, penetration, and conviction, and by a somewhat kindred, though inferior, care and splendour of colour and detail. But the bane of both schools, though much more of the German, had been that overmastering tendency towards the characters of commonness, uncouthness, physical disproportion, imperfection, and grimace.

Under the rule of the Renaissance, this tendency of the Northern schools took another turn. We find flocks of artists making their way from the North to Italy, sitting at the feet of the great masters of Venice or of Rome, imbuing themselves enthusiastically with the principles of the antique, and returning to propagate those principles at home; and all to no purpose, or worse than none. The work of the painters of the Netherlands through the greater part of the sixteenth century, from the days of Mabuse and Schoorel to the days of Bloemaert and Poelenburg, exhibits a perpetual struggle between ambition and natural endowment. A Heemskerk, a Goltzius, a Cornelissen, these and a score of other would-be masters of the classic style, have left to posterity a depressing spectacle in their lumbering, their sprawling parodies of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or the Venetians. They wished to carry on the great tradition according to which the perfected and ideal physical frame of man had been the one worthy theme of art. They hoped to add another chapter to that which M. Taine, to quote him once more, calls the great poem of the naked and heroic human body. So much effort and so much enthusiasm were never perhaps so pitifully wasted. No set of men ever tried so hard to be eloquent in a language which they were not born to utter. They forfeited the native virtue of veracity without acquiring the foreign graces after which they strove.

It was a good day for northern art when the genius of Rubens for the first time transmuted into something unchastened, indeed, and exuberant, but still living, impetuous, and masterly, the official sanctities and mythologies of the Italianised schools of Flanders, which until his day had been

so clumsy, cold, and pretentious. It was a still better day when the painters of the liberated Dutch provinces, in the manner we have seen, gave up those sanctities and mythologies altogether. Commonness and prose, where they are vices in the blood, are best not paraded in the attempt to perform achievements to which commonness and prose are fatal. The Dutchmen showed knowledge of themselves, as well as of the new conditions under which they lived, when at the close of the sixteenth century they spontaneously forswore high art, and took with one consent to painting pictures of daily life and nature. By so doing they not only secured to themselves a success which in its own homely and unimaginative way was immediate and complete; they threw a whole world open to the experiments of the modern spirit. They were not, the majority of them, men of a stamp themselves to solve what is, we can now see, the great problem of modern art—the problem how to combine the new spirit of freedom and naturalism with the old spirit of intensity and ardour, the old power in appealing to the emotions. But one man among them, at least, of such a stamp there was, and that man was Rembrandt.

In saying that Rembrandt was at once a great type and a great exception among the artists of his race, what we meant was this. He is the most Dutch of all Dutchmen in his incapacity for conceiving physical beauty and distinction, or realising combinations of linear grace. So he is in his rejection of authority; in his defiance of convention; in his acceptance of the crudest facts; so that he will exhibit a mother attending to the most pitiful necessities of her child, and call her Mary, a boy humiliated in abject bodily terror, and call him Gany-mede. But at the same time he is like no other Dutchman in that his scenes, for all their crudity, are never common, and his mode of expression, however blunt, never produces the impression of prose. Beautiful his work is not, but it invariably arrests and haunts. There is about it at once a simplicity and a strangeness, an air of reality and of mystery, a combination of the poignantly human with the unaccountably fantastic, a force, a penetration, a personality and intensity, which together appeal to the beholder with a power comparable in degree, if not in kind, to the power of the appeal made by any of the greatest masters of other schools. Everyone is struck by Rembrandt. Everyone feels that he is a poet and a magician, and a poet and a magician of a new kind. In recent years he has become the object of a renewed study and a redoubled enthusiasm. A political revolutionist like Proudhon has hailed him as the prophet of a new era, as the first painter fired by

the spirit of democracy and bearing witness to the claims of the outcast and the miserable to human brotherhood. M. Charles Blanc, the veteran French critic, who has given so much of his life to illustrating and making known in various forms the genius of this master, puts a similar claim in a somewhat paradoxical shape, considering the impressive antecedents of Christian art, when he says that Rembrandt is, in the true sense of Christianity, the first and only Christian painter. M. Athanase Coquerel, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, in his double capacity of Protestant pastor and cultivated lover of the fine arts, has dwelt on the religious and intellectual significance of Rembrandt's work from a specially Protestant point of view; treating it as a great example of the efficacy, in art as in other things, of the principle of individualism, of dissent, of personal conviction and construction. Among painters and critics of painting, the apostles of what is called realism, who aver that it is no part of art's business to represent things as the least better than they are, have proclaimed Rembrandt their founder and patron. Many distinguished artists, such as M. Flameng in France and Professor Unger in Germany, have helped to make known by engraving the pictures of the master scattered among various private and public galleries; to whom should be added, in a second line, the Russian amateur, M. Massaloff, who especially deserves thanks for a set of etchings from the forty works which are out of reach of the ordinary student at St. Petersburg. Students and men of letters of many countries have devoted themselves to interpreting the master's genius, to ransacking the documents of his history, to exploding the errors of their predecessors. The productions of his hand with brush or needle have been catalogued and re-catalogued. In right of the power and attraction of his double work, as the most original of painters and the most masterly of etchers, his place is fixed by common consent among the eight or ten foremost artists of the world. His country acknowledges him, not perhaps as her most memorable, but as her most living and best remembered name.

The books which we have named for reference at the head of this article are only a few out of the number of which Rembrandt has in quite recent years been the occasion. We have omitted those in which W. Bürger (Thoré), the most devoted of Rembrandt enthusiasts, published the notes and expositions intended to form the basis of a complete treatise which he did not live to finish. Of M. Charles Blanc's repeated Rembrandt publications, we only include the smaller edition of his two-volume catalogue, illustrated and introduced by a brief memoir, of

the etchings. The standard and indispensable biography of the master is now the second edition of the work of his countryman, M. Vosmaer, written, fortunately for the general student, in French, and setting forth in a convenient form all that recent researches have brought to light concerning the life and fortunes of Rembrandt, his family, friends, and pupils. Two catalogues, one chronological and the other systematic, both necessarily subject to future correction, complete the work of M. Vosmaer, whose strength, it should be said, lies rather in devotion to his subject, and in the accurate collection and exposition of facts, than in special penetration or balance of critical judgment. For these latter qualities, as well as for the charm of a French style of singular flexibility, individuality, and force, the work of the painter and critic lately dead, M. Fromentin, is quite without a competitor in our list. M. Fromentin, in recording the impressions of a tour in Belgium and Holland, discusses, amongst the works of other masters, only a small number of those of Rembrandt. But these are among the most important, and are treated by M. Fromentin with a fulness, a point, a convincing impartiality and insight, which fairly place his work among the classics of criticism. From the misunderstandings and irrelevancies to which the ordinary literary critic is subject, M. Fromentin was saved by his technical knowledge and experience as a painter; from the inarticulateness of the ordinary painter, by his exceptional gift for letters. Neither is his criticism, like that of most artists when they are not what we have called inarticulate, but have the power of putting words to their meaning, made one-sided by the force of his own personal artistic instincts and prepossessions. Probably no more just and searching analysis of a picture was ever written than that by which M. Fromentin has sought to redress the verdict of somewhat inconsiderate enthusiasm which has been generally adopted in the case of Rembrandt's largest, but not greatest, work—the famous so-called 'Night-Watch' of Amsterdam.

After France and Holland comes our own country. English students have in the last few years had exceptional opportunities of studying certain aspects of the master's genius. The exhibition held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club two years ago brought together a collection, such as had certainly never been brought together before, of the choicest examples of his engraved work from the private cabinets of this country and of France. At the Grosvenor Gallery last winter a collection of some sixty original drawings illustrated the mastery over human actions and expressions, the mastery over land-

scape relations and effects, which his hand was accustomed to assert in those intimate notes in which he would scrawl down, with a touch so seeming-careless but so unerring, the hints, suggestions, observations, destined to be worked out hereafter. The National Gallery possesses a choice of excellent examples of Rembrandt's painting in his various periods and manners (we do not count the interesting and much-debated 'Christ blessing Little Children,' from the Suermondt Collection, which, however hard it may be to assign among the pupils of the master, we hold to be certainly not his own). All that the Rembrandt student in England has now to desire is that the Royal Academy should seek to secure the co-operation of the private owners of pictures throughout the country, in order to furnish yearly exhibitions, not, as they have been furnished heretofore, of all sorts of old masters miscellaneously, but of single masters or groups of masters successively; and that one such yearly exhibition should consist of the works of Rembrandt and his school.

In connexion with the exhibition of etchings in 1877, an amateur well known for his able practical work in that branch of art—we mean Mr. Seymour Haden—wrote a preface to the exhibition catalogue, in which he put forward certain views which had been already the subject of discussion among students, but had not till then appeared in print. The point of these views lies in this. Among the etchings, both signed and unsigned, usually attributed to Rembrandt in his earlier time, between the years 1628 and 1638 or thereabouts, are many, including some of the most important, of which the work is different from and inferior to his best work of the same period. These Mr. Haden repudiates, and maintains to have been executed, some wholly and some in part, not by Rembrandt himself, but by pupils and assistants in his studio. We shall return to this question presently. In the meantime it is enough to say that Mr. Haden's practical attainments, and long familiarity with the etched work of Rembrandt, give interest and authority to his criticism on technical points; while on points other than those strictly technical he shows an unfortunate habit of round assertion and headlong inference. His reprinted essay ought hardly to be called a 'monograph;' it is in fact a string of somewhat dogmatic notes and suggestions, some of them valuable, some, in our judgment, the reverse. Mr. Haden further does himself less than justice in the tone of the personal attacks which he has thought it fitting to make on a fellow-worker in the same field, whose book stands next on our list.

Mr. Middleton's descriptive catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings is the result of many years of careful study, and is, as we can testify after searching trial, a thorough and serviceable piece of work. A whole literature has been devoted to this section of the master's activity. Etchings present to the student and collector a double aspect—that of their artistic value, and that, as we may call it, of their natural history. From the former point of view, no one has ever rivalled Rembrandt in this, the most expressive and personal variety of the engraver's art. Nearly all the Dutch painters of his time were etchers, but beside Rembrandt the rest were children alike in invention, observation, character, and in technical accomplishment, variety, resource. From the point of view of what we have called its natural history, the class of facts to be noted about an etching are, first, the vital facts which concern its genuineness as distinguished from copies, its preservation, its brilliancy, and the further facts, sometimes vital, sometimes unimportant, which concern its *state*, that is the particular stage in the career of the engraved plate at which any given impression has been struck off. It has been the habit of artists themselves, and still more of those who come into possession of their plates after them, to add new work from time to time to an etching for the sake of completing, altering, or reviving it. A catalogue, to be complete and serviceable, must give accurate and distinct accounts of important as well as unimportant variations, and of unskilful as well as of skilful copies. This minute and unthankful work Mr. Middleton has done more freely than it had been done hitherto, either by M. Charles Blanc or the earlier authorities. His work is the more useful for following, instead of the old arrangement according to divisions of subject, and without regard to chronology, a new arrangement in which only four broad divisions of subject are recognised, and within each of these we are enabled to follow the mind and hand of the master consecutively from youth to age, instead of being to our confusion bandied backwards and forwards between the two. The arrangement of Rembrandt's work, in all kinds alike, according to date, had been first attempted by Vosmaer, and was applied practically to the etchings, at the suggestion of Mr. Haden, in the exhibition of 1877. The weak point of such an arrangement is that many pieces not dated by the master himself have of necessity to be placed conjecturally, from the internal evidence of style; and in such conjectures it is impossible to make sure of being right within a year, or even within two or three years. Neither Mr. Middleton's classification nor his chronology is unassailable,

but both give proof of careful consideration, and, with some few exceptions, may be adopted for working purposes.* His brief biography, and his apparatus of index, facsimiles of the test points marking differences of state, copies, and the like, with cross-references to other catalogues, references to the great public collections of the British Museum, Paris, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Cambridge, and Oxford—we wish that at least Berlin and Vienna had been added—all these are excellent. In the general and introductory parts of Mr. Middleton's book, a critical vocabulary somewhat wanting in colour and precision, and a somewhat uncertain note when he touches matters of art lying outside his immediate undertaking, furnish a marked contrast with the practised elegance of M. Blanc's literary workmanship, but after all are trifling blots upon what is a work, not of literary ambition, but of practical guidance to the student, and as such is fitted to be of permanent and standard service.

Lastly, in a deserving series based upon recent German publications, and illustrated with duplicates of the original woodcuts, Mr. Mollett gives for English readers, as Professor Lemeke had already given for those of Germany, a readable abridgment of the biographical work of Vosmaer. Mr. Mollett's little book is fuller and more systematic than the essay of Professor Lemeke, but has this disadvantage, that the cuts, whether from imperfect printing or whatever cause, will not bear comparison with the same cuts in the German work.

We have been thus particular in briefly describing the nature of the chief recent publications bearing upon our subject, because in our further observations we shall not return to them more than is necessary, but shall endeavour in our own way to sum up the salient points of Rembrandt's career, as that career now stands disengaged from the fables by which the

* For instance, Mr. Middleton's canon, just in the main, but hardly without exceptions, that Rembrandt used the monogram R. H. exclusively up to, and never after, the year 1632, causes him to assign to 1630 a print of 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' (M. 177), of which the date on some impressions reads quite unmistakeably 1636. Again, it is a pity to separate, by classifying the one under Portraits and Studies, the other under General and Fancy Compositions, two pieces like the 'Man playing Cards' and 'The Man with Crucifix and Chain' (M. 147 and 269), which are portraits of the same sitter, etched, though in very different styles, in the same year, 1641. Or again, Mr. Middleton's system leads to some strange juxtapositions, as when we find the rare 'Study of a Copse and Paling' placed next to the 'Portrait of Van den Linden' (M. 166, 167).

gossip of the generations following his own had surrounded it; and at the same time to state, as we conceive it, the essential nature of his achievement in relation to modern art.

Rembrandt van Rijn, or of the Rhine, the son of Harmen, the son of Gerrit, the son of Roelof, was born at Leyden on July 15, 1607.* He came of a family of millers, various members of which had for several generations held the principal share in a mill, and at one time shares in a second mill, situated on a rampart at an angle of the Rhine, just within the gate called the White Gate of the city of Leyden. Facing this rampart across the road were three or four substantial houses, and in one of these the miller Harmen and his wife Neeltje, the daughter of a baker, were living when their fifth son was born and christened Rembrandt. They were well-to-do tradespeople, owning, besides the chief share in the family mill, some house and garden property in the suburbs.

Of the boyhood of Rembrandt we know nothing except that, after the course of elementary schooling customary in the Protestant Holland of those days, he was put to the high school in hopes that, his elder brothers having been brought up to trade, he, the youngest, might learn Latin and be sent in due time to the University. But he would not learn Latin; he would only scribble and draw. Before long his parents determined to make the best of their son's vocation, and put him to study painting under a distant connexion of their own, Jakob van Swanenburch. This Jakob was, it would seem, the least remarkable of a family of painters of the same name in Leyden; but he had studied high art in Italy, and was of good position in his native town, his father having been a magistrate as well as a painter. With him Rembrandt remained for three years, probably from 1620 to 1623. Then, the promise of the boy being already manifest, he was sent, at

* Mr. Middleton, who follows M. Vosmaer in adopting this date, has shown how two signatures of the master, in one of which he states himself to be twenty-six years of age in 1634, and in the other twenty-four in 1631, seeming thus to give the two different dates 1608 and 1607 for his birth, are not really inconsistent, since the signature of 1634 was written on June 22, when, in truth, supposing him born in 1607, he would not yet have completed his twenty-sixth year. We have, then, only to suppose that the other signature, which makes him twenty-four in 1631, was written in that year on some day *after* his birthday, June 15, and we have the date 1607 doubly established. It is idle to claim, with Mr. Haden, an equal authority for the other date, 1606, given by a contemporary writer, Orlers.

about sixteen years old, to work with another and more distinguished master, Pieter Lastman, at Amsterdam.

At Amsterdam Rembrandt stayed at this time for half a year only; and for the six following years he seems to have lived and worked at home at Leyden. It was still the fashion, and continued to be the fashion with a certain number of painters, even through this revolutionary period of Dutch art, to travel in Italy as a preparation for practising at home. But Rembrandt's was no temper either to desire or to submit to the lessons of the South. All his life long he was, indeed, an eager student and collector of the products of many schools, including those most opposed to his own. But to imitate, to take example, to allow foreign influences to modify his own instincts and predilections, was the last thing of which this uncompromising spirit was capable. No man was more apt than Rembrandt to take pleasure in works of art of all kinds, or made, as we shall see in the sequel, greater sacrifices in order to surround himself with them. But to collect and appreciate is one thing, to be influenced is another. It was his own personal report of humanity and nature that Rembrandt was born to deliver, not an echo or concordance of the reports of other people, however high their authority or however well they pleased him.

His mode of imposing his own personality, of transmuting everything which he touches, is, indeed, never more truly apparent than when he chooses, as he occasionally does, to take over a group, a motive, an idea, out of the work of some one else. Thus, he more than once made drawings, of his swift and vehement kind, after the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci; but Rembrandt could not see human beings as Lionardo saw them, and his hand has instinctively transformed the accomplished ideal characters of the Italian into Dutchmen of the bluntest type, the most humble feature and aspect (we speak particularly of the example in the King's Library at Dresden). Again, Rembrandt once follows a motive of that master of the austere and strenuous ideal style, Mantegna, in showing a Mary seated and bowing her head and body sideways over her child to nestle her face passionately against his. But in giving the Virgin of his little etching the attitude of Mantegna's great engraving, he utterly discards Mantegna's special element of style. He changes the sentiment from the key of high devotional pathos to the key of cottage humility and pitifulness; he places the figures in a cottage interior, perfectly realistic in spite of the symbolic serpent that we see beneath the Virgin's foot, and outside the

window he stations a forlorn, plebeian Joseph wistfully looking in and wondering. Or again, and from a model nearer home, from the work of Hans Sebald Beham, a German line-engraver on a miniature scale, whose style had been derived in about equal parts from Dürer and from Marcantonio, Rembrandt borrowed the notion of engraving a couple of fellows of whom one shouts, 'Tis very cold,' to the other, who answers back, 'That's no matter.' But these slight pieces are in no sense 'copied,' as Mr. Haden calls them, from those of Beham. Rembrandt changes the field labourers of the earlier master into ragged snarling beggars; he gives them quite other looks and gestures, and his whole touch and treatment are unlike those of Beham with an unlikeness not at all to be explained by the mere natural difference between the burin and the work of the etching-needle. And so in all similar cases.*

We have now traced the young Rembrandt to the threshold of the period when he takes his stand and earns his living for himself. We have so far anticipated as to assure ourselves that he will adopt no lessons and follow no precedents save such as recommend themselves to his personal gifts and instincts. We shall the better understand his future career if at this point we allow ourselves to anticipate still further, and try to realise for good and all what those gifts and instincts were. In what manner, then, was Rembrandt destined to assert himself as a man of unequal but searching and profound experiment among men of even, contented, but unexciting achievement—as an artist accustomed impetuously to feel and imagine among artists only accustomed placidly to see and paint—in a word, as a poet among men of prose?

The first and most obvious element of imaginative effect in Rembrandt's work is, of course, his chiaroscuro, or management of light and dark. The appearances of objects which interested him more than any other were those which indicate their solidity, their relief and projection in space; and as these appearances are made up of shadow and light, so the problems of shadow and light are the great problems of his art.

Early art, especially in Italy, had scarcely occupied itself with such problems at all. Early artists had seen the world, so to speak, not solid, but flat; the appearances of things which

* It is proper to add, that the whole paragraph in which Mr. Haden specifies the 'reputed authors' of certain designs borrowed, or supposed to be borrowed, by Rembrandt, is misleading, partly from hasty expression, partly, it seems, from insufficient acquaintance with the facts.

they had aimed at representing had been their linear contours and local colours; so long as they got these true and fair, they had been content with a very partial indication of the relations of light and shadow which express the relief of objects in space. It was not till the full Renaissance in Italy that Lionardo da Vinci first of all, and then Correggio, began to occupy themselves with effects of chiaroscuro; Lionardo with the object of pursuing to the end, and carrying into the third dimension, as they had never been carried before, the refinements of expressive draughtsmanship; Correggio in the desire of completing his new effects of flesh modelling, and realising the full roundness and softness of angelic tissues against clouds and gulfs of distance. Since the days of these two, the problems of chiaroscuro had played a great part in painting. It had been found that to lower the general lighting of a picture, and to bring out the points of chief interest in sharp illumination, was an easy way of producing a striking effect. Certain masters had gained a great reputation by what were called night pieces, of which the object was to strike by a representation of the effects of firelight or twilight in a dark room. Others, without choosing subjects naturally requiring strong chiaroscuro, had nevertheless adopted that method of painting in which chiaroscuro is everything. One artist who, in pictures of an almost miniature scale and delicacy, adopted the dark key, was Adam Elsheimer, a German who worked and had many followers in Rome in the third quarter of the sixteenth century. Another who painted in the same key, not with delicacy but with a coarse and lurid power, and on a large scale, was Caravaggio; and he too had a great following. A Dutch artist fifteen years older than Rembrandt, Gerard Honthorst, painted scarcely anything else but torchlight and twilight pieces, and was famous under the name of Gerard of the Night. Among masters in closer relation to Rembrandt himself, Jan Pinas, and his own teacher Lastman, were accustomed to work, though not exclusively, in the same manner. And to that manner, to the dark or swart manner as it was called, Rembrandt, since it suited his own powers and instincts, from the first attached himself.

In his hands, however, the swart manner became something quite different from anything which it had been in the hands of others. It became a mode of idealising the objects of life and nature in their appearances of light and dark, as potently and as subtly as the old Italians had idealised them in their appearances of colour and line. Rembrandt's achievement in chiaroscuro was to show how, by the adoption of a special

scale of light and shadow, painting might express, caress, force home, with a power and animation altogether new, a certain class of the aspects of masses in space, their living and breathing aspects of substance, of surface, of come-and-go. The full scale of nature's own relations of light and shadow is, we must remember, beyond the power of painting to imitate. The maximum of light which painting can obtain upon the canvas is something much below the pitch of full natural daylight. Hence every effect of light and dark in a picture is a compromise, and every painter has to decide for himself what particular form of compromise he will adopt. That usually adopted consists in compressing the entire scale of light and dark, so that slight differences in these qualities in a picture correspond to and stand for much greater differences in nature. Others will not accept this form of compromise; but will either, beginning at the lower end of the scale, get the relations between their shadows exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, in which case their means are exhausted before they get to the upper end, and the light parts of their work become confused, as often with Turner, in an indiscriminate blaze; or else, beginning at the upper end of the scale, they will get the relations between their lights exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, and in that case their means will be exhausted before they reach the lower end, so that the dark parts of their work are swamped in a general obscurity. Both Mr. Ruskin and M. Taine have pointed to this last form of the compromise as being characteristic of Rembrandt. But this is not yet a complete account of the matter. If we say that Rembrandt enshrouds in gloom all those parts of his picture which in nature would be seen in shadow varying from half-shadow downwards, because he wants the whole available scale between pictorial light and pictorial dark to express the full range of transition, and full subtlety of relation, among those things which in nature would be seen in light varying from half-light upwards, we define a part of Rembrandt's practice in the matter, but only a part. Thus, he loves to employ the highest powers of his scale in the rendering of objects which in nature are very conspicuous for lustre—as armour, jewels, feathers—and to realise this lustre, he paints with unheard-of devices of impasto, of relief, of glazing, till the substance of the work itself stands up in gleaming facets. Then he renders, as nearly as possible in their true relations with these, and with an inexhaustible subtlety of gradation, the qualities of subordinately illuminated things—as the gloss, softness, and life of the hair, the glow, substance, and modelling of the human tissue in head

and hands, their retreating and advancing planes and masses. By this time he has got low down in his scale, and comparative obscurity absorbs the rest—the dark background, which ordinary portrait painting employs as a screen to relieve the figure, being with Rembrandt not only this, but a natural descent from the point to which he has already pursued the expression of relief in light and shade.

But Rembrandt does not keep his painting, except occasionally, in any such uniform or calculable relation with nature as this. Rather, having this for his general principle, he further proceeds to deal with the phenomena of light and shade as their master; altering, concentrating, scattering, rearranging them as suits his imaginative purpose. A picture of doctors listening to the lecture of an anatomical professor shall seem illuminated by an arbitrary concentration of pale light upon the corpse; so shall the pale body of Christ seem self-luminous in an 'Elevation of the Cross,' or in a 'Deposition;' in 'Jacob's Dream,' in the 'Message to the Shepherds,' and in the 'Resurrection,' the phosphorescence of a hovering angel shall startle the night with mystery; alike in groups and single portraits, in Scripture scenes, in landscape, the light shall be collected and flung in sheaves wherever it is wanted, and wherever it is not wanted shall be obliterated and swamped. Rembrandt's most ambitious portrait group, the 'Sortie of the Company of Banning Kock,' is so forced out of all regular relation to nature, its obscurity is so freakishly illuminated in the figures of a buff lieutenant, and a phantom child all gleaming blue and gold, that whole generations of men have asked themselves in vain what season of the day or night it represents.

To Rembrandt's habit of thus interpreting scenes of natural daylight according to a scale which sacrifices the lower gradations of light in order to obtain fuller truth in the upper, and to his further habit of arbitrarily concentrating and distributing light according to the interest of the scene, has also to be added a third habit, that of choosing, very often, scenes not of natural daylight at all, but of such dim or artificial light as it is within the power of painting to interpret with comparatively little compromise. Especially in order to give poetry and mystery to his homely versions of Old and New Testament history, Rembrandt would now and again follow the example of the professed painters of night pieces, and choose an indoor or outdoor scene to be illuminated with the flicker of flambeaux or firelight. Such scenes he would treat not crudely, not harshly, like his predecessors, but with the subtlest art.

He would diffuse his artificial light from a concealed focus—a hearth with figures darkly relieved in front—a rushlight screened by the hand of Joseph beside the manger—a lamp swung behind the column of a temple—and would follow out to its last issue the struggle of this light amid the surrounding gloom, from its full glare near the focus to its expiring, almost indistinguishable gleam upon the rafter of a roof or the litter of a distant corner.

This, in truth, is the great difference between Rembrandt and other followers of the dark manner—that his transitions are never crude or abrupt, and his darkness is never opaque or dull. In the midst of gloom, he never lets the light perish, but is as careful of its remotest glimmer as of its central coruscation. He breaks his shadow with light and his light with shadow with an infinity of counterchange and gradation. Reaching the lower part of his range quickly, he cannot, as we have said, in that range give objects any longer their true relations. But the objects are there notwithstanding; the gloom is mysterious and eventful with the presence of forms, faces, and objects hard to decipher, but yet making themselves felt. The background, as you search it, proves never to be slurred or empty, but always peopled and worked out; you can look into and make discoveries in it to the last. It is not till a day of sunshine that you discern, at Dresden, all the faces of Philistines at the marriage feast in Timnath, who grin and make merry while Samson turns to expound his riddle, and his bride sits white-vestured, radiant, victoriously smiling in the midst; nor that you can tell, in the other great picture near it, what fills the vague blackness into which the angel takes his flight, while Manoah and his wife kneel beside the sacrifice, their humble, awe-struck countenances making a strange contrast with the splendour of their scarlet and purple apparel. And so, at Brunswick, of the dark wood in front of which the pale Magdalen half trails, half lifts herself in loving humility at the feet of Christ; so, at Munich, of the roof above the ‘Nativity,’ where fowls roost among the dim rafters against the scarcely discernible blue of the night, and again of the women in the ‘Resurrection,’ who have drawn near the tomb in the darkness, and one of whom drops her jar of spices at the angelic apparition that fills the air; so of the figures that people the dim temple aisles in the ‘Woman taken ‘in Adultery’ of the National Gallery; so, in a word, of almost all the backgrounds and distances of Rembrandt’s painting.

Add that all this play and interest of light and shadow takes

account of figures and objects, not as peopling mere space, but as peopling space occupied with atmosphere ; an atmosphere which has a life, an activity, a transfiguring power of its own, now rarer, now denser, now obstructing light, and now transmitting it, enveloping and investing the surfaces of things with its own halo and vibration, and constituting, as M. Taine puts it, a universal presence and most significant actor in the scene. M. Taine, no doubt, would have us believe too much when he ascribes all the qualities of Rembrandt's light and shade to the impression naturally received by visual organs of exceptional sensitiveness in the dense atmosphere of Holland. But it is in a passage rarely equalled for that which may be called the rhetoric of criticism that M. Taine discusses the part played by this element in the art of Rembrandt :—

‘He exhibited all the swarming and mysterious life of the atmosphere, the interposed atmosphere, coloured and tremulous, in which living things are plunged like fishes in the sea. He lit it with the light of his country, a feeble and yellowish gleam like that of a lamp in a cellar ; he entered into the painful struggle of that light against darkness, the fainting of the thinner rays which straggle expiring amid the gloom, the tremulousness of the glimmering reflections which cling for a moment upon slippery walls and vanish, and all the life of that vague multitude of half-lights which people the kingdom of the dark, and which, invisible to common eyes, seem in his prints and pictures like the creatures of some submarine world beheld dimly athwart gulfs of sea. For his eyes, emerging from this obscurity, the full light of day had the effect of a dazzling rain ; he felt it like a burst of lightning, like a miraculous illumination or the explosion of a sheaf of missiles. So that in this inanimate world, the world of light and shade, he found the most complete and most expressive drama for the painter, all contrasts, all conflicts, all that is most mortally dismal in the light, all that is most fugitive and melancholy in uncertain shadow, all that is most violent and irresistible in the irruption of the day.’

This is the writing of a very accomplished man of letters, who allows himself to be led by his own eloquence somewhat, we think, beyond the true soberness, and aside from the true bearings, of the facts. With such a passage it would be instructive to compare, if we had space for further quotation, the passage in which M. Fromentin, writing as a practical painter, defines the character of Rembrandt in another great aspect of his practice, his character as a colourist. Rembrandt has been praised with extravagance as one of the great colourists of the world. M. Fromentin, on the other hand, shows, with a perfect relevancy and cogency, that Rembrandt, though he produced most powerful effects of colour, is not entitled to be called a colourist at all, in the sense in which that name is

given to painters who care for colour more than for anything else, and use colour as their special means of idealising the world. Such painters, the colourists properly so called—and their number includes men working according to ideals so diverse as Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Velasquez, Rubens—such painters all agree in this, that in their work a local tint preserves its identity, its individual quality, through all transitions of light and dark. Deepening, paling, it is nevertheless constant to itself, and never tends to become white or colourless in the lights, and black or neutral in the darks. It is precisely to these changes, absorptions, degradations, that the local tints of painters not belonging to the colour group do tend. Such changes are conspicuous in the work of Rembrandt. As light and dark are what he cares for more than anything else, so his extremes of light and dark devour his local colours, absorbing them and destroying their identity. In a scale of light short of full illumination, Rembrandt will produce effects of colour as rich, as jewelled, as constant to their own nature, as those of Tintoret himself; especially in certain favourite tints of deep red, as for example the scarlet and purple of Manoah and his wife, at Dresden, the crimson velvet of the Cambridge ‘Portrait of an Officer,’ the colour between scarlet and crimson of the famous portrait of his wife at Cassel, the red, sombre but still rich, of the man loading his gun in the ‘Night-Watch,’ the red, running to dusky orange and gold, of the centurion Cornelius in the picture belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, the blaze of crimson, brick-red, and orange, laid on in loaded touches without fusion or blending, which looks so strange and violent at a close inspection, but falls into such perfect relations as you retire, in the family group at Brunswick. And the heads and hands of his principal personages he generally keeps within those degrees of the scale of light at which he can paint them with full local truth and richness of flesh colour. But whatever else in the picture is in higher illumination than this, has to sacrifice its specific quality as colour in order to attain its required quality as light. The lustrous objects of the scene, surrendering their individual tints, appear not, indeed, as colourless, but as gleaming in some nameless hue made up of all the other hues in the picture so blended and broken up in light as to be indistinguishable. See, for instance, the pearls and jewels, the armlets and necklaces, the feathers and gauze scarf of Saskia, in the same striking and highly wrought portrait at Cassel which we have already mentioned. And as it is with colours at the upper end of the scale of light, so it is at the lower. They undergo a

similar loss of identity: the figures and objects which reveal themselves in that transparent and suggestive darkness, which we have described as filling the chief part of Rembrandt's canvases, reveal themselves not in the individual hues of nature, but in variations of umbered, golden, bronze, or greenish neutral tint, in which, as in the high light, all the other hues of the picture, instead of being separately continued, are blended, transformed, and drowned. Look, for instance, at the faces of the armed companions that fill the background of the 'Night-Watch,' at those of the Philistines in the aforesaid banquet at Timnath, at those of the labourers whispering their discontent over their wages, in the 'Parable of the Vineyard' at Frankfort, at those of the shepherds peering into the stable, or of the Maries swooning beneath the cross, in a score of 'Nativities' and 'Crucifixions.' All these are faces painted not in the colours of humanity, but in a monochrome determined by the general harmony of the picture. Or again, as a crucial instance, take the peacock on the table in the picture at Dresden, of Rembrandt seated laughing with his wife on his knee. A painter who belonged to the colourists might have kept this accessory object ever so subordinate in value, but would have preserved its proper peacock colours. Rembrandt paints it, to suit his harmony, in a dull, broken monochrome between brown, grey, and green.

The colourist, then, we recognise as being in Rembrandt, though powerful and original, yet quite subordinate to the master in light and shadow. It might almost be added that both colour and chiaroscuro were subordinate in his work to another and more vital element still, the element of human emotion and expression. Only in truth these elements are not separable from one another. The true way of putting it is to say, that chiaroscuro in the first degree, and colour in the second, were this painter's means for making humanity live in pictures. And his view of humanity was the most original and the most penetrating. We have said that he had little eye for physical beauty or distinction. But he had a much rarer gift, an eye for the moral beauty which may accompany physical degradation; an instinct of compassionate penetration, which enabled him to seize and put on record those unconscious aspects of their life by which the abject, the coarse, the forsaken, appeal mutely to the human heart within us. This was, indeed, only a part, although the most interesting part, of the gift, surely without rival among painters, which Rembrandt possessed for the observation of character, and of all outward signs, looks, gestures whatsoever, that either record past expe-

rience or express a present crisis. We have it in his own words, written in reference to work upon which he had spent special pains, that the expression of life and movement—the ‘most and the most natural movement’—was the point on which his mind was bent above all others. A preoccupation of this kind has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Take the work of Rembrandt in his portraits and portrait groups. At their best, these have the vitality, the serious force and grasp of realisation, the sense of solid and breathing presence, which was common to many masters of his age and school, qualities enhanced in his case by the peculiar force and refinement of his flesh modelling, the peculiar splendour of his illumination and suggestiveness of his backgrounds. But he is not at all times quiet enough for portrait, or content enough to be governed by the facts before him. In these undertakings, his love of movement, of bustle, of come-and-go, of the poetry of light and shadow, all those strivings of his spirit after an ideal world of its own, sometimes get the better of him and give the result, for all its grasp of character, an air of something phantasmagoric and unreal. Such an air unquestionably belongs to the famous group of the ‘Night-Watch,’ and makes of it a work more exciting, it may be, to contemplate, but less masterly, appropriate, and sufficient than other works in the same vein by Frans Hals, or even by a colder craftsman like Van der Helst.

It is in subjects of dramatic interest that Rembrandt finds scope at once for his grasp of character, and for his love of life, movement, bustle. And in subjects of dramatic interest he is inexhaustible. He knows all the life and all the types of his quarter, the comfortable burgess, the physician, the preacher, the trader of outlandish garb and mien, the swarms of street and wharf, the vices, the humours, the picturesqueness of the populace, the deformities of the lazaret-house, the riot of the tavern and squalor of the garret; he has watched and drawn every look and action of railing beggar or bawling chapman, of chaffering goodwife or wheedling Jew, of pursy official and starveling vagabond. All these things he knows and has recorded a thousand times; using, without the least regard to style, whatever means were the readiest to follow and fix the object and the moment of interest. A few hasty sweeps of a brush loaded with bistre upon the paper, a few significant scramblings of the needle upon the copper, perpetuate, with an astonishing insight and precision, the speaking movement, the pathetic glance, the quivering lip of supplication, the outstretched hand of importunity, the totter-

ing step of palsied age, the snarling mask of plebeian spite, the swollen features of unloveliness in woe, the huddling gestures and pitiful kindnesses of those who would comfort one another amid rags and darkness. It is in the temper of this latter class of his observations that Rembrandt is altogether singular. He has not the least shrinking from what is most abject, most repulsive even, in either the physical or moral world; but amid the repulsiveness, the abjectness, he discerns and puts on record, not only whatever is picturesque, whatever speaks to and entertains the eye, but above all, and like no one else, whatever is poignantly human, whatever speaks to and lays hold upon the heart.

Another great singularity in Rembrandt is that, except in notes and studies, he does not usually thus record the diversified life around him, as most of his countrymen record it, for its own sake merely. He uses all these materials chiefly to illustrate the Bible. Images of worship being no longer needed for the churches of reformed Holland, the themes of worship, we know, had for the most part been abandoned by the school. But Rembrandt returns to those themes in a new sense. The stories of the Bible appeal intensely to his religious sentiment and to his love of dramatic interest together. He pores over those stories in the temper of a dissident, a private, a democratic Christianity. The chord within his nature which responds most keenly to the teachings of Christ is the chord of compassion, of equality, of sympathy with the poor and needy and those that are ready to perish. He was capable of seeing the best in what was vilest, and, like his Master, had compassion on those multitudes. And so he seeks to make the stories of the Bible live in the only way in which he could sincerely and of his own instincts conceive them. He thinks of the scenes of the Old and New Testament in terms of contemporary Amsterdam. He confers on Abraham and Joseph, on David and Manoah, on Tobit and Tobias, on angels and celestial ministers themselves, all the plainness, all the humanity, all the predicaments, but also all the life and expressiveness of every day. His Mary and Joseph are the homeliest-featured helpmates, she humbly brooding over and loving her child, he helping, puzzled, tender in humility greater still, as they sit within the cottage gloom, or tramp forlornly on their exiled way through ford and thicket, or take their midday rest in returning, he seated on a bank with bread and claspknife, and turning to look kindly at the child as the mother beside him removes its wrappings. And so on through the whole range of Biblical personages: they receive from

Rembrandt a new plainness and humility, but in plainness and humility a new life and pathos.

The only transformation, the only embellishment, by which the master seeks to give to his Christian subjects a touch of oriental and historic colour, consists in a certain apparatus of costume, as turbans and silken scarves for judge and Pharisee, or flashing swords, casques, breastplates for soldier and centurion. In this he was for once at one both with earlier and recent precedent—the works of his own master Lastman, among others, furnishing abundant examples of this use of far-fetched fripperies and costumes. For Rembrandt, with his love of lustrous objects, and his need of such objects to form centres of illumination in his pictures, these materials of scarf and turban, of silk, cloth-of-gold, brocade, of sword and mail, of plume, brooch, and badge, naturally possessed a special attraction. To procure them he was accustomed to ransack the wharves and the brokers' booths, till his house became in all its corners a very museum of curiosities. The pictorial effect and magic of his work these trappings necessarily enhance; its human effect, on the other hand, they occasionally somewhat mar and vulgarise. For Rembrandt will not abate a jot of dramatic truth or realistic bluntness in one of his personages more than another; and these qualities are apt to match strangely with a barbaric splendour of apparel.

We have, then, by this time before us a list of the elements which give to the work of Rembrandt its special character—a character which is shared in greater or less degree by that of a whole group of satellites whom he drew around him. He was an exception, we have learnt, among his countrymen, first by his magic of light and shade, with a subordinate, though not inconsiderable, magic of colour; next by his unrivalled grasp of character and life, and especially of the pathetic sides of plebeian character and life; thirdly, by his habit of depicting facts, without compromise indeed, yet not usually for their own sakes, but for the sake of realising scenes consecrated by religious emotion; and, lastly, by an additional element intended to be poetical, though in truth its effect is often no more than one of somewhat puerile fantasy, the element of outlandish richness and research in the costumes of certain classes of his characters.

All these elements, except of course the single one of colour, are just as characteristic of the second great division of Rembrandt's work, the division of engravings, as they are of his paintings. In the art of etching, perfected as he knew the means of perfecting it, Rembrandt found the only mode of

linear expression which could have been made suitable to his special genius. The chastened, the severe, the firmly and deliberately ploughed line of the burin, in what is called line engraving, is really suited only to the expression of a chastened and severe conception of physical form. It is a mode of work best corresponding to those instincts in art which find in purity of form, and determinateness with suavity of linear contour, the most interesting of natural facts. Even in the work of the greatest of line engravers, Albert Dürer, there had seemed a certain conflict, a certain incongruity, between the unerring precision and purity of the engraved line itself, and the conception of form which that line was employed to realise; a conception wavering at first between the symmetry of the Italian ideal and the realism, the uncouthness of the North, but finally, in the mature practice of Dürer, deciding definitely in favour of the latter. Rembrandt's conception of the human fabric was much more uncouth and Teutonically plebeian still than that of Dürer, without Dürer's countervailing qualities of strenuous manhood, energy, and precision. Neither did linear contours interest Rembrandt, except as serving to circumscribe and define the gesture and feature of life; for the qualities, the rhythm and modulation, of lines as such he did not care, and even as a means of indicating the places of things and their forms, he greatly preferred light and shadow. Etching, with its rapid, unrestrained, lightly moving stroke, thus supplied exactly the appropriate means for the only kind of design upon metal which could for him have had any attraction. With the etching needle he could record, without stopping to chasten, the most fugitive lines of expressive movement; he could add as much or as little modelling of surfaces and shading of backgrounds as he pleased; and by the use of the dry point, with devices of burr and printing, he could produce, at comparatively small expense of labour, effects of light and dark the most consonant with his instincts, the most varying from crisp to soft, from sudden to gradual, shadows the deepest without opaqueness, the most velvety, transparent, and mysterious. Much that was best in himself; much that was most spontaneous and intimate, as well as much that was most fanciful, Rembrandt was accustomed to express in this form; and when we think of his achievements as a whole, we justly put one of the central Bible etchings, like the 'Christ healing the Sick,' or the finest etched portraits, like the 'Six,' the 'Haarings,' or the 'Lutma,' or nude studies like the 'Woman with the Arrow,' or the 'Woman in Shadow' lying down, or a landscape like 'The Three Trees,' and many

on a lesser scale—we justly put etchings like these, in a general estimate of the master's work, on almost the same level of importance as any of his paintings in the same respective orders of subjects.

The characteristics of Rembrandt's genius which we have thus endeavoured to define are general, and hold good of one period of his career almost as much as of another. Naturally, however, they declare themselves at different periods in somewhat different forms, and with variations of technical practice. Speaking broadly, Rembrandt's manner both in painting and etching exhibits a progress, from great delicacy and scrupulousness of touch and handling in his earliest days, to extreme dash, audacity, and summariness of touch and handling in his latest; and in this progress, it is possible to mark with fair distinctness a first, a second, and a third stage. The three most important of his pictures that still remain in Holland, the 'Anatomy Lecture' (1632), the 'Sortie of the Company of 'Banning Kock,' or 'Night-Watch' (1642), and the 'Syndics 'of the Drapers' Company' (1661), are usually quoted as the great typical examples of the three manners. At the same time, the manners proper to such several stages not seldom overlap, and in portrait painting especially, works of the master widely separated in date bear not seldom a close resemblance. We speak particularly of the most sedate, masterly, and dignified group of his portraits, those in which he has most frankly submitted to be governed by the facts before him. To this group belong alike the noble double portrait of a 'Naval Constructor and his Wife,' at Buckingham Palace, painted in 1633, and another double portrait of 1641, that of the 'Pastor Cornelis Ansloo with his Wife;' with several fine single figures in full length, such as the portrait of Martin Dacy and that of his wife, the one belonging to 1634 and the other to 1641; and the admirable nameless full-length at Cassel, bearing the date 1639, of a fresh-visaged personage leaning against a column in a vestibule. In the etchings, again, though it is easy to trace a general development of style from the delicately minute to the daringly vigorous, and though there is little resemblance between a characteristic work of Rembrandt's earliest time like the 'Presentation with the Angel' (M. 178), or the nude study of a 'Diana bathing' (M. 258), and a characteristic work of his later time like the 'Christ and 'the Woman of Samaria' (M. 293), or the nude study of the 'Woman with an Arrow' (M. 252), nevertheless almost any single year will show us work the most various in treatment and purpose. Thus the year 1641 gives us the elaborately

and the slightly finished studies of a single sitter which we have already noticed (M. 147, 269), the highly wrought portrait of 'Cornelis Ansloo,' the vehemently conceived and roughly scrawled ideas for lion-hunting scenes (M. 272, 273, 274), as well as some of the earliest examples of Rembrandt's expressive, feeling, and refined workmanship in the art of landscape etching (M. 305, 306, 307).

Resuming, now, the chronological thread of Rembrandt's life—the six years of his ripening youth which he passed in his father's house after he came back from Amsterdam have left comparatively little trace. His earliest authentic picture, a little St. Paul in prison seated beside a window, belongs to his twentieth year, and is preserved in the Museum at Stuttgart. The next year, 1628, shows us two etched studies of his mother, whose well-marked features, firm and dignified in old age, he has perpetuated in this way over and over again. One of these earliest etchings in especial is so distinguished for perfect character and drawing, with the touch of a finished master in the modelling of the features, the animation of mouth and eyes, the trick and delicacy of the hair, that it has helped to make some critics sceptical as to later work in which less accomplishment is shown. That Rembrandt had thus early made some reputation by works to which we have no longer the clue, is clear from the fact that he had already a first pupil, destined afterwards to become famous, in the person of Gerard Dou, as well as from a story of his having about this time sold a picture for a hundred florins to an amateur of the Hague, and of his consequent surprise and elation. We may guess, also, that at this time Rembrandt and another young artist of his native town, Jan Lievens, who was of his own age, a fellow-student under Lastman at Amsterdam, must have been in relations of intercourse and mutual influence. Lievens in a year or two went, if the traditions concerning him are true, to England, and afterwards settled at Antwerp. Mr. Haden has confused the matter by classing him among the pupils of Rembrandt. That he was so there is no evidence whatever, though there is proof of their having had subsequent communication. Some etchings of 1635 bearing the initial of Lievens are actual duplicates of others bearing the signature of Rembrandt, and in a few more the work of the two shows a close coincidence; but what the precise relations of these several pieces are it seems impossible to distinguish.

In 1629 we find a few studies, both etched and drawn, of 'St. Jerome.' This subject had been a favourite one with

northern artists ever since the days of Dürer and Erasmus, and Rembrandt handled it many times in one form or another. A picture in which he showed the saint kneeling upon a mat within a cave, with his back to the spectator and his attendant lion beside him, has been engraved by one of the pupils who joined his studio within a year or two of this time; and the supposed original of this engraving, dated 1629, has passed with the Suermondt Gallery into the Museum at Berlin, where, however, the authorities cast doubts upon the work. One thing more is to be noticed in connexion with the year 1629; in it appears the first of those studies of his own physiognomy which throughout all the rest of Rembrandt's life were destined to give him so much occupation. No artist was so constantly taking his own portrait. There are extant, among his paintings, fully thirty such portraits of himself from youth to age; and among his etchings an equal number. Sometimes as many as a dozen of these last belong to a single year. It was a homely visage enough which so preoccupied its owner. Thick light hair disposed to straggle and curl, a thin moustache brushed sideways according to the fashion of the time, a scanty beard, generally shaved excepting a tuft beneath the lower lip, a massive, roughly modelled head, the determined mouth by no means finely cut, the nose thick at the end and somewhat pinched at the bridge, the powerful brow concentrated in level wrinkles above searching, somewhat narrow eyes—such were the features of which Rembrandt has left us versions in every manner of workmanship and every key of expression. Vain of his looks he can hardly have been, but interested in them, fond of watching and studying them, as a strong and self-conscious personality is fond of watching and studying whatever belongs to itself, this he certainly was; and the vainest of beautiful women never spent so much of her time before the mirror. What is more, Rembrandt in his youth and early manhood was almost as fond as a woman of ornaments and costumes; and he has painted and etched himself once and again in armour, in rich furs and outlandish hats and feathers, in all sorts of strange and rich caparisons. Especially in the days of his prosperous marriage with a comely and well-portioned bride, when they were both wont to masque for one another's pleasure in the richest properties of his studio, Rembrandt seems really to show a sort of fantastic coquetry, a pride in the silkiness of his long locks, a desire to look the knight or gallant instead of the plain burgher and craftsman that he was. But whatever touch of vanity, or of a desire to find cause of vanity, Rembrandt's own rough ex-

ternals may have afforded him, the root of the matter of course was, that he found the most convenient model in himself. He could subject his own person to whatever disguises, his own features to whatever contortions, he pleased; he could arrange himself in whatever light, natural or artificial, full or reflected, sharp or soft; upon himself he could study at his ease those problems of facial modelling in light and shade, those secrets of facial structure and expression, which his genius was always urging him to master. And the fact is, that in these studies of himself, the early etched studies especially, he seems often to have no other object than to record a look of sudden and strong expression, as terror, bedevilled mirth, or snarling malice, which he has assumed on purpose before the glass. Strict fidelity in portraiture is the last object at which he aims; and in many cases the features are so modified that we cannot tell for certain whether they are indeed his own.

It is in the next year, 1630, that these studies first occur in numbers. In that year the full activity of Rembrandt's career begins. In that year he leaves his father's home for good, and establishes himself at the centre of Dutch life, Amsterdam. Here he was quickly joined by pupils a few years younger than himself. To what extent some of these pupils may also have been his assistants, and have carried out work which has since passed current under his name, is a question that has given rise to much discussion since it was recently raised by Mr. Haden. Mr. Haden's own contribution to the solution of the question may be summed up thus. He has shown, to something like certainty, that some of the larger and more important etchings produced in Rembrandt's studio, in the course of the first few years of his residence at Amsterdam, were completed from the master's designs by other hands than his own, excepting sometimes the principal heads or other passages which he might reserve to be put in by himself. The famous 'Descent from the Cross' (M. 187) and 'Ecce Homo' (M. 200) are the chief of several examples in which this participation of other hands may be regarded, we think, as proved. Unfortunately, Mr. Haden was not content with establishing his main point, but accompanied his exposition with offhand assertions as to the real authorship in each case of the work rejected. These assertions show quite insufficient study of the facts, and Mr. Haden, in reprinting them, has virtually retracted them in a preface, but at the same time has qualified the retractation in his text by the following unscholar-like plea: 'The accounts we have of many of these men and, with two or three exceptions, the men themselves, are too

‘obscure, and the work they did too bad, to render a more laborious identification of them than we have here thought it necessary to make anything but a waste of time.’

Mr. Haden, it seems, has yet to learn that time is never so much wasted as in advancing confident opinions on any subject whatever upon insufficient grounds. It is perfectly true that among the members of the pleiad who worked in Rembrandt's manner and under his influence were some, like Ferdinand Bol, of refined and serious talent, and others, like Van Vliet, whose work is seldom anything but the coarsest parody of their master's. But it is not less true that the minutest comparative study of the work of all these satellites must be undertaken before an opinion worth having can be formed concerning their respective shares in the early productions of Rembrandt's studio. Nor is it probable that study, however minute, will ever really settle the points at issue. Take the case of a well-known work, the larger etching of the ‘Raising of Lazarus.’ Like not a few other subjects, this was treated in half a dozen ways at about the same time by Rembrandt and various members of his group. In all, the central idea is to give a thaumaturgic character to the scene, to represent it as an act of incantation, in the performance of which the Saviour stands erect, a magician conscious of his power, within the vault or cavern where Lazarus lies buried, but at some distance from the tomb; at his command the dead awakes, and the bystanders testify their amazement. The impulse to the treatment of this theme seems to have been given by a picture painted in 1632 by Rembrandt's former master, Lastman. Within the next year or two, as we may judge, appears the celebrated etched version bearing Rembrandt's signature. Here the Christ is a figure much more classical in pose and drapery than is usual in his work, and the execution may possibly be in part that of pupils; while other parts—notably the expression and gesture of Lazarus, which are almost exactly repeated in a subsequent picture of the ‘Resurrection of Christ’—are in the most characteristic manner of the master himself. In the year 1633, a little-known pupil, Jan de Wedt, paints the same scene in a somewhat similar spirit, but in breadth instead of height, with a quite different arrangement of all the figures, and with the addition of a new personage who helps to remove the grave-clothes from the risen Lazarus (this picture is at Darmstadt). Next we have an etching by Van Vliet, the coarsest and most repulsive of his whole work, in which a conception of the scene akin to that of Rembrandt, and containing some attitudes nearly identical

with his, but seen from a different point of view, is embodied in figures of debased and hideous feature, and with a harsh violence of illumination. Lastly, an etching of Lievens represents again a kindred conception of the scene, only that here the Saviour faces us on a kind of terrace, beneath which, in front, lies the open tomb; and, emerging from the tomb, we see nothing but the hands of Lazarus flung up like those of a drowning man. We have tried, but quite in vain, to satisfy ourselves of the exact relations and derivations of these kindred embodiments of a single subject. And relations of similar intricacy occur repeatedly among the works of Rembrandt and his followers in his early days.

Even among the paintings of the master, in this comparatively unformed time, there are not a few which criticism must hesitate whether to ascribe to himself, or partly or altogether to his assistants. We think that the authorities of the Berlin Museum are doubtless right in restoring to the youth of the master himself the once disputed 'Rape of Proserpine,' a small mythological piece of the most careful execution, and conceived with a characteristic union of far-fetched fantasy in the ornaments and costumes, and realistic point and bluntness in the action of the attendant maidens, who are trailed along the ground clenching their teeth as they tug frantically at the skirts of their mistress, to rescue her from the grasp of the ravisher. On the other hand, there is a large picture at Munich which has generally been accepted, and from M. Vosmaer has received especial praise, but which we are altogether unable to recognise as the work of Rembrandt. This is a 'Holy Family,' of nearly life size, in which the Virgin, seated, with one knee raised, in a dull lilac gown, and wearing on her shoulders a gauze scarf, caresses the shoulder and foot of the swaddled child lying across her lap, while a middle-aged Joseph leans with blandness over the empty cradle to look on. We more than doubt this picture, not merely because the chamber is represented in an ordinary diffused light, such as Rembrandt hardly ever, except in a few portraits, employs; nor because it is signed, in characters suspiciously clear and large, Rembrandt f. 1631, a signature which the master hardly ever, or, as Mr. Middleton thinks, positively never, adopts at this date; nor because the same mother and child are almost identically repeated, only more in profile, in a signed work of Ferdinand Bol, at Dresden—for the master is often thus repeated with variations by his pupils; but because, over and above all this, the work has precisely that touch of everyday elegance, of insipidity with correct drawing and accomplishment, that lack of indi-

vidual invention and point, which, where Rembrandt is concerned, are the strongest negative proofs that can exist. We think it probable that the picture is of Bol's handiwork, about the year 1645, and that the signature of Rembrandt is spurious.

Enough, however, of discussions which concern rather the special student than the general reader. We will only add, that we agree with Mr. Middleton in thinking that the reasons which may be sufficient for assigning in part to pupils the workmanship of the large published etchings of this period are insufficient for similarly assigning to pupils the small heads and studies of beggars. These, as a rule, could hardly have been intended for the market; there could have been no reason for their being marked with the monogram of Rembrandt when they were the work of another hand. Some of the beggars so signed, it is true, are little better than, and very like, similar studies published by Van Vliet in his own name in 1632 and 1635. Some of the studies of aged heads resemble, though in a less degree, similar studies by Lievens; but there are extant painted studies from the same models, notably three at Cassel, which are unquestionably by Rembrandt's hand, and show that he was exercising himself at this time upon these very models in the study of flesh painting, of character, of light and shade. No man is always at his best, and we must remember that Rembrandt, a man of experiment all his life, was still at his most experimental age. If we see engravings bearing his signature, in one or another of its customary forms, which closely approach, now the manner of Bol, now that of Lievens, now even that of the objectionable Van Vliet (so far as these fluctuating talents can be said to have definite manners of their own), we need not necessarily infer that they are in each case the actual work of the satellite and not of the master. Mr. Middleton declines to make this inference, and while he accepts Mr. Haden's contention concerning some of the larger prints, that they were done with the help of pupils, has often an easy task in disposing of Mr. Haden's assertions as to the particular pupils in question. He has perhaps not been quite explicit enough as to the part taken by Mr. Haden in calling the attention of students to the general question; but when that gentleman charges him with simply 'appropriating and mutilating his 'conclusions,' the charge falls, from its own extravagance, to the ground.

Granting that Rembrandt had even more help at this time from pupils than we believe to be the case, his first three years at Amsterdam were years, in any case, of extraordinary in-

dustury. In 1632 he painted, among other things, the first of his large groups of portraits, that which exhibits his friend and patron, Nicolas Tulp, demonstrating before his class in the anatomy school. This celebrated piece, with much dignity of individual character in the heads, lacks the animation of Rembrandt's finest work, and is to some extent disfigured by the imperfect drawing and arbitrary lighting of the corpse. The next year, 1633, produced several of the most important plates etched in Rembrandt's studio, besides almost a score of known portraits, some of them exhibiting his powers in their fullest force and sanity; and, among subject pictures, an 'Elevation of the Cross,' and a 'Descent from the Cross,' the latter repeating with variations the motive of the great etching, which were the first two of a set of five illustrations of the life of Christ painted in these years for the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Nassau. These five, of which the last two were not completed till six years later, now hang together in one of the small cabinets of the gallery at Munich. They are on a uniform scale, the small scale, which to our thinking suits the manner of Rembrandt in religious episode better than the heroic dimensions which he sometimes, for no very obvious reason, adopted. The execution of these commissions for the Stadtholder brought Rembrandt into acquaintance and correspondence with two men of higher standing than most of his accustomed friends—the secretary, Huyghens, and the Paymaster-General, Uytenbogaert. It is in a letter to Huyghens that Rembrandt uses the phrase we have quoted about having attained, in the last two pictures of the series, the expression of the 'most and most natural movement' which he had yet compassed. The comment on his words is to be found especially in the subject of the 'Resurrection,' in which, with a singular and rude audacity of conception, he has figured the angel hovering with expanded wings, and violently, yet without effort, heaving up by one end the cover of the tomb, from which the guards, who have been asleep beside or upon it, are hurled toppling confusedly, their armour glinting in the gleam of the angelic brightness, while the head and body of Christ raise themselves feebly, with an action like that of Lazarus, and still wrapped in their cerements, out of the tomb, and the Maries are to be discerned in the obscure foreground gazing with amazement at the miracle. As an example of the same partiality for suddenness and violence of action, and an example which does not shock, as that we have just quoted would shock but for the mystery which enshrouds the action, the 'Binding of Samson,' belonging to the same period, is con-

spicuous. Of this picture, treated nearly in life size, there are two versions, one in private possession at Vienna, and one in the gallery at Cassel. M. Vosmaer is surely unfortunate when he compares a version of the same subject at Brunswick, which is the work of a pupil, Jan Victor, and asks whether the same Victor cannot have been the painter of the scene as figured at Cassel. The design of Victor is in truth conspicuous for coldness and artificiality, that of Rembrandt for an amazing dramatic force and energy. Three mailed warriors have seized the shorn giant within a cave; he has fallen backwards, wildly kicking, upon one who grasps him with both arms about the throat; another, bearing down with all his weight the resistance of the prisoner's elbow, clutches his beard with the left hand and slashes out an eye with the right; a third manacles his right wrist; a fourth, fantastically dressed in brigand red, stands projected against the opening of the cave, and threatens the overpowered foe with his partisan; while a white-vestured Delilah, holding out the shears in one hand and the shorn locks in the other, looks down with a victorious smile as she flits from the presence of her deed into the daylight.

But we must not pause over the description of individual works. In the year of Rembrandt's first commissions for the Stadtholder a new influence entered for the first time into his life. In 1632 he had lost his father, and thenceforth began to sign with his full name, instead of with the monogram signifying Rembrandt Harmenszon. Several etched portraits of his mother in her widowhood suggest that at this time he may have joined her for a while at Leyden. In 1633 he fell in love with Saskia, the orphan daughter of a jurist and politician of repute, Rombertus van Uylenburg, and married her in the summer of 1634. She brought him no inconsiderable fortune, and the marriage was in all points prosperous. For the next eight years Saskia fills a great place in the life and the art of Rembrandt. He drew, etched, painted her, in every mode and guise. Of all these likenesses of his bride, the most charming at once for expression and simplicity is the drawing of her in a broadbrimmed hat, with her cheek resting on her hand, made, as would seem from a writing in his own hand at the foot, three days after their first betrothal, and now preserved in the museum at Berlin. In too many of his painted portraits he either spoils the charm of his work by endeavouring to fix some dimpled laugh or other too fugitive expression, as in the early example at Dresden, or else, as in the profile picture of the same year at Cassel, he produces a splendid and fascinating

result, but one which depends more upon the magic rendering of pearls, brooches, and feathers, a masquerading costume of crimson velvet and jewellery, than upon any convincing fidelity or directness of likeness. From the best of the paintings, however, and from a number of etched likenesses, some of them in the masquerading vein, but others of entire simplicity, we are well enough able to realise the glowing fair complexion, the gold-brown hair, with its wandering ringlets about ear and cheek, the open looks, the maidenly, and in due course the matronly, sweetness and content of Saskia. A picture at Dresden of 1640 shows her in her ripest bloom; in one, probably of the next year, at Antwerp, she looks sweet but a little worn and fragile; one or two most touching sketches upon copper seem to be the record, taken at her bedside, of an illness which presently carried her away. A picture at Berlin, dated 1643, shows her, if this indeed be Saskia, in the somewhat altered form and feature in which she was present to the widower's memory afterwards.

The year of Saskia's death, 1642, had been the year of Rembrandt's great civic picture, to the fame and the phantasmagoric strangeness of which we have made allusion already. Banning Kock, the captain of the company whose sally to the shooting match had been thus transfigured upon canvas, was not satisfied with the fidelity of his own portrait, and had recourse to a less poetic painter for another version of his features. We do not again encounter in Rembrandt's work such an instance of the conflict, to use M. Fromentin's very just phrase, which this picture exhibits in an extreme degree, and most of the portraits of Saskia had exhibited more or less, between the man of visionary ideals and the man of facts and realities that existed side by side in Rembrandt. Subjects of Scripture and fancy continue to give scope to the one element in his nature, and portraits to the other. His manner becomes more large and daring, and he begins to effect his blendings and breakings of tints and tones with one another by means which look rough and strange at a near view, and only fall into harmonious significance as you draw back. His wife's death made no difference in his industry or his habits of life. He seems to have continued to live with his children in the large house in the Breedstraat, in which, after several migrations, he had been for some years settled, and in which he was accustomed to accommodate his pupils, if we may trust the gossip reported from one of them at second hand, in studios separately partitioned off, that there might be the less danger

of their losing their individuality and failing to show of what their native powers were capable.

Each year adds its regular tale of Bible compositions, portraits, studies of character and costume, both etched and painted. To these are added the new element of landscape. The first dated landscapes in Rembrandt's work belong to the years immediately preceding his wife's death (the signature and date 1636 on a little panel at Cassel are plainly spurious); and landscape forms for the twelve years following a constant branch of his practice. Coupling this fact with the fact that these were also the years of Rembrandt's closest friendship with the wealthy amateur and man of letters, Jan Six, Mr. Haden hazards the conjecture that Rembrandt at this time lived in part at least at Six's country seat at Elsbroeck. But there are no adequate grounds for such a conjecture, which for the rest seems inconsistent with Rembrandt's close avocations as a painter and teacher of painting.

To dwell for a moment on the character of Rembrandt's work in landscape—between the ordinary sentiment of his etched and of his painted landscapes, there is a curious discrepancy. In the former class, with a very few exceptions, Rembrandt is content to record his impressions of the level and uneventful scenery near his adopted city; expressing, with a perfect precision and subtlety, a justice and distinction of touch which are exclusively his own, the shadowy softness of a foreground copse, the trending sinuosity of a sunken lane, the gabled picturesqueness of farm buildings beside a sea wall, the perspective of level fields or gentle undulations diversified with a cottage here, a windmill there; the poetry of pastoral meadows and intersecting channels, of horizons peopled with the distant spires of a merchant city, or bounded by the scarcely discernible barrier line of the sea. It is only in an exceptional piece like 'The Three Trees' that Rembrandt tries in etched landscape effects of anything like epical power and gloom. But in his painted landscapes—and they are not numerous—epical power and gloom are the rule. He plants a dark monumental windmill upon a dark and lofty bank, and conducts along the stream that rounds its way beneath them a reflected solemnity of sunset; or he dreams of mountain distances, and intervening valleys overhung with sullen masses of cloud, through which a gleam falls here and there upon peopled hamlets and travelled roads of men. His prevailing landscape colour is a darkly glowing brown, and it is only by exception that he suffers a blueness in the sky, or in the fields a gleam of verdure.

In the portraits painted by Rembrandt of himself, in the years following his wife's death, and notably in the etched portrait beside a window, of the year 1648, we observe that he has discarded the fripperies of a former time, and depicts himself as a sober citizen in every-day attire. In portrait, as in landscape, the quality of his line upon the copper grows with every year more assured, telling, and concise; and this is the time of some of his most perfect and interesting engraved portraits, as those of Jan Six, with its admirable life in pose, countenance, hair, its masterly contrast of indoor mystery and outdoor daylight; as well as those of the Jew doctor, Ephraim Bonus, the painter Asselyn, and the picture dealer Clement de Jonghe. This is also the time of the masterpiece among his Bible etelings, the great plate of 'Christ healing the Sick;' in which the just enthusiasm of posterity has not known whether to admire most the conduct and mystery of light and shade, or the profound and moving quality of invention in the groups that encompass the Saviour; the disputatious and supercilious Pharisees; the populace that believe and wait for the miracles to come; the maimed, the halt, the miserable, who have dragged themselves on crutches, or helped one another with tressels and barrows, to the feet of Christ, and point in piteous appeal to their afflictions; the wayfarers who have ridden in strange garb and on strange beasts of burden from afar at the report of the power of the healer.

In the meantime, while Rembrandt was bent upon the things of his art, troubles were preparing that he had not taken thought to prevent. With the passion of a collector, and with that dangerous idea that is apt to possess itself of ardent workers, that money spent upon the materials of their work cannot be spent extravagantly, he had filled his house from floor to ceiling with pictures of all schools, portfolios of the costliest engravings, costumes, specimens, casts, minerals, treasures of art, curiosity, and natural history in every kind. Already in Saskia's lifetime, whispers had gone abroad among some of her family that the couple were spending more than they ought. Such whispers they had indignantly repudiated, and even sued at law those who disseminated them. But almost at the same time we find Rembrandt pressing Huyghens for prompt payment on account of work done; and it is clear that, though he was at this time in receipt of a large income from pupils and from the sale of his works, he was spending all that he earned, not, indeed, in vulgar extravagance, but on acquisitions of which he did not measure the extent or cost. Saskia, before her death, showed her confidence in his integrity

by expressly leaving him in the enjoyment, subject to no restraint from trustees or otherwise, of her fortune, which in the event of his death or remarriage was to revert to his son Titus. Soon after 1650 we hear of loans and mortgages. By-and-by a scandal concerning an illegitimate child born to the painter by a servant-maid, Hendrikje, results in a second marriage; and in order to raise the amount necessary to put Titus in possession of the property due to him in this event under his mother's will, Rembrandt has formally to declare himself bankrupt. The times were bad, the proceedings were long and tedious; the proceeds of a sale of Rembrandt's accumulations of personal property were miserably below their value. Nevertheless, when all was over, he was able to put his son in possession of the full amount of the inheritance due to him from his mother, and to begin life again in a new house, though parted from his treasures. To the inventory of these treasures, which has been published over and over again since it was first brought to light among the archives of the insolvent debtors' court, we are indebted for the possibility of realising in full detail what had been the surroundings of Rembrandt's household existence in the days of his prosperity.

It is clear from the character of the house in the Roozen-gracht of Amsterdam, to which Rembrandt removed after his disaster, and which M. Vosmaer has had the good fortune to identify, that he by no means, as has been sometimes represented, passed the remainder of his days in squalor. He had never been a seeker of society, or been himself sought by those who moved in literary and academic circles. But his misfortunes did not lose him the friends he had; and among these one at least, Jan Six, whose portrait he painted in the very year of his bankruptcy, 1656, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars in Holland. Neither did these misfortunes at all interrupt the indomitable tenor of his industry. In the year of the bankruptcy Rembrandt painted, besides the portrait of Six, two at least of his best conceived and most expressive Scripture scenes on a large scale, the 'Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph,' and the Frankfort version (there is another differently treated at St. Petersburg) of the 'Parable of the Vineyard.' The chief actual trace which Rembrandt's disasters have left in his art is to be found in the portraits which he engraved of a certain father and son, Haaring by name, who were officials of the insolvent debtors' court; and these are among the most masterly of his whole work.

That the latter years of Rembrandt's life were, nevertheless,

more solitary, more depressed, and accompanied with less of recognition and respect than his earlier years, is certain. The tide of fashion was beginning to set against the native, the revolutionary manner of Dutch art, and in favour of classic graces from Italy and periwigged dignities from France. Many who had been carried away in earlier years by the force and originality of Rembrandt's own achievements, had now fallen away and made compromises in favour of academic principles. In the meantime Rembrandt's own temper and convictions became more defiant, and his artistic practice more daring and contrary to convention. A magnificent example of his best powers in this, which we have called the violent period of his practice, is the group, painted in 1661, of the Syndics of the Drapers' Company at Amsterdam. Another example, gorgeous in Rembrandt's old key of crimson and orange, but bewildering, as we have said, at a near view by the roughness and calculated irregularity of its handling, is the anonymous family group, of a few years' earlier date, at Brunswick. Another most moving and most dramatic work, of which the date is given by M. Vosmaer as 1668, but with greater probability as 1658 by the compilers of the catalogue of the Darmstadt Gallery, where it is preserved, represents Christ bound to a column before his scourging. The National Gallery has a fine portrait of this latest manner of the master. But as the years go on, his works become few and far between. He had given up etching in 1661—among his last works in that kind being some studies of the female nude, in which no concession is made to the ideal graces, but which derive a real dignity from the force, the certainty, the austere frankness of their handling, their richness, colour, and relief.

Of Rembrandt's death we know nothing, except what is recorded in a bald official entry, to the effect that he died on October 8, 1669, leaving behind him two children. All the offspring of his first marriage had died, we know, during his own lifetime; and the mother of the children who survived him seems to have been a third wife, of whom nothing is recorded but the name, Catherina van Wijck. Among the last of all the paintings left by Rembrandt we still find portraits of himself. One of these, according to his old love for sudden and vivid expressions, exhibits him before his easel, maulstick in hand, turning to laugh a toothless laugh of the keenest merriment at some one who comes in and accosts him. But we prefer to think of him as he appears in certain other portraits, in battered but not ignoble age, his head covered with a cap or white cloth, his looks intently levelled upon what is before him,

his rough face wearing the dignity and power of those whose thoughts have been set, not on small ambitions or transitory successes, but upon the disinterested pursuit of an ideal. And to the ideal within him Rembrandt had in truth been faithful. He had made slips, had mismanaged his affairs, had ended his days obscurely; but he has left an honourable as well as an immortal name. He had not been mean—the old stories about his grasping temper are well disproved now, and when we find him helping his kinsfolk at Leyden, as their business declines from bad to worse, we seem to trace a part of the causes of his own impoverishment. He had not been unkind—witness his wife's dying proof of love and confidence. He had been whimsical, fantastic, stubborn, caring less for the company of the learned and highly bred, excepting a very few who sought him out, than for that of a group of plain craftsmen and citizens like himself—printsellers, jewellers, writing masters, and some of the less famous and less courted among his brother painters. His manners had no doubt been rough, and his answers sometimes blunt and strange. He makes no such chivalrous figure in history as is made by many of the great artists of Italy, or even by his Flemish contemporaries, Rubens and Vandyck. Even in his best days with Saskia, the semblances which he has left us of himself vary between the aspect of masquerading picturesqueness, as in instances too numerous to record, and the aspect of somewhat plebeian jollity, as in the well-known drinking picture at Dresden. The only portrait in which he presents himself as really and simply a gentleman, is that admirable one in the National Gallery of the year 1640, painted with a fusion and softness almost like those of Correggio, as well as with an inner glow and force of flesh-colour that are all his own.

But, gentleman or not, smooth in his dealings with his fellow-men or rough, Rembrandt had seen his own goal and reached it. At the dawn of modern art, he had given proof and earnest of faculties in the modern spirit which have not again found equally potent utterance. By his treatment of light and shade, he had conquered for painting a new kingdom in the world of visible facts and of their poetry. By his treatment of action and expression he had conquered for it a new kingdom in the world of human character and life. And yet his system of light and shade is too strange, and his version of human existence too devoid of beauty, for us to regard him as having solved any of the problems of modern art for good. One possible solution, indeed, he has offered, and such is the force of genius that in his own works we find ourselves not only im-

pressed but satisfied with it. But in the work of others whom he immediately inspired we find the same solution deeply unsatisfying. Several of the painters of Rembrandt's pleiad may approach him, as portrait painters, in force and glow; one or two, Eeckhout or Fabritius for instance, may occasionally catch some of the pathos and intensity of their master in religious scenes. But as a rule we are chiefly struck, in the works of this group, by what is forced in their chiaroscuro, by what is cold and strained in their action, by what is vulgar in their types and fantastic in their costumes. The truth is, that the achievement of Rembrandt must rather be regarded as a great experiment than as a great example. From him, we accept what he chooses to give; but we cannot accept from others, or for good, painting in which daylight is sacrificed to chiaroscuro, and beauty to character and pathos. Neither can we allow that the art of Rembrandt, as some allege, is the only Christian art worth the name. Nay, if it is the business of religious painting to make the objects of adoration adorable, surely the masters of the old tradition were right to do this by investing them with beauty and majesty. Shapes of bodily perfection, countenances of power and charm, raiment of splendour, paradisaical skies and flowers—these visible prerogatives are the highest which it is in the power of painting to dispense; and to dispense them is in the power of painting only. Rembrandt lived among a people that knew not beauty nor majesty, and in an age when the power of the old tradition had gone irretrievably by. It is his glory that he knew how to move, how to impress, by the exhibition of the aspects of physical gloom and spiritual abasement, almost as much as those others by the exhibition of the aspects of physical radiance and spiritual exaltation. But his achievement is no reason for making light of theirs. His work, in religious art as in other things, is in the nature of an alternative and an experiment—an alternative of genuine value—an experiment of the deepest interest; and it is his glory to have added a new and most striking chapter to that inexhaustible history, the history of human ideals.

ART. VII.—*The Scotts of Buccleuch.* By WILLIAM FRASER.
Privately printed. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh: 1879.

AT the conclusion of an article recently published in this Journal, on the ‘*Memorials and Charters of the Lennox*,’ edited by Mr. Wm. Fraser, we mentioned that a similar work was known to be in preparation by the same accomplished archæologist on the illustrious Border family of Scott, and more especially on that branch of it which is worthily represented by the Duke of Buccleuch. This valuable and interesting book has now seen the light of day, under the same cautious restrictions as to publication as its predecessors in this noble series of family histories. Few are the copies in existence, and favoured are the lovers of rare books who can boast of this addition to their libraries; for no care and no expense have been spared in the production of these ducal volumes, in which, as has been said, ‘a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin.’ But fortunately one of these copies has come by lawful means into our possession, and we are enabled, without any breach of trust, to place before our readers some of the most attractive portions of its contents, which they might possibly search for in vain elsewhere.

The Scotts are, as is well known, a Border family of antiquity and distinction, which has risen in the last two centuries to a very high position in rank and wealth in Scotland. But they cannot claim a place amongst the great historical nobility of this kingdom in the times preceding the union of the crowns, such as that of the Hamiltons, Douglasses, Campbells, or Lennoxes; nor can they take rank in point of antiquity above the Highland clans of Mackenzie, Fraser, and Macleod. It was not till 1606 that the Laird of Buccleuch was raised to the rank of a baron; and amongst the Scotts the branch of Buccleuch is junior to the Scotts of Harden, and possibly to the Scotts of Ancrum and Balwearie, but these last are Fifeshire Scotts, whose residence on the Border is of more recent date.

The name was probably originally no more than a designation of nationality, though it occurs as far back as in a charter of William the Lion granted in the twelfth century. In like manner ‘*Inglis*’ denotes an English origin, and there were ‘*Irelands of that ilk*’ living in the barony of Wilton and the shire of Roxburgh at the same time, representing within a short distance the three national appellations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. But that which stamps the race with imperishable greatness, far above the distinctions of rank and

the achievements of statesmen and warriors, is the existence of a descendant who in our own times has made the name of WALTER SCOTT famous in literature. That name has been borne with honour from generation to generation. It was a 'Walterus Scotus' who held the lands of Allardyce from William the Lion under the charter just alluded to. It was a Sir Walter Scott who, as Knight of Buccleuch, succeeded to the estates of the family during the first half of the sixteenth century, fought at Flodden and at Pinkie, and fell by the dagger of the Kerrs in 1552. It was a Sir Walter Scott who was created Lord Scott of Buccleuch in 1606. It was a Captain Walter Scott, of Satchells, who, although he was only

‘An old soldier and no scholar,
And one that can write nane
But just the letters of his name,’

contrived to leave behind him a metrical history of the family, published in 1688.* The apprentice handiwork of the most illustrious man who ever bore the name, was a pedigree of the family of Scott of Buccleuch, including the branches of Sinton, Harden, Raeburn, and Scottstarvit, drawn out by the author of 'Waverley' himself when a very young man. This holograph is now an heirloom in the family of Harden; it measures 3 feet by 4½ feet, and contains a complete record of the race. Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford was himself a cadet of the Scotts of Raeburn, who were cadets of the Scotts of Sinton and Harden. The Harden branch (now represented by Lord Polwarth) separated from the branch of Murthoekston and Buccleuch in 1346. The kinship of the two branches is therefore very remote.

* Sir Walter received from Constable in 1818 a copy of the first edition of Satchells' 'True History of several Honourable Families of 'the Right Honourable Name of Scott,' now extremely rare. He read aloud the jingling dedication addressed to his own great-grandfather, which concludes with a broad hint that, as the author lacked *broad pieces*, his more fortunate kinsman might bestow on him, like Jason of old, a share of his *fleeces*. On this, Sir Walter wrote the following lines on the blank page of the volume:

‘I, Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, a poor scholar, no soldier, but a
soldier's lover,
In the style of my namesake and kinsman do hereby discover
That I have written the twenty-four letters twenty-four million
times over,
And to every true Scott do wish as many golden pieces
As ever were hairs in Jason's and Medea's golden fleeces.’

But the poet of the nineteenth century did far more for the annals and the fame of his forefathers than to frame their pedigree. His genius threw over them that light that never dies; and the peculiar charm and merit of these volumes is that they take us to those homes and haunts of the Scotts which are already familiarly known to the whole world in many of the best loved pages of poetry and fiction. It was from Braxholm Tower to Melrose that William of Deloraine rode in search of the mystic volume of Michel Scott, across the country from Teviot to Tweed, teeming with recollections of the Scotts, and associated with none more than with Sir Walter himself. The whole scene and circumstances of the 'Lay'—the feud between Scotts and Kerrs, the abduction of the young heir of Buccleuch by the goblin page, the gathering of the Border clans—'Mount, mount for Branksome, every man'—the advance of the English wardens, and the mortal combat of Musgrave and Cranstoun, all centre round this old castle of the Buccleuch. There is scarcely a line in the 'Lay' which is not illustrated by these memorials: scarcely a page in this book which does not derive fresh interest from the poem. It was in Newark-on-Yarrow that the Last Minstrel sang that Lay to the last representative of the original line of Buccleuch, the illustrious widow who,

'In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!'

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was appointed, in 1519, bailie of all the lands of Melrose, 'in consideration of divers diligent labours and travails which he and his kin and friends had undergone for the good of the Abbey.' These lands (principally in Eskdale) had been granted to the monks in the twelfth century by the munificence of the great family of Avenel. Two beautiful specimens of their charters are presented to us in fac-simile by Mr. Fraser, dating from 1180. Thus we are brought to the source which inspired the author of the 'Monastery' with the mystic apparition of the White Lady of Avenel and the fierce feudalism of Julian Avenel. And when the future author of 'Waverley' started, in 1801, in company of the Ettrick Shepherd, to explore the Buck's Cleugh and to search for the tombs of his ancestors in the kirk in the forest of Rankilburn, an incident occurred which doubtless suggested one of the most amusing of the antiquarian adventures of the inimitable Monkbarns, when he was led by his enthusiasm to find a Prætorium and a monument of Agricola at the Kaim of Kinprunes.

‘We found,’ says Hogg, ‘no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and a mill and mill-dam, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says :

“Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.”

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country that there was a font-stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptised, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot where the altar was known to have been, dug out to the foundation, we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a-turning over some loose stones, to see if the font were not concealed there, when we came to one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott’s eye brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, ‘Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pot that some o’ the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o’ i’ the auld kirk lang syne.’ Sir Walter’s shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying that we had just ridden all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen.’

The cradle of the Scotts of Buccleuch was not at Buccleuch, in the county of Selkirk, but at Scotstoun and Kirkurd, in the county of Peebles. But Buccleuch and Murthockston were acquired by them at a very early date; and the latter estate was exchanged in 1446 for the Castle of Branxholm, near Hawick, which thenceforth became their principal residence. There was, however, an ancient fortalice or mansion in the ‘Bucks Cleugh,’ a deep ravine in Selkirkshire, on a rising ground, at the junction of the Rankilburn and the Buccleuch burn. The site is now occupied by a farmhouse. The word *cleugh*, which means a fissure in a cliff, is of common occurrence in the south country names of Scotland; and the prefix *Bucks* was appropriate to the ground afterwards erected by King Alexander II. into the royal forest of Ettrick for the purposes of the chase. Hence came the title which is now so familiar to Scottish ears and to the world. But this moorland tenement bore even in bygone days but a small proportion to the wide and widely increasing possessions of the family. There was, indeed, a mill on the Buccleuch burn; but Satchells tells us it was used

‘To grind dog’s bran, though there grew no corn.
All the corn I have seen here in a year

Was scarce the sowing of six firlots of bear ;
And for neighbours to come with good will,
There was no corn to grind into that mill.'

From these small beginnings the lands of the family rapidly extended by royal grants and exchanges, until they grew in modern times into one of the largest territorial possessions in the kingdom. Thus the lands of Bellenden were acquired in 1415 by the Laird of Rankilburn in exchange for lands from the Abbot of Melrose; and Bellenden became the gathering-spot of the clan, when preparing for battles or Border raids :

' From Yarrowcleugh and Headshaw came,
From Woodhouselie to Chester glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear,
Their gathering word was Bellenden.'

The Bellenden banner is still preserved amongst the trophies of the Buccleuch family. It bears two stars and crescents with the stag trippant on a field azure, and was probably carried at the funeral of Earl Walter in 1634. This is the standard which was 'lifted' in the poetical contest between Sir Walter and the Ettrick Shepherd in 1815, and inspired the former with the well-known song :

' When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her *crescent* he paused and withdrew,
For around it were marshalled the pride of the Border,
The flowers of the forest, the bands of Buccleuch.
Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more,
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.'

Branxholm was fully acquired in 1446, and raised into a barony in 1463 by King James III., as a recompense for the loyal services of the then Sir Walter Scott at Arkinholme, and to this were added many other domains, and the governorship of Hermitage Castle. The proper country of the Scotts lay between the rivers Teviot and Yarrow. On the Ale Water, above Riddell, the centre of their domain in Ettrick, and on Borthwick Water, the land was chiefly owned by them, and they had also great part of upper Teviotdale. By the expulsion of the Maxwells from Eskdale, and of the Beatties from Ewsdale, they acquired lands in those districts, and on the forfeiture of Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, they purchased from the Earl of Lennox large tracts in Liddesdale. The Tower of Langholm, acquired by the first Earl of Buccleuch from the Earl of Vithsdale, brought them still nearer to the Border, and within

a march of bonnie Carlisle. Thus the Scotts of Buccleuch became, before the close of the sixteenth century, the largest landed proprietors and the most powerful family on the Border. To these possessions have since been added the estates of the dukedom of Queensberry, but with them we are not concerned on the present occasion.

These Border families could hardly be compared in rank with the great Highland clans, whose chiefs were frequently allied to royalty, who were themselves sovereign in their wild domains, and who were incessantly engaged both with the Crown and amongst themselves in savage contests for supreme political power. But the Borderers were an equally warlike and intrepid race. It was a land, says Sir Walter in his Introduction to the 'Monastery,' where the horses remained almost constantly saddled—where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feverish truces. Feuds raged between the Scotts and the Kerrs, the Armstrongs and the Elliots, with almost as much intensity as the interneecine warfare north of the Highland line. And to these causes of bloodshed was added a more constant and formidable source of danger and of strife. The Border families were the nearest neighbours of England. Even in the intervals of what was called peace, raids and forays were frequent into the adjacent counties of Northumberland and Cumberland; cattle were lifted, deer were stolen, men-at-arms were slain, and the English were not slow to resent and repay the incursions of their turbulent neighbours. Scarcely a hamlet or a tower from Solway to Tweed had not been ravaged by English armies, and the ruins of the great abbeys of the Border bear witness to this day of the savage dealings of the enemy. The defence of the marches, and a state of preparation for war with a power *nimum vicina Cremonæ*, were therefore the first duties and interests of the Border families. To them patriotism, which was too often forgotten in the feuds and intrigues of the northern earls, meant protection and safety, or at least revenge; and their loyalty to the Crown was strengthened by their obligation to defend the frontier of the country. By them, therefore, the national spirit of Scotland was most vigorously kept alive, and they were less prone than their northern countrymen to mix themselves with intrigues in the courts of England and of France.

Amongst these loyal families of the Border the Scotts of Buccleuch were conspicuous. In spite of a matrimonial connexion with the great house of Douglas (for about 1472 David

Scott had married Lady Jane, a daughter of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus), the Buccleuch remained faithful to King James III. and to his son, and their fidelity was not unrewarded. The same devotion to the Crown and to the Regent Albany marked the long career of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, who flourished from 1504 to 1552. Like others in those troubled times, this doughty knight found himself alternately the friend and the enemy of the House of Douglas; but he remained attached to the person of the sovereign. This occasioned one of the most memorable passages in his history:

In the year 1526 King James went to Jedburgh to hold a judiciary court. The court having met, many complaints of reiff, slaughter, and oppression were made. It is alleged that so corrupt was the administration of justice that without bribes little justice could be obtained, and that many of the kin, friends, and servants of the Earl of Angus, who, with the rest of the Douglasses, ruled as they pleased, had sentences unjustly passed in their favour, to the dissatisfaction of the King and the other lords, who desired justice to be impartially administered. Impatient of their assumption and arbitrary exercise of power, the King, by a secret letter, written with his own hand, to Sir Walter Scott, besought him to come with his kin and friends and all the forces he could muster to Melrose, in order to intercept his Majesty returning to Edinburgh, and emancipate him from the power of the Douglasses. This letter the King sent secretly by one of his own servants. Delighted in being honoured with such a commission from his sovereign, and intent upon its execution, Sir Walter Scott assembled all his kin and friends, and whomsoever he could prevail upon to join him, to the number of six hundred spears of Liddesdale and Annandale, and rode with them to Melrose, where the King was to spend his night on his way to Edinburgh.

‘Soon after Lord Home and the Lairds of Cessford and Fernihurst had taken leave of the King, Buccleuch with his company appeared in sight in battle array, and boldly advanced to attempt the liberation of the King from the control of Angus. But the latter and his friends, on discovering that it was Buccleuch and his followers, advanced to fight them. “Sir,” said the Earl of Angus to the King, “yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your grace from the gate. I avow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this knowe, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass yon thieves off the ground, and red the gate unto your grace, or else die for it.” The King, as desired, remained where he was, attended by George Douglas, the Earl of Lennox, Lord Erskine, and other lords. But all the others marched with the Earl of Angus against Buccleuch, who encountered them in a field near Melrose. The victory at first was uncertain, but Lord Home, having heard how matters stood, returned with haste to the King, accompanied with the Lairds of Cessford and Fernihurst, with fourscore spears, and made so vigorous an attack on

the lap and wing of Buccleuch's men, that Buccleuch and his friends were repulsed and fled. They were furiously pursued, especially by the Lairds of Fernihurst and Cessford; but when, at the foot of a path, the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by one Eliot, a servant to Buccleuch, the pursuit ceased. Buccleuch lost eighty of his men. This conflict took place on July 25, 1526, at Darnwick on the Tweed, at the bridge above Melrose.'

The scene described is precisely that referred to in the 'Lay' as—

'That unhallowed morn arose
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
Where royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day,
Where Home and Douglas, in his van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood clear
Keeked on dark Eliot's Border spear.'

And the reader will remember that the interest of this poem centres in the mutual passion of the Scottish Capulet and Montagu of these rival houses, which met in arms upon that day.

The defeat of Buccleuch was the triumph of Angus, and the unhappy slaughter of Kerr of Cessford gave rise to a mortal feud with the Kerrs, who avenged the death of their chief twenty-seven years later by assassinating Sir Walter Scott in the streets of Edinburgh. This was the crime deplored by the 'Last Minstrel' in the touching lines:

'Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell.
When startled laymen fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell,
Then the chief of Branksome fell.
While Cessford owns the rule of Ker,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot.*

* This feud had in truth begun much earlier than the bard supposed, and has proved much less mortal, for numerous marriages between Scotts and Kerrs, the descendants of the victims, have riveted, from that day to this, the relations of good neighbourhood between them. Let us hope the battle of Melrose is forgotten. The present representative of Kerr of Cessford is the Duke of Roxburgh. Fernihurst belongs to the Marquis of Lothian.

Soon afterwards, however, the King escaped from duress, Angus fled to England, and Scott was triumphantly vindicated and raised to posts of honour and distinction by James V. When the English invaded Scotland in 1544, Buccleuch was one of the most strenuous opponents of the policy and pretensions of Henry VIII.; he took an active part in the battle of Ancrum Moor, in which the invaders were signally defeated; and he was engaged with various success in the contests and adventures of that eventful time which Mr. Fraser has retraced with a faithful and discriminating pen.

In fact, these volumes are a mine of Border anecdote and adventure, and we regret that our limits compel us to leave the larger portion of it untouched. But the story of Kinmount Willie, the hero of the well-known ballad of that name in the Border Minstrelsy, is so curious, and had such important political consequences, that we must be allowed to tell it again.* The State Papers of Elizabeth, recently published, have enabled Mr. Fraser to complete the narrative from authentic sources.

The men of Liddesdale were the most turbulent of the Border clans, and the Armstrongs were the most turbulent of the men of Liddesdale. Magnus in 1529 informed Wolsey that ‘the Armstrongs of Liddesdale reported presumptuously that they would not be ordered neither by the King of Scots, their sovereign lord, nor by the King of England, but after such manner as their fathers were used before them’—that is, they plundered indiscriminately from friend and foe. Willie Armstrong, of Kinmount, was one of the most daring and dreaded freebooters of this redoubtable race.

A day of truce was held in the year 1596, at which Thomas Salkeld attended on behalf of the English warden, Lord Scrope, and Robert Scott, of Haining, for Walter, first Lord of Buccleuch, then Keeper of Liddesdale. Willie of Kinmount accompanied the Scottish warden. The meeting was peaceful; but as Willie was riding home in the evening, some English men-at-arms pursued him along the north bank of the Liddell, crossed the stream, and, having captured him on Scottish ground, carried him off to the castle at Carlisle. For this breach of the truce and of the Border laws Buccleuch claimed immediate redress. Scrope replied that he could not give up so great a malefactor without the authority of Queen

* The ballad of ‘Kinmount Willie’ is also published in Mr. Aytoun’s ‘Ballads of Scotland,’ vol. i. p. 96.

Elizabeth and her council. The negotiations having failed, Buccleuch resolved to liberate his prisoner by a surprise of Carlisle Castle.

‘This was a bold resolution on the part of Buccleuch, as the Castle of Carlisle was well fortified and strongly garrisoned, in the midst of a populous and hostile city, and commanded by Lord Scrope, the English Warden of the West Marches, a brave and accomplished soldier. Buccleuch, however, took his measures with great skill and secrecy. He sent trustworthy men to survey and measure the height of the walls, and to examine a postern gate, which it was thought would be a good point of attack. Of the men of his own clan, he proposed, as we are informed by Satchells, to take with him, not the chief men, but the younger brothers and sons, to provide against a possible forfeiture. With Scott of Harden and Commonsides, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and a limited number of selected men of his own clan, Buccleuch set out for the appointed rendezvous at the Tower of Morton, the stronghold of Kinnmont, on the water of Sark, in the Debateable Land, and ten miles distant from Carlisle. There he met the sons of Will Armstrong, with their retainers and others of the clan, who had come to assist in the rescue of their kinsman. Having caused scaling ladders to be prepared, and such necessary tools as would be requisite for breaking through the walls and forcing the gate, they prepared to set out on their enterprise.

‘The party numbered eighty well-armed horsemen, with whom Buccleuch marched forward, entering English ground within six miles of Carlisle, and passing the water of Esk at the fall of night. A few horsemen were sent forward as scouts, followed by an advanced guard and the storming party with the scaling ladders, the whole brought up by Buccleuch, and the remainder of the expedition in rear. Advancing in this order, they passed the river Eden, then swollen through the rains, about two hours before daybreak, and near Carlisle bridge. On arriving at this point the storming party was ordered forward, but on applying their ladders to the wall they found, to their great mortification, that they were too short to enable them to reach the top of it. Making a breach through the wall near the postern gate, a small number of them were enabled to pass singly into the outer court, Buccleuch himself being one of the first to enter. The postern being then broken open, the remainder of the storming party entered, and quickly became masters of that portion of the castle. . . . The storming party made their way to the cell of the prisoner. And here no time was lost. Buccleuch had provided himself with information as to the exact position of Kinnmont, and having amongst his followers men who were well acquainted with the interior of the castle, they soon found the prison in which Armstrong was confined, and, having broken it open, carried him forth in their arms. Some other prisoners were brought out, but they were immediately returned by the orders of Buccleuch, who also strictly prevented any depredations from being committed. He had issued strict commands to do nothing, so far as it could be prevented, that could give the least cause of

offence either to King James or Queen Elizabeth. . . . Whilst being carried beneath the Warden's windows, Kinmont is said to have shouted a "good night" to his lordship, promising to pay him for his lodgings when first they should meet on the Border.

'The enterprise having been completely successful, and the day having now broken, Buccleuch hastened to collect together his followers and marched to the river, where, as the alarm had now spread, a number of men had collected on the other side of the ford. He ordered his trumpets to sound, and advanced with his whole force; but his opponents did not wait to give him the opportunity of attacking them, and left the passage of the river free. Having crossed the river, he advanced with his company through the territory of the Grahames of Esk and Levin, and arrived on the Scots border about two hours after sunrise.

'In swimming his horse through the flooded Eden, Kinmont complained of the weight of his irons, remarking that he had never crossed it with such heavy spurs. Buccleuch did not judge it prudent to seek for a smith on English ground, but after crossing the Border Kinmont was soon relieved of his fetters.

This exploit was hailed with enthusiasm by the Scots; but Queen Elizabeth was so incensed by what she regarded as a heinous outrage, that the peace then subsisting between the two Crowns was in danger. The English ambassador Bowes imperatively demanded that Buccleuch should be given up. King James replied that after all Kinmount had only been liberated from an unlawful arrest. Buccleuch himself was heard before the Council, when he pointed out that he had not invaded England with any hostile intention, or assailed the Castle of Carlisle with intent to take it; and that the first wrong was done by the officers of England to himself, as a known officer of Scotland, by the breaking the assurance of a day of truce, and the taking a prisoner in warlike manner, within Scotland, to the dishonour of the King and of his realm. The Privy Council declared that there was no breach of treaty, and refused to surrender Buccleuch. The decision was conveyed by James to Elizabeth in a letter under his own hand, beginning :

'Madame and dearest Sister,—In respect of the harde impression that ye have conceived concerning Bukcleuchis late attempt at Carlisle, I have taikin occasion by these fewe lynis to pray you most hairtelie to consider aricht and take in good pairt my answere therein.'

But Elizabeth was inexorable, and determined to stop the yearly payment granted to King James in respect of the lands in England he had derived from the Lennox, until redress should be obtained. To the letter she replied under her own hand :

‘ My dear Brother,—I am to speake with what argument my letters should be fraught, since such theames be given me as I am lothe to find and am slow to recyte, yet since I needs must treat of and unwillingly receave, I cannot omitt to sett afore you a rare example of a seduced king by evill information. . . . Shall any castle or habytacle of myne be assailed by a night largin, and shall not my confederate send the offender to his due punisher? Shall a friende stycke at that demaunde he ought rather to prevent? The law of kingly love would have sayd nay,’ &c.

The Scots still refused to deliver up Buccleuch, and were even, it seems, ready to risk a war with England rather than submit. A proposal was made to refer the matter to commissioners; but whilst this was pending, Buccleuch destroyed his own case by making another inroad into England, and carrying off spoil and prisoners. After this there was no possibility of refusing to surrender him. He was accordingly given up at Berwick, choosing Sir Robert Carey, Deputy-Warden of the East Marches, as his guardian. He was well received in England, and being a comely man and a brave one, he took the fancy of the Queen. She asked him ‘how he dared to under-‘ take an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous.’ ‘What ‘ is it,’ he replied, ‘a man dare not do?’ Elizabeth turned to a lord in waiting and remarked, ‘With ten thousand such men ‘ our brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne in ‘ Europe.’ So, says Satchells:

‘ She passed from all her former wrong,
By reason Buccleuch was a valiant man.’

The Border raids, properly so called, ceased with the accession of James to the English crown. Severe measures were taken to crush the freebooters or Border thieves, who retained their old habits. Large numbers of them were transported. Each parish was ordered to provide a sleuth-hound to pursue these marauders, and the Keeper of Liddesdale succeeded for a time in pacifying the district. For these services in 1606 Sir Walter Scott was created a Lord Baron of the Parliament of Scotland, with the title of Lord Scott of Buccleuch. The Border disturbances did not altogether cease for another century; but they assumed the character of private crimes, and were gradually put down by the law. Lord Scott of Buccleuch transferred his valour to a nobler field. Having raised a corps of stalwart Borderers, he took service under Maurice of Nassau, and served in the last campaign of the war between Spain and the United Provinces, whence he returned shortly before his death in 1611.

His son, who lived in great state and affluence at Braxholm,

married Lady Mary Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol, and was raised to the dignity of an earl by King James in 1619, in remembrance of the famous actions and good and thankful services of his father. This first Earl died in 1633, having also served with some distinction in the Netherlands, as was much the fashion of the time amongst the Scotch who were ardently devoted to the Protestant cause.

Francis Scott, the second Earl of Buccleuch, was doomed to lead a short and stormy life. He succeeded his father when he was but seven years old, and he died within four years after he had attained his majority; but those years, from 1633 to 1651, were perilous times to the great nobles of Scotland, who were divided alike by the struggles of the Commonwealth and the struggles of the Kirk. At the age of twenty he was married by his guardians to Lady Margaret Leslie, second daughter of the Earl of Rothes, who was already the widow of the first Earl of Leven. This lady, the wife of many husbands, plays a great part in the romantic history of her daughters. She bore four children in marriage to Earl Francis; a son who died in infancy, and three daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Anne, to whom we shall presently direct the attention of the reader, for they are the most interesting personages in this eventful history.

Earl Francis took a part at a very early age in public affairs. At fourteen he sat among the nobles of Scotland, at the close of the famous Parliament which continued from 1639 to 1641. He participated actively in the great contest which was then beginning. At seventeen he was appointed colonel of foot within the sheriffdoms of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and he was a member of the Commission of Estates for the organisation of the forces of Scotland. He advanced with the Scottish army into England, and contributed to the military chest; but at this time he was acting with the Covenanters,* and against the Duke of Hamilton, who raised forces to rescue the King, which were de-

* There is a curious letter of Charles I. to the tutors of the young Earl, written in 1639, when he was only twelve years old, in which the King says: 'Having heard that the Earl of Bucleugh had been induced to adhere to the courses of the Covenanters, which much displeased us, we are now well satisfied to know the contrairie,' &c. He undoubtedly was with the Scots army when Newcastle was stormed and taken. After his death, when great efforts were made to reduce the fine laid on his estates by the Protector, it was alleged that his services to the Covenanters were somewhat exaggerated, and that he never intended to serve against the King.

feated by Cromwell at Preston. The execution of Charles I. immediately decided the Scottish Parliament to proclaim Charles II.; Buccleuch was one of the commissioners named to congratulate the young King on his happy arrival in his northern kingdom; he superintended the new levies raised north of the Forth after the battle of Dunbar. When Monk besieged Dundee in 1651, he retreated to Aberdeen, and so escaped the fate of his colleagues of the Committee of Estates, who were taken prisoners by Monk. Buccleuch remained at Aberdeen, whence unavailing letters were sent out to rally the scattered friends of the royal cause. One of these letters has recently been discovered, addressed to the Earl of Wemyss, urging him, 'as you wisch religionne to be preserved, or this ' kingdom to be keeped from being totallie overrune be a ' handful of bloodie traitors,' to repair to Strathbogie to consult for government of the affairs of the kingdom, that ' we may ' joyne for the preservation of all that is deire or neire to us in ' this day of trouble.' It bears the signature of Buccleuch at the head of the list of names; the others are less illustrious. But in truth Buccleuch had imprudently signed the paper in blank, and left it in the hands of Sir Archibald Primrose, trusting to his discretion and fidelity. Sir Archibald himself did not sign the document at all. However this may be, the paper seems to have fallen into the hands of Cromwell, who was exasperated by it, and this circumstance led him to impose a fine of 15,000*l.* on the Earl's daughter, which was 5,000*l.* more than was demanded of anyone else. The fine was, however, eventually reduced to 6,000*l.* on its being shown that the Earl never knew the contents of the letter.

Amongst other public duties a commission was granted to this Earl of Buccleuch in 1650 for the burning of witches in the parish of Eckford. An instrument called the 'branks' was sometimes placed over the head to stifle the cries of the victim; and one of these curious relics of barbarism is still preserved at Dalkeith; it was discovered in the foundations of the old church at Glenbervie, which has been rebuilt by the present Duke.

Earl Francis died in 1651, when barely twenty-five, having made a will, or rather bond of tailzie, shortly before, by which he settled his estates (in default of heirs male) on the eldest heir female of his body, whom failing on Lady Jean Scott, his sister, afterwards Countess of Tweeddale, and the heirs male and female of her body. In him ended the direct male line of the House of Buccleuch. It is remarkable to how few heirs and offsets it had given birth in a long course of years. For a hundred

and forty years, from 1470 to 1611, the Buccleuch estates had always been inherited by minors. In many instances the sons died before their fathers, and the title passed to grandchildren. The valiant Walter, first Lord of Buccleuch, had but one son. The first Earl had two sons, of whom the younger, David Scott of Cannobie, appears to have been killed in 1648 in war. Lady Jean Scott, who married Lord Tweeddale, had a numerous progeny, and her descendants still reign at Yester. But of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, nothing remained but two feeble and apparently scrofulous little girls, born but a short time before their young father's death. Their history is, however, the most remarkable portion of this narrative, for the youngest of the family, born in 1651, became Duchess of Buccleuch and wife of Monmouth, and only died in 1732 at the mature age of eighty-one years. We do not remember to have met with a more striking example of the truth of Mr. Francis Galton's acute observation, that the occurrence of heiresses or solitary offspring of great families usually indicates the physical exhaustion and decay of the races from which they spring. Thus the 'bold Buccleuch' had sunk from a valiant leader of moss-troopers and men-at-arms to the level of a couple of female infants of precarious lives and an uncertain destiny, in singular contrast to their prodigious fortunes. It must, however, be said that since the second creation by Charles II. the title has descended in the direct male line, and the heads of the house of Buccleuch have been remarkable for their longevity.

The cast of parts in this tragi-comedy is curious and eminently dramatic; but if there were some comic elements in the piece, the tragic vein preponderated over them. Two infants, as we have said, are the heroines of the story: the Lady Mary Scott, born in 1647, who was four years old when she succeeded on her father's death to his titles and estates, and became Countess of Buccleuch; and the Lady Anna Scott, born during her parent's flight to Dundee in February 1651, who was therefore only ten months old when Earl Francis expired. A third daughter, the Lady Margaret, need not be mentioned, as she died before she had completed her second year. The first care of their intriguing and enterprising mother, Margaret Leslie, Countess Dowager of Buccleuch, was to marry again. This she did by allying herself to the Earl of Wemyss, who like herself had been twice previously married. She only stipulated in letters written on black-edged paper, which are still in existence at Wemyss Castle, that 'ther may be no visit nor leter till the end of the ninth month;' and, in fact, the wedding took place a short time afterwards. The early

years of the Countess Mary and her sister were spent in the old castle of Dalkeith; but this estate was soon afterwards sequestrated and occupied by English commissioners, appointed by the Commonwealth under the erroneous impression that Dalkeith had belonged to Charles I. General Monk continued to reside there until just before the Restoration, and indeed the plan of his march to London was arranged in one of the rooms of this castle. The children then removed to Sheriffhall, and subsequently to the residence of their mother upon her second marriage at Wemyss in Fife.

Next in relationship to these children was their aunt, the Countess of Tweeddale, whose husband had been excluded from the guardianship of the heiresses by reason of his proximate interest in their estates, and who viewed with a jealous eye the proceedings of their mother and of the tutors of the estates of Buccleuch. The grand object of Lord Tweeddale was to effect a union of the actual and the contingent interest in the Buccleuch estates by marrying the young heiress to one of his own sons. With this view he took an active and not unsuccessful part in obtaining from the Protector a remission of the heavy fine levied on the infant in 1654 by what was termed the Act of Pardon and Grace. But he left no stone unturned to wrest the guardianship of the children from their mother and Gideon Scott of Highchester, who had been appointed by the late Earl. Lady Wemyss (as we must now call her) represented to the Protector that ‘a strong endeavour hath been made by the Earl of Tweiddaile att a late meeting of the tutors in Edinburgh, to remove her two daughters forthwith from her for the future, hee being none of that nomber, and that for certaine ends of his own, his son being the next heir male of that family.’ To this petition Cromwell replied by the following letter to the tutors:

‘White Hall, the 17th of November, 1654.

‘Gentlemen,—Having received the inclosed petition from the Countesse of Wemyss concerning her two daughters, heires to her late husband the Earle of Buccleughe, that the educacion of them may be intrusted and continued to her vntill they atteyne vnto the age of eleaven or twelue yeares respectively, which seemes to vs to be very reasonable, her Ladyship’s relacion to those heires being such as none can be presumed to be more fitt and meete for that trust, nor that wilbe more carefull in the mannagement thereof; and therefore we cannot but recomend the same to your consideracion, and rest

‘Your loveing Freind,

‘OLIVER, P.’

This decision of the Protector was accepted and confirmed

by the tutors, and the designs of Lord Tweeddale were, for the time, defeated.

But the marriage of the young Countess was the object of intrigues quite as reprehensible on the part of her mother, and of her confidant, Gideon Scott of Highchester. Their scheme was to marry the child, as soon as possible, to a son of Highchester who was then in his fifteenth year, and so to get possession of the property pending the minority of the bride. Several other matrimonial proposals were afloat, but these were set aside. The boy was taken to Wemyss on his way to the College at St. Andrew's, and seems to have won the affections of the young lady, who was already in bad health, having 'beine often subject to seiknes some yeires past and 'having a running sore in her arm yet under cure.' Lord Wemyss and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs obtained from the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy a dispensation of public banns 'because of some necessary exigence' asserted by them; and on February 9, 1659, the marriage was solemnised in the parish church of Wemyss by the minister, the bride being a minor little over eleven years of age, and the bridegroom barely fourteen. No sooner was the fact known than the opposing tutors took measures to set aside the marriage. The young Countess was brought to Edinburgh, and being privately interrogated by the judges declared her own free choice of her husband, avowed the consummation of the marriage, and affirmed her resolution of adhering thereto. The Presbytery of Kirkcaldy was attacked for having granted a dispensation of banns, though this was held by the Synod of Fife not to be contrary to any known Act of the Kirk; but the commissary, Sir John Nisbet of Dirlston, a famous lawyer, dissolved the marriage on April 20 on the ground that the Countess of Buccleuch was a pupil within the age of twelve years, which made it void in law. Previous to this decision, on February 26, fifteen days after the marriage, the Commissioners of Public Affairs of Scotland, acting for Richard Cromwell, then Protector, had sequestrated the person of the young Countess and placed her in charge of Lady Lorne, but she was afterwards removed, at the desire of Lady Wemyss, to Dalkeith, and transferred to the custody of General Monk. Lady Wemyss was already acting as the medium of communication between Monk and the party who were concerting measures for the restoration of Charles II., so that she carried on simultaneously the matrimonial and the political intrigues centering at Dalkeith, and Monk himself was very much in her power.

During her solitary residence at Dalkeith the young Countess continued to write in the most affectionate terms to her husband. On the very day of the sequestration she wrote :

‘Edin. 26 Feb.

‘Dier Heart,—I am in very good health, and sell be most glead always to hier the sam from you. Be asoored all the aloorments in the world sall never chang me from being

‘Your most affectionat

‘MARIE BUCCLEUCH.’

Her letters, which Mr. Fraser has published, were sealed with a heart surmounted by a coronet, two roses on a single stem over two hands clasped, with the motto, ‘*Thus crowned, we flourish.*’ Nor was personal access denied; her husband frequently visited her. The end may easily be foreseen. On August 31, 1659, the Countess completed her twelfth year, and on September 2, in presence of General Monk and others, the parties ratified and declared their marriage *per verba de presenti*, which thus became entirely valid.

The intrigues by which the Earl of Rothes, Lady Wemyss’ brother, obtained the gift of ward and marriage over the children, are related with great legal particularity by Mr. Fraser, but they would not interest our readers. More touching is the account of the young bride’s deplorable health. The malady in her arm still remained uncured. In April 1660 a consultation of ten physicians and chyrurgeons was held, who reported that the disease was of a ‘heterogeneous nature, viz. ‘pituite and sharp serosities flowing from the unequale distemper of the bones in their contrarie action.’ It was the age of Molière, but it was also the age of faith! The patient was brought up to London with great difficulty to be ‘touched’ by the King, who had just been restored to his throne, and in June 1660 she wrote :

‘My dearest Hart,—I am in verie good healt, and my aerme looks verie weel : we thing the vertou of his Magstie tuch is lieck to cause the frash boon cast out the roton. Presnt my sarvise to my suit brothers and sisters and to all good frinds there.

‘Your real

‘MARIE BUCCLEUCH.’

‘To the Earll of Buccleuch.

‘To be left at Mistris Merry, at Edinburgh, Scotland.’

Charles II. did not recognise the title thus given to young Highchester in right of his wife, but on September 4 he created him Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras *for the days of his natural life*. In the great debate on life-peerages which took place some years ago, we do not remember that this

(Scotch) precedent was cited; but the case is a remarkable one.

Meanwhile the health of the young Countess continued to decline, and on March 11, 1661, she died at Wester Wemyss, at the age of little more than thirteen years and six months, the victim of her great inheritance and a very bad constitution. The last will and testament of this poor child was the subject of as many and as scandalous intrigues as her marriage had been. In May 1660 she had made a will by which Highchester was appointed sole executor and universal legatee, with bequests of money to the Earls of Rothes, Wemyss, and Tweeddale. But five weeks before she died, on February 2, 1661, she signed a will of a totally different character, from which her husband was entirely excluded, and the Earls of Rothes and Wemyss appointed sole executors and universal legatees. How this will was obtained will never be known; but the testatrix was in all but the last stage of weakness, and these dispositions were entirely contrary to the known affection she bore her husband. Such an instrument naturally gave rise to fresh disputes and litigation. It threw the whole interest in the Buccleuch estates into the hands of Lady Wemyss' brother, but that intriguing lady herself derived little benefit from it, for Lord Rothes contrived to outwit her, as she had outwitted others. Lord Tarras never obtained even the advantages secured to him by his marriage contract, and, having taken part in 1684 in the plots for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, he was tried for treason and condemned to be executed. The sentence, however, was merely formal, and he was rehabilitated in his honours and lands by James II. in 1687. The Lords Polwarth, heads of the Scotts of Harden, are lineally descended from Lord Tarras by his second marriage with Helen Hepburn of Humbie, who brought the estate of Humbie into that family.

This is Mr. Fraser's account of the matter. But we have reason to believe that the conspiracy in which Lord Tarras was implicated was Argyle's abortive expedition to the west of Scotland in 1685, and that he betrayed his associates in that enterprise, and merely saved his own life. James II. was not given to grant pardons to his enemies, except upon a valuable consideration. Lord Tarras subsequently acquired the lands of Minto in Roxburghshire, which he retained for a short time, but he died in 1693, and these lands were sold, in 1703, to the Elliot family, who have continued to hold them to the present time.

The death of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, left but one

surviving child of the last Earl Francis, the Lady Anna Scott, who was ten years old when she succeeded to the rank and estates of her father and sister. Her life was, at least, a protracted one; she was destined to survive trials of no ordinary intensity; she lived in the reigns of six sovereigns, and the widow of Monmouth is immortalised alike by history and by song. At Moor Park* and at Dalkeith she reigned like a princess; but she lived in England more than in Scotland, though she professed that her heart ever remained entirely Scottish. Her second marriage, to Lord Cornwallis, which took place three years after the execution of Monmouth, appears not to have affected her mode of life, and she retained for the greater part of a century a rare dignity, enhanced by the purity of her reputation and the vigour of her intellect. Grammont said of her that ‘she possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was so deficient.’

No sooner was her sister dead than the same intrigues for the marriage of the heiress of the Buccleuch began again. But Lady Wemyss was equal to the occasion. Mistrusting alike her brother, who had obtained the gift of ward and marriage of the Countess Anna, and most of the other tutors, she wrote at once to the King. Her letter is lost, but its purport may be divined from the following answer, which is in the handwriting of Charles II. The original is at Wemyss Castle.

Madame,—I have receaved your letter of the 28th May, by William Fleming, and am very sensible of the affection which you shew to me in the offer you make concerning the Countess of Buccleuch, which I do accepte most willingly, and the rather for the relation she hath to you. I will in a shorte time send more particularly to you about settling that whole affaire, which I looke upon now as my own interest. In the meane while, I must thanke you again for it, and be most assured that I am, Madam,

‘Your very affectionate frinde,

‘CHARLES R.

‘Whitehall, 4th June, 1661.

‘For the Countess of Wemyss.’

Lady Wemyss replied six weeks later :

‘Most Sacrad Soueraing,—I reseued your Majestie’s most gracious letir, and by the expressions thereof acount myself mor hapie then anie thing els in the world cowld have maid me. I sell

* Moor Park, near Watford, now the seat of Lord Ebury, was her favourite residence. The house was rebuilt by a rich army contractor in the last century, but the oaks in the park still remain as they were planted two centuries ago, and the tradition is that the Duchess ordered them to be *pollarded* after Monmouth lost his head.

wat for your Majestie's further comands consarning that perticular, as becometh,

‘Dread Souerain,
‘Your Majestie's most devoted and humble Servant,
‘MARGARET WEMYSS.

‘Elcho, 25 July, 1661.

‘For the King's most Sacred Majestie.’

And so it came to pass that the marriage of Anna, Countess of Buccleuch, to Monmouth was arranged, without, as Monmouth ever afterwards declared, the slightest reference to the parties concerned. He maintained even on the scaffold that such a marriage of a boy of fourteen to an unknown child of twelve excused his passion for Lady Henrietta Wentworth and the irregularities of his life. But of such consequences neither Charles II. nor Lady Wemyss was likely to take account.

Mr. Burton states in his ‘History of Scotland’* that ‘the adjustment of the business connected with this alliance brought Rothes and Lauderdale in personal communings of great length with the king.’ It would appear from the letters we have just quoted that the alliance was far more summarily adjusted, not by Rothes, but by the direct appeal of Lady Wemyss to the king.

The marriage was of course postponed until the Countess Anna had completed her twelfth year, which was on February 11, 1663. On the 14th of that month the King created his son—who had been previously knighted under the name of Sir James *Scott* (not Stuart), Baron Scott of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. As the patent was first prepared for the barony, the title was ‘Fotheringay;’ but that was an ominous word to a descendant of Queen Mary, and Charles changed it. Shortly afterwards Monmouth was elected a Knight of the Garter, and on the day of his marriage, April 20, 1663, he was created Duke of Buccleuch. It is remarkable that the English patent of Monmouth recites only the abilities and high promise of the youth; the Scotch patent of Buccleuch describes him as the King's natural son.†

* Vol. vii. p. 467.

† The patent runs: ‘Cumque nobis maxime spes affulgeat nobilis et serenæ indolis dilecti nostri filii naturalis Jacobi Monmouthæ Ducis, atque adeo quantum nobis postea in rebus et negotiis nostris Scoticanis (ubi emolumentum ejus proprium non parum elucescit) prodesse poterit, has ob causas &c.’ It is a mistake in ‘Burke's Peerage’ to state that this patent included the Duchess; a re-grant was made in 1666 to Monmouth, his spouse, and the longest liver of them, and to their heirs.

In spite of the extreme youth of the parties, seldom has life smiled more brightly on a married pair. They inspired the well-known lines of Dryden :

‘Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.

With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed,
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.’

But the dawn was soon overcast. Monmouth was cold, indifferent, dissipated, and faithless. His chief services were rendered in the Low Countries, or in Scotland, apart from his wife. In commanding the operations against the insurgents at Bothwell Brigg he showed a merciful disposition, for it was undoubtedly Monmouth who authorised Lord Melville to offer them terms of submission :

‘The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
To battle, deemed his cause the cause of Heaven ;
Unskilled in arms, with ceaseless courage stood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood.’

No children came of this intempestive marriage (as the French would call it) until ten years after it had taken place. The eldest son of Monmouth and the Duchess was born in 1673, but he died in infancy ; a second son, born in 1674, died in 1705. He was known as the Earl of Dalkeith, married the second daughter of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and was the father of the second Duke of Buccleuch. Many more followed, but the old Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth survived all her eight children.

The character and the fate of the Duke of Monmouth have been described with inimitable skill by Lord Macaulay, and it would be a vain attempt to repeat the tale. But perhaps the great historian has dwelt too strongly on the weakness displayed by the unhappy Duke after his capture. There exists a contemporary manuscript among the Buccleuch muniments, being a copy of a letter subscribed with the initials ‘J. F.,’ which gives a minute account of the closing scenes of Monmouth’s life, evidently by an eye-witness. Many of the details are so faithfully related by Lord Macaulay that we suppose he must have seen a copy of this paper, though he does not refer to it. But there are some touches in it which the reader will not be sorry to see in the original language of the writer.

On the same night that Monmouth was taken to the Tower

the Duchess, who seems never to have neglected a duty of her life, obtained leave from the King to visit him. She was accompanied by the Lord Privy Seal to watch their conversation. Monmouth saluted her and told her he was very glad to see her, but addressed most of his discourse to the minister. He had not yet given up all hope of pardon. The Duchess interrupted him to ask whether she had ever had the least notice or correspondence with him on these matters, or had assented to or approved his conduct for the last four years. He replied in the negative; and in fact they had not even corresponded during his last residence in Holland. This meeting took place on Sunday. He was executed on Wednesday. The last meeting and farewell with his wife and children took place on the morning of that day. It is thus described:

‘His behaviour all the tyme was brave and unmoved, and even dureing the last conversatione and farewell with his ladie and children, which was the mourningest scene in the world, and noe bystanderes could see it without melting in teares, he did not show the least conservedness. He declared before all the companie how averse his Duches had bein to all his irregular courses, that she had never bein uneasie to him on any occasione whatsoever but about women and his faillying of dutie to the leat King. And that she knew nothing of his last designe, not haveing heard from himself a year before, which was his owen fault, and noe unkyndness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letteres to him. In that he gave her the kyndest character that could be, and beged her pardone of his many faillyeings and offences to her, and prayed her to continow her kyndnes and caire to his poor childeren. At this expressione she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of teares, and beged him to pardone her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him, and imbraceing his knees, fell into a sound, out of which they had much adoe to raise her up in a good whyll after. A little before his childeren were brought to him, all crying about him. But he acquitt himself of these last adews with much composednes and sinceritie of temper, shewing nothing of weaknes or unmanlienes.

‘About ten a’clock he was carried out of the Tower in coach, and after haveing passed the bridge was delyvered into the Sherif’s hands, who led him alonge up to the scaffold. Noe man observed more couradge, resolutione, and unconcernednes in him any tyme before then appeired in him all the whyll he walked on the scaffold, whyll he mounted the scaffold, and whyll he acted the last pairt upon it. As he walked to it all the horse and foot guards were drawen up round about the scaffold on Tower Hill. He saluted the guards and smyled upon them. When he was upon it, the Sherif asked him if he had anything to saye. He told him he was never good at the makeing of speeches, and would not begine now, for he was sure he would not be heard, and if he were it would signifie nothing.’

Charles II. always treated his young daughter-in-law with the greatest kindness and affection. She was one of the ornaments of his Court. Pepys saw her at a ball at Whitehall in 1666, 'excellently dressed in rich petticoat and gown with diamonds and pearl.' Evelyn dined with her and Monmouth at Lord Arlington's, and recorded that she was 'one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and had much wit.' Her handwriting, even at the age of twelve, denotes a strong and even masculine character, which she supported through life. These volumes contain a multitude of letters from her to Lord Melville, who managed her affairs in Scotland; they all bear the stamp of good sense and resolution. The right of the Duchess herself to the Buccleuch honours was not affected by the attainder of her husband; but to secure the descent to her children a new grant was made under the Great Seal in April 1687, which was ratified by Parliament in 1693. From that date to the present time the title has descended in the regular male line; but it is remarkable that in 216 years there have been only five Dukes of Buccleuch, and the present accomplished nobleman, who is fifth in succession from Monmouth, has enjoyed his title for sixty years, having succeeded his father in 1819.

Little remains to be said of the intermediate Dukes of Buccleuch, except that Henry, the third Duke, had Adam Smith for his travelling tutor, and cultivated the literary society of Edinburgh. He was a member of the 'Poker' Club, whose traditions are not quite extinct in our northern metropolis, and he was the first President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He married in 1767 Lady Elizabeth Montague, only daughter of the fourth Earl of Cardigan, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day—and her day was a long one, for she lived till the year 1827, and we ourselves can well remember to have seen this venerable Duchess of Buccleuch seated on the grassy slopes of her villa at Richmond, on the banks of the Thames, on a summer's evening to watch the City barges and skiffs that floated by. But that was before the day of steamboats, steam launches and outriggers.

It does not become us in this place to enlarge on the personal qualities of the excellent nobleman who has so well fulfilled all the duties of his great station as head of the House of Buccleuch in our own times. But we are indebted to his liberality for the princely volumes before us, which could not have been produced without unusual cost and labour. They are copiously illustrated throughout with views and portraits, fac-similes of letters and autographs, which are of the highest

interest; and the second volume contains a vast collection of charters and correspondence on which our limits forbid us to touch. This is a lasting service done to history and literature, but it is not one of the greatest services Scotland owes to Walter, Duke of Buccleuch. Although we have not the good fortune to reckon him as one of the supporters of the Liberal party in politics, no man has shown on great occasions a more honourable liberality of sentiment and conduct. We shall never forget that in the autumn of 1845, when Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was broken up by the secession of Lord Derby and several other Protectionist members of the Cabinet, the Duke of Buccleuch, like the Duke of Wellington, stuck to the sinking ship, took a higher office in the Government, and helped from patriotic motives to carry the great measure of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, although his personal feelings and supposed interests were opposed to it. That was an act of self-sacrifice and public duty which has not often been surpassed. The Duke never again returned to ministerial office, though he has continued to exercise a great and sometimes too exclusive Tory influence over the peerage of Scotland, in which both parties ought to be more fairly represented. But no Scotchman and no Scottish journal can fail to recognise in the universal respect and attachment of the people of this part of the island for the Duke of Buccleuch, a just acknowledgment of his merits as a good landlord, a liberal improver of his vast estates, and a friend of progress and toleration. The works accomplished by him at Granton alone would in any other country have been deemed 'imperial' and worthy kings; and no man has had more at heart the prosperity and welfare of his countrymen. Sixty years had elapsed from the '45 to the date of his birth; sixty years have elapsed from his accession to the title till the present time. What amazing changes has Scotland witnessed in those intervals! How strange and instructive is the contrast between the wild or uncouth records of her old nobility, and the refinement and activity of modern life! To have borne a useful part in the advancement of one's country, and to have earned her gratitude, is not to have lived in vain.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Evolution of Man, a Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny* From the German of ERNST HAECKEL. 2 vols. London: 1879.

2. *Anthropogenie, oder Entwicklungs-Geschichte des Menschen.* Von ERNST HAECKEL, Professor an der Universität Jena. Zweite unveränderte Auflage. Leipzig: 1874.

3. *Natürliche Schöpfungs-Geschichte, Vorträge über die Entwicklungslehre.* Von ERNST HAECKEL. Fünfte verbesserte Auflage. Berlin: 1874.

4. *The Geographical Distribution of Animals, with a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as elucidating the past Changes of the Earth's Surface.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. 2 vols. London: 1876.

5. *The Human Species.* By A. DE QUATREFAGES, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. London: 1879.

WE have placed these works at the head of the present article, because they contain the latest and the most strenuous expression of opinions on either side in the great controversy of the origin of man which has been revived by Mr. Charles Darwin's writings. Professor Haeckel is the most decided and advanced partisan of the system of evolution we have encountered. He absolutely rejects all design in creation and all purpose in the universe. He concedes exclusive dominion to the mechanical conception of all existing things. He therefore reduces what he calls the germ-history of man to the purest materialism, with all its consequences. We should probably be doing Mr. Charles Darwin some injustice if we held him responsible for all the extravagances which have been preached in Germany in his name. In France the case is different. The countrymen of Buffon and Cuvier have not lent so ready an ear to the new faith, and M. de Quatrefages, whose name stands as high as that of any living anthropologist, supplies us with very solid arguments against it. We must refer our readers, if they desire to master the anatomical details of the problem, to these works themselves. It is not our intention critically to review them. We desire rather to point out, on broader philosophical grounds, how very slight and insufficient the basis is on which so vast a superstructure has been raised; and by what a strange perversion and misuse

of the reasoning faculties man is called upon to abdicate whatever most distinguishes him from the brutes.

Science, in the abstract, consists essentially in two departments—of *fact*, and of *inference*. Under whatsoever head it may be ranged, with whatsoever subject it may be concerned, it must have a foundation in some fact or facts, constituting in itself a science, without regard to any superstructure that might be built upon it. The knowledge, and, in a still higher degree, the discovery of facts is alone sufficient to constitute a legitimate title to that appellation. But these facts may be made the basis of conclusions, the truth or fallacy of which is altogether independent of that of the facts from which they are deduced. The facts may be decidedly true, and the conclusions from them as decidedly false. It is scarcely necessary to remark that, in this case, the result could have no real claim to be called a science at all, in a legitimate sense of the word. It might catch the public mind for a while, and, being received as true, would take its place among the recognised sciences of the age; but when the fallacy was detected, as it is sure to be sooner or later, it would gradually drop out of the category of sciences, and be consigned to the limbo of effete and obsolete speculations.

Now these two departments of science, affecting severally the realms of fact and of inference, have direct relation to two entirely different faculties of the human intellect—the faculties respectively of *observation*, and of *ratiocination* or *reasoning*, faculties very rarely to be found united in equal degrees, to any great extent, in the same individual. They are, in fact, the distinctive characteristics of two different classes of men, regarded with reference to their intellectual endowments. The man of observation, prone to notice and apt to discern the peculiarities of form and substance, all, in short, that comes within the cognisance of the senses, is by no means equally apt to discern or competent to appreciate the conclusions to which they are calculated to conduce; while, on the other hand, the man of reasoning, accustomed to deal with the suggestions of the mind rather than of the senses, prone to speculation rather than to experiment, is comparatively unfitted for the more matter-of-fact employment of investigation and research. Both classes of minds and of men are equally essential to the progress of scientific discovery, though it cannot be said that both stand upon the same level in the estimation of their respective faculties. The faculty of observation, important as it is, is a faculty common, not merely to all men, but more or

less to all animated beings, whereas the faculty of reasoning, at least in its higher grades, is peculiar to man alone.

We have been led to these reflections by consideration of the circumstances of the case as regards our own position at the present time—in the crisis of a great scientific development, or one claiming to be such, involving some of the highest interests by which the human race is capable of being affected. The science of natural history, in its essence a science simply of facts, has been gradually extending its boundaries more and more into the domain of logical induction, undertaking to account for the state of things in the material world by means of the ordinary laws of nature, which we have otherwise been accustomed to ascribe to the independent operation of a Great Creative Power. Tracing (hypothetically) the growth of all substantial forms from a common origin in elemental matter, whether of different kinds, or, as it is now affirmed to be, only one, at present subsisting in the condition of a gas (the hydrogen), it has, or assumes to have, built up the whole fabric of the universe, organic and inorganic, without the necessary intervention of other agency than that of the properties with which matter itself is essentially invested.

In this description, it will be observed, are included two distinct positions, distinct not merely in respect of their subject, regarded in the abstract, but of their relation to the popular faith, as just adverted to. The construction of the universe (apart from its organic occupants) by the simple operation of the laws or powers of nature, is by no means necessarily opposed to the hypothesis of a great first cause. It is not till we come to the higher department of organic, and especially of animal, existence, that we meet what constitutes in the minds of many strong grounds of objection to a theory which makes life a natural function of inert matter, and man an ordinary development of the brute creation.

It is true that these, which may be called the extreme points of the theory in question in its relation to the animal world, are not necessary features of the case. There are those among the professed votaries of development by evolution who do not accept, or at least insist upon, either of the formulæ above enunciated—the endowment of inanimate matter with vital functions, or the comprehension of man in the same category with the rest of the animal kingdom—but are content, on the one hand, to deduce the stream of life from an already animated organism, however constituted; and, on the other, to conclude

it in the highest species of the brute creation, without impeachment of an independent origin for the human race. Such, we believe, in respect of one or the other or both of these conditions, are the opinions of Dr. Gray, Professors Owen and Dana, Sir W. Thomson, Darwin, Carpenter, and several others of equal celebrity.

And truly, with such authorities to the fore, we should hesitate to occupy the space at our disposal with a critical examination of, at any rate, the first of the points in question—the evolution of an animated being out of inanimate matter—seeing that we have the concurrent testimony of all the parties concerned to the non-existence of any practical proof of such a consummation. There was a time, indeed, when such an effect was actually relied upon. We allude to the experiments of Mr. Cross some forty years ago, resulting in the alleged production of a certain insect in a solution of silicate of potash by the agency of electricity. But the allegation turned out to be a mistake, and has long since been unanimously discredited. No case of what is called the *generatio æquivoca*—the creation of a living being otherwise than by the process of generation proper to the kind—has ever been realised. To borrow the language of one of the most uncompromising defenders of the theory of development by evolution, Professor Huxley, ‘At the present moment there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis [non-living generation] does take place, or has taken place, within the period during which the existence of the globe is recorded.’* Upon the ground, then, of these conclusions, we have no hesitation in dispensing with this particular as an element in the discussion, and considering the theory in question simply in its application to the already animated tribes.

With regard to the theory itself as thus restricted, the principle upon which it is founded—namely, that of a gradual alteration of organic forms by physical forces operating through successive generations—is, though in a sense new, yet not peculiar to the present phase of the question. It is new, in so far as it is not directly, however it may be virtually, included in the ancient philosophy of Anaximander, Democritus, and Epicurus, digested into a connected system by Lucretius; whose theory of the creation or production of existing beings was the only representative of what might be termed the mechanical, as opposed to the religious, view of the matter up to a comparatively recent period. Upon the revival, however, of

* ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ art. *Biology*, p. 689, Ninth Edition.

the study of natural history, about the epoch of the great French Revolution, the principle itself was directly propounded by Lamarck ; its mode of operation, distinguished by the name of *appetency*, being assumed to be the result of the effort of the individual, continued through succeeding generations, to attain some physical end ; as in the case of swine striving to reach with their snout the overhanging branches, which is supposed to cause its elongation into the form of that of the tapir, and ultimately of the trunk of the elephant. It cannot, indeed, be said that this explanation ever had a popular acceptance, both because of its manifold deficiencies within its own proper sphere,* and its total inapplicability to the vegetable kingdom, in which the same conditions of specific difference prevail, equally requiring to be accounted for ; but, above all, because of the objection, common to all schemes founded upon the principle of a development by *insensible degrees*—namely, that no vestige is anywhere discoverable of any of the multitudinous races of animals forming the connecting links between the surviving species, which must have existed if such had been the mode of their production.

It was in consideration of this particular objection, and with a special view to its avoidance, that the next attempt to solve the question of development by evolution was made, about five-and-thirty years since, by the author of the ‘*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*,’ which certainly experienced no such lack of popular favour, as many of our readers can vouch for themselves, and was attested by the numerous editions of the work which rapidly succeeded each other within the few years immediately following its publication. Nor is this at all to be wondered at ; for, apart from the main point at issue, few works then before the public contained a greater variety of new and interesting observations in an interesting department of science, ingeniously arrayed and familiarly represented.*

We have said that it was with a special view to a particular objection essentially attaching to the condition of a progression by insensible degrees, that this work was composed ; and it is in the manner in which that objection is encountered that its chief merit, or rather title to distinction, properly consists.

* This work was published anonymously, and has so continued to be issued ever since. In the great catalogue of the British Museum, however, it is expressly assigned to Robert Chambers, upon what authority we are unaware. The book was reviewed at great length and with much ability by the late Professor Sedgwick in the eighty-second volume of this Journal—a name certainly second to none amongst the scientific authorities of his day.

And this is the more important to be noticed, that it is almost invariably overlooked in all discussions upon the subject both by friends and foes. Conscious of the inherent imperfection of a scheme of development upon such a principle, arising from the non-existence of the various beings or races of beings by which the passage of one species into another of those actually surviving must in that case have been carried out, the author of the 'Vestiges' assumes an evolution of another description; not by insensible degrees, but as it were by sudden *strides*, following each other at regular intervals, in accordance with a natural law to that particular effect; each species continuing the reproduction of its own kind for a definite number of times requiring ages for their accomplishment, and then giving birth *at once* to the species next in the scale above it.

Such is the principle of the theory of development propounded by the author of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' to the establishment of which the various facts and speculations, constituting the substance of that part of the work which concerns the animal kingdom, are especially directed. Into the details of these facts and speculations it will not be necessary here to enter; simply because, whether true or false, there is sufficient evidence in the conditions of the case itself, as thus propounded, to determine their incompetency to sustain the conclusion they are designed to support. Admitting it were possible for animals to produce the infant progeny of the species next above them in the scale of development, insurmountable obstacles would yet remain to be encountered in the subsequent treatment of them. Few animals are so constituted as to be able to take charge of any offspring but their own. An ape might be supposed to give birth to a human infant; but without a superior influence to modify its natural constitution, amounting to as great a change in the parent as in the offspring, it could never rear it to maturity. Granted that its milk were suitable for the lactation of a human progeny, it could never continue the supply long enough to satisfy the requirements of its novel charge. The infant ape is able to take care of itself after a few months in all cases; but it is many years before a child, left to itself, as it would be virtually in a community of apes as at present constituted, could avoid starvation.

But the theory of development by evolution was not doomed to extinction by the insufficiency of the previous exposition of its principles. Scarcely had the scheme of the author of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation' passed the climax of its ascendancy, and begun to fall into comparative neg-

lect, when a fresh impetus was given to the subject by the writings and discoveries of Mr. Charles Darwin. To what an extent this impetus has prevailed is attested by a world-wide popularity and by the identification of the principle itself with the name of its illustrious promoter. Wherever literature holds its sway *Darwinism* is a household word, and its doctrine more or less familiarly discussed. Yet more than this; if we were held to judge from the present state of the controversy to which it has given rise, the comparative numbers, skill, and confidence of those by whom it is respectively defended and opposed, we should be bound to confess that the palm, if not of victory in a combat which is not yet concluded, at least of superiority, was fairly assignable to the former. Such results as these certainly could not have been realised without a very large measure of apparent validity in the doctrine itself, as well as of verisimilitude in the arguments by which it is supported—in other words, of correctness in the conclusions, as of truth in the facts from which they are deduced. And as the latter of these conditions may, in a general sense, be said to be beyond the reach of question—for we have no hesitation in admitting the truth of all the facts to which the venerable author has given the sanction of his authority—it is to the former alone, the correctness of the conclusions drawn from them, that all controversy upon the subject is literally confined. With the facts our only concern is to understand them that we may be able to reason from them. Our business is with the conclusions, to test their correctness in accordance with the recognised principles of right reasoning, that error may be eliminated and truth secured.

With this object in view it is, in the first place, necessary to observe that there is nothing in the main principle of the Darwinian theory but what is implied in all the schemes previously alluded to, with the exception of that particular qualification of development by *sudden strides*, characteristic of the ‘*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.’ In all alike there is the same general condition of a gradual alteration of organic forms by physical forces in successive generations, leading to the establishment of new and improved kinds or *species* of animals, culminating in that of man. It is not, therefore, in the main principle of the theory that its peculiarity consists, but in the means by which it is supposed to be realised—the efficient cause or causes of that alteration in the constitution of the animal tribes upon which their progressive improvement is assumed to be accounted for. This instrumentality was at first supplied in the theory of Dr. Darwin by the ‘*struggle for life*,’

occasioning the disappearance from the scene of the feeblest and the 'survival of the fittest' to carry on the race. The notion is a striking one; and with the advocacy of its able author, his charming style, and the interesting illustrations by which it was supported, naturally produced a powerful impression upon the public mind. A little consideration, however, gradually weakened the first effect. It was presently observed that such a description was only properly applicable to a certain class of animals—the *polygamous*, in which one male in the herd or flock assumes possession of all the females; and to that class but imperfectly, making no account of the females, whose influence in determining the condition of the offspring is at least equal to that of the males.

For this, and perhaps other reasons of a more recondite character (to which we shall hereafter have occasion to advert), it was obvious to many, and to none more clearly than to its astute author himself, that something more than the mere 'struggle for life' was necessary to sustain the theory of a development of the species by evolution. This *desideratum* was accordingly supplied by the subvention of another principle—the principle of 'selection in relation to sex,' in which the required conditions of a progressive improvement are assumed to be fulfilled by the disposition of the female to choose for her mate the most perfect of the opposite sex. How far this assumption is correct we shall shortly take occasion to consider. Such as it is, however, it constitutes virtually, with the preceding, the sum of all that has been hitherto advanced by Dr. Darwin himself in support of the theory in question.

We have said the *sum*, because it is mainly to the establishment of these two principles that the voluminous and interesting contributions of the author are devoted, and in them conjointly that the pith of the whole argument on his part consists. And we say this advisedly, notwithstanding the avowed pretensions and unquestionable merits of another publication, the 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication;' for we cannot admit that anything deducible from such premises can have any application in the case before us. What we are here concerned to determine is the effect of the operation of the laws of nature in the state of nature; and this cannot be affected by anything that could be achieved in a state in which those laws are superseded by *un-natural* restraints. The conditions of existence in a state of domestication, whereinsoever they differ from those in the state of nature, are by their very definition peculiar to the state of which they are predicated, and consequently out of place in an argument that con-

cerns the ages which preceded the advent and dominion of man. Granted the very utmost that is sought to be established by such means, even to the extent of the actual production of a new species—and nothing of this kind is pretended to—it would leave the question of development by evolution (in the abstract) wholly untouched.

With regard to the two propositions upon which the Darwinian theory essentially depends, we have already alluded to an apparent objection to the first mentioned, the ‘struggle for life,’ and which is indeed equally predicable of the other, the principle of ‘selection in relation to sex’—namely, that it is limited in its application to certain classes of animals, and those neither the most numerous nor the most important. For we confess we cannot understand how either of them could be supposed to prevail at all in at least one whole department of animal life—the *aquatic*. Surely there is but scant room for the hypothesis of a ‘struggle for life,’ and still less for that of ‘selection in relation to sex,’ among fishes! And these, with the other denizens of the deep, constitute more than one-half of the animal kingdom. But there is yet another point of view in regard of which both the conditions in question are obviously inadequate to the conclusion that is built upon them—namely, that it is only in the already advanced stages of animal subsistence that they come into operation at all. The ‘struggle for life’ and ‘selection in relation to sex’ could have no scope for exercise among the lower forms of life; many of them without the power of locomotion, incapable of either seeking their food or choosing their mates. And yet these are, in the theory before us, the foundation of the animal superstructure, comprising the earlier stages of that progressive development which by those means is supposed to be accomplished.

Upon the whole we think it must be confessed that it is not so much to the peculiar features of the theory as propounded by Dr. Darwin that it is indebted for its success, as to the general principle of the theory itself, brought more vividly before the public by his deep research and felicitous exposition, seconded by the ingenious suggestions of succeeding commentators. The hypotheses of the ‘struggle for life’ and of ‘selection in relation to sex’ can, in fact, only be regarded as having set the stone a-rolling, which has been kept in motion ever since by the force of its own inherent qualifications, and the contributions of others in pursuance of the same design. And to these qualifications and contributions, accordingly, must our attention be directed, if we would form a just esti-

mate of the merits of the question we have undertaken to investigate.

In a general survey of the animal kingdom, if there be one thing more than another calculated to strike the observant mind, it is the wonderful variety of forms under which the vital principle is manifested, constituting what are technically denominated *species*, in number roughly estimated at 120,000, and, as regards corporeal dimensions, of all sizes, extending in apparently unbroken series from the minutest germs of life, the microscopic animalcule, up to the lordly elephant and the majestic whale. A further consideration, aided by the scalpel of the anatomist, reveals the fact that this vast body of animated nature is constructed upon more than one definite type or model—very few, indeed, compared with the number of the species founded upon them; being, in the system of Cuvier, limited to four, giving rise to as many different classes, or, as they are technically termed, *sub-kingdoms*: namely, I. VERTEBRATA, animals with an osseous or bony skeleton—as the mammalia, birds, fishes, reptiles; II. MOLLUSCA, soft-bodied animals, not constructed upon a rigid framework—as the nautilus, oysters, slugs, &c.; III. ARTICULATA, jointed animals, whose members are enclosed in, and connected by, an indurated covering—as lobsters, beetles, spiders, &c.; and IV. RADIATA, animals whose members are symmetrically disposed around a common centre—as the star-fish, echinus, medusa, &c.; to which recent physiologists have added one or more to comprehend certain of the lowest forms of life, which are held to be insufficiently provided for in the system of Cuvier. Within the limits of each of these sub-kingdoms, all the objects respectively included exhibit the characteristics of the type to which they belong, variously modified to suit the requirements of the different species; the organs, for instance, constituting the arms and legs of the terrestrial mammalia being resolved, the former into the wings in birds, and both into the fins in fishes. To such an extent is this typical conformity maintained that, in certain classes of animals, organs which are externally deficient are found imperfectly developed in their internal framework, as in the case of the ophidian reptiles, serpents, &c., in which the places assignable to the arms and legs in other animals are occupied by rudimental representatives of those organs imbedded in the surrounding tissues.

With these indications of relationship between the various members of the animal kingdom (without reference to any other evidences in the same behalf), it is no matter of wonder

that men of inquiring minds should have come to the conclusion of a common origin to all the members of at least the same sub-kingdom; relying upon extraneous circumstances, operating through successive generations, to account for the apparently slight differences between the adjacent members in a series representing the order in which they are supposed to have been produced. The validity of this conclusion, however, so far as regards the evidence upon which it is here founded, is, as in the case of all conclusions founded upon circumstantial evidence, entirely dependent upon the condition that there be no other equally reasonable mode of accounting for the phenomena in question. It disappears altogether in view of the fact that just the same state of things would be predicable in the case of a creation according to the vulgar hypothesis of an exercise of the divine power. Considering the mass of animal life to be dealt with, amounting, as just observed, to 120,000 different species, it is almost of necessity that they should be formed upon one or more types or models, implying a certain uniformity of character among the members of the same typical construction, which it is not unreasonable to suppose intended to be evidenced in those animals that were apparently the least amenable to it, by the otherwise inexplicable indications of imperfectly developed organs.

That all the objects in each of these sub-kingdoms should be capable of being arranged so as to present the phenomenon of a regular succession of forms, is a necessary consequence of the state of things itself as just described. A number of different things constructed upon one model must be susceptible of such a mode of arrangement, while the objects themselves must, as a matter of course, exhibit individually some of the features belonging to each of the adjacent terms of the series above and below them. Furthermore, that the resemblance thus necessitated between the objects standing next one another in the supposed succession, should be very strong, is merely a consequence, and that an unavoidable one, of the *number* of the species in the same typical department, and has no relation to the nature or mode of production of the objects of which it is predicated. If a number of chairs, for example, be taken, varying in size and construction from the humble three-legged stool to the carved and gilded throne of state, and arranged according to a scale of progressive improvement, the more the interval between the extremes is filled up by the insertion of new ones, the closer will become the resemblance between the contiguous individuals, until the operation is stopped by the difficulty of inventing new forms sufficiently

distinct to entitle them to a separate standing. And thus it is in the case of the animated tribes: nature has supplied them in such lavish profusion in each of the sub-kingdoms, that the whole interval from one extremity to the other is, as it were, filled up, leaving little room for distinction between the several grades into which it is divided.

From these facts, therefore, of a parity of structure, uniformity of succession, and close resemblance of adjacent terms, nothing, it is clear, can be deduced to favour either hypothesis of creation beyond the other. But these, although the most prominent, are not the only, nor even the most plausible, points upon which reliance is placed in support of the theory of a development of the species by evolution. An argument of yet more imposing force is founded upon the consideration of certain changes which the animal form is stated to undergo during its progress from the period of its conception to its final entrance upon the perfect state. It has been observed by modern physiologists that animals, in the course of their germinal history, pass through a series of changes resembling the permanent forms of the various orders of animals inferior to them in the scale.

‘Thus, for instance,’ it is said, ‘an insect standing at the head of the articulated animals is, in the larva state, a true [?] annelid, or worm, the annelida being the lowest in the same class. The embryo of a crab resembles the perfect animal of the inferior order myriapoda, and passes through all the forms of transition which characterise the intermediate tribes of crustacea. The frog, for some time after its birth, is a fish with external gills, and other organs fitting it for an aquatic life, all of which are changed as it advances to maturity and becomes a land animal. The mammifer only passes through still more stages, according to its higher place in the scale. Nor is man himself exempt from this law. His first form is that which is permanent in the animalcule. His organisation gradually passes through conditions generally resembling a fish, a reptile, a bird, and the lower mammalia, before it attains its specific maturity. At one of the last stages of his foetal career, he exhibits an *intermaxillary bone*, which is characteristic of the perfect ape; this is suppressed, and he may then be said to take leave of the simial type, and become a true human creature.’ *

These changes, as regards the heart, are thus concisely represented in Fletcher’s ‘*Rudiments of Physiology*,’ p. 201:—

‘This organ, in the mammalia, consists of four cavities, but in the reptiles only of three, and in fishes of two only, while in the articulated animals it is merely a prolonged tube. Now in the mammal foetus, at

* ‘*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*,’ pp. 158, 159. First Edition.

a certain early stage, the organ has the form of a prolonged tube ; and a human being may be said to have then the heart of an insect. Subsequently it is shortened and widened, and becomes divided by a contraction into two parts, a ventricle and an auricle ; it is now the heart of a fish. A subdivision of the auricle afterwards makes a triple-chambered form, as in the heart of the reptile tribes ; lastly, the ventricle being also subdivided, it becomes a full mammal heart.'

Similar changes are also displayed by the brain during the progress of its development.

'It is a fact,' the same author observes (p. 224), 'that as the brain of every tribe of animals appears to pass, during its development, in succession through the types of all those below it, so the brain of man passes through the types of those of every tribe in the creation. It represents, accordingly, before the second month of utero-gestation, that of an avertebrated animal, at the second month that of an osseous fish, at the third that of a turtle, at the fourth that of a bird, at the fifth that of one of the rodentia, at the sixth that of one of the ruminantia, at the seventh that of one of the digitigrada, at the eighth that of one of the quadrumana ; till at length, at the ninth, it compasses the brain of man !'

Certainly these remarks are exceedingly curious, and even in a sense imposing. The only question is whether they support the conclusion in behalf of which they are adduced. Perhaps it might be held a sufficient answer to this question merely to continue the quotation just recited. 'It is hardly necessary to say that all this is only an approximation to the truth ; since neither is the brain of all osseous fishes, of all turtles, of all birds, nor of all the species of any of the above order of mammals, by any means precisely the same, nor does the brain of the human foetus at any time precisely resemble, perhaps, that of any individual among the lower animals.' With this admission we could hardly be accused of precipitation in withholding our assent from any train of reasoning that could be constructed upon such a foundation. A case which is built upon resemblance can hardly be said to have a standing at all when the resemblance itself is obnoxious to dispute. And what is here stated with reference to the brain is equally applicable to the other points of comparison, the animal in its totality, and the several organs of which it is composed. The resemblance is of that vague and general description which is just sufficient to suggest the comparison, but which disappears when any attempt is made to investigate the details.

That some such resemblance should, in fact, be found to prevail is only what might naturally be expected, considering that each full-grown individual is itself the result of a process

of gradual development from a sizeless and shapeless germ, in which development all its organs equally participate; and that the animals with which it is compared are chosen in a similar order of progressive improvement, however that order be accounted for. In such a case of gradual development it follows, almost as a matter of course, that both the entire animal and all its component members should, in their advance to maturity from a mere *punctum saliens*, exhibit some faint resemblance—and nothing more than this is either predicable or predicated—to the creature or its parts respectively with which they are compared; that the heart, for example, of the higher mammalia should be at first discernible in the form of a single cavity; that, as it increased in magnitude, the microscope should reveal the traces of a *septum* or partition in the direction of its principal subdivision, giving it for the time being the appearance of two cavities instead of one; and that, with a still further enlargement, these two cavities should be found, each of them, to have similar partitions, successively manifested, and all equally included in the constitution of the primitive germ.

But these resemblances, be they never so close, infer no real connexion between the objects thus heterogeneously associated. It is not pretended that the objects compared together are ever entirely alike—that the unborn young of the higher animal is, at any stage of its development, identical with any of the lower animals; but only that some of the features of the one are like the analogous features of the other. Throughout its whole career it has its own features, in which the object with which it is compared is entirely deficient. It never is at any time other than the distinct and appropriate representative of the creature in whose womb it exists. The man born at the seventh month is not a *digitigrade*, whatever may be the construction of his brain; nor is he an ape, notwithstanding his *intermaxillary bone*, whenever he happens to be born at the eighth.

And yet it is entirely upon the basis of this resemblance that most, if not all, of what has since been written in support of the theory before us is virtually founded; as for example the works of Haeckel and others in Germany, where the doctrine of evolution may be said to reign supreme. In none of them is there a pretension to the establishment of any new principle, any new mode of accounting for a development of the species; only multiplied examples of physical resemblances, without any regard to the differences; as if there was a special power in the former, and no countervailing effect whatever in the latter. To deal with the subject in this style is to deal

with it purely as children, whose proper characteristic it is to notice resemblances; not as men, by whom points of difference are alike observed and appreciated.

An argument in favour of development by evolution has of late years been rather confidently assumed upon the ground of the local distribution of the species, the marked peculiarity of the members of the animal kingdom, in the different parts of the world to which they respectively belong. Of the fact itself there is no doubt: the only question is as to the conclusion to be drawn from it. According to those by whom the argument is propounded, the only way in which this question can be satisfactorily resolved is by reference to the principle of the theory before us, operating under the influence of the surrounding circumstances, or *environments*, as they are called, of climate and country. How else, it is contended, can be rationally explained the absolute limitation, not only of species, but of whole genera, yea even of entire orders of animals, to definite portions of the great continents of America, Africa, and Asia, and to the islands of Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, Madagascar, and others of minor account; some of them bearing unmistakeable evidence of different dates of formation, and consequently of occupation by the animal tribes? Surely, it is argued, these peculiarities cannot be supposed to have been the results of a direct intervention of creative power in each particular instance, when so simple a mode of accounting for them is presented in the theory in question as above defined.

The conclusion here advocated is, however, by no means so secure as at first sight it may appear. In the first place, there are contradictions in the premises which are calculated to deprive it of much, if not of all, its force. If the environments be taken to be the cause of the specific characters of the animals, similar environments ought to be productive of similar species. But this is very far from being the case; the greatest difference in respect of species notably prevailing in regions where the grounds for assuming an identity of environments are the most complete. To borrow the language of one of the most determined advocates of development by evolution, by whom, indeed, this particular plea of the relation of species to countries, as evidencing the operation of the environments, has been, if not originally suggested, most prominently insisted upon:—

‘Countries exceedingly similar in climate and all physical features may yet have very distinct animal populations. The equatorial parts of Africa and South America, for example, are very similar in climate, and are both covered with luxuriant forests, yet their animal life is

widely different; elephants, apes, leopards, guinea-fowls, and touracos in the one, are replaced by tapirs, prehensile-tailed monkeys, jaguars, curassows, and toucans in the other. Again, parts of South Africa and Australia are wonderfully similar in their soil and climate; yet one has lions, antelopes, zebras, and giraffes; the other only kangaroos, wombats, phalangers, and mice. In like manner parts of North America and Europe are very similar in all essentials of soil, climate, and vegetation; yet the former has racoons, opossums, and humming-birds, while the latter possesses moles, hedgehogs, and true flycatchers.*

Against the inference naturally deducible from this description, all that the author has to allege (so far as we can perceive) is that there are, or may be, vegetable peculiarities of which we are not cognisant, whereby the influencing causes of specific character may have been diversified so as to give rise to different results. But if this were so, if there were such differences in the vegetable characteristics of the contrasted countries where the environments are otherwise admitted to be the same, would not that of itself constitute a powerful argument against the theory of development by the operation of the environments, which is supposed to be equally applicable to the vegetable as to the animal kingdom? Again, if the environments be taken to be the cause of the diversification of the species, how is it that where the scope for diversity of environments is apparently the least the greater is the variety of the species? We have before observed that there are about 120,000 species of animals; of these more than one-half are aquatic, the inhabitants of seas, lakes, or rivers; to which distinction, combined with temperature, the grounds of diversification seem almost exclusively confined. And then, what is to be said for the multitude of species to be found in the same localities, the same forests, the same jungles, the same lakes, the same streamlets, where there is literally no room for any difference in the environments at all?

But especially is the argument fallacious in respect of the claim for superiority which it assumes in behalf of the theory in question as compared with the alternative scheme of creation by an immediate exercise of divine power as generally understood. Such a claim could, in fact, only have been assumed under a mistaken impression with regard to the scheme with which it was intended to compete. By no consideration of the merits of the case should we be justified in ascribing to a Great First Cause such a mode of proceeding as is here hypothetically asserted. The Architect of the universe could never be

* Wallace's 'Geographical Distribution of Animals,' vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

regarded as applying His creative powers at different epochs and in different places according to the when and the where of their respective manifestations; as man, of necessity, in the accomplishment of the works of his hands. We know not what, if any, may be the general view of believers in a personal Creator with regard to this particular; but for ourselves we can only conceive of such an effect, upon such an hypothesis, as the result of an exercise of the divine will, generated in the bosom of eternity, embracing all the elements of the case—the things that were to be, and the times and places in which they should be realised; in conformity with which design or decree (if it may be so expressed) all things come into being precisely as they are, in their proper times and places, without the intervention of any further agency. Such we consider to be the most reasonable view of creation upon the hypothesis of a personal Creator. And surely in such a view there is no ground for a charge of inferiority in comparison with the theory of a development of the species by evolution.

Development by successive generation, as a matter of course, implies progressive improvement; not indeed in the meaning of the terms, nor in the nature of the thing, but in the requirement of the theory. Generation *per se* is naturally opposed to change, whether for better or for worse. Left to themselves, and following their own instincts, all animals would continue to multiply in their respective kinds without improvement or deterioration, as we have hitherto found to be the case. It is true it is said that the change in question is the work of ages, and is not to be judged of by our limited experience. But the experience to which we refer embraces the whole range of time assignable to the creation itself. Be it long or be it short, it includes the whole body of animated nature, from the oldest member of the palæozoic formation to the latest production of the present era. In all alike we find the same physical characters in the same species, nor has any deviation from this general rule ever been exemplified, even under the influence of artificial culture. Novel forms of animal life have by such means been elicited, as in the case of the mule, the offspring of the horse and the ass, and others of the like denomination in the class of birds. But these are no new species, only modified individuals, incapable of perpetuating their kind; without which, even if we could suppose them producible in a state of nature, they would give no help to the theory of development by evolution. Variations also of existing species have been effectuated in a state of domestication, and that, moreover, in the direction of

improvement; as might naturally be expected, such being the object in view of the means by which they were accomplished. But here neither has there ever been the creation of a new species, or any such alteration of an old one as to conduce in the slightest degree to such an effect. Breeds have been diversified, and improved in certain respects, by special treatment; and even without any means especially designed, animals in a state of domestication are prone to run into *varieties* distinguished by slight changes of form and yet stronger changes of colour: as in the case of horses, oxen and sheep, pigs and rabbits, dogs and cats, domestic fowls and pigeons. But such variations are confined exclusively to animals of a peculiar character, evidently adapted for association with the human race, and conventionally known as domestic animals. Nothing of the kind is found to prevail among the so-called *feræ naturæ*, which, however capable of being tamed, are, as a general rule, incapable of being domesticated; although here also variations are to be seen in the state of nature assignable to different countries, as of the lion and elephant in Asia and Africa—variations, however, as persistent in their respective localities as the essential characteristics of the species themselves. Dr. Virchow, therefore, is justified in his confident assertion that ‘the plan of organisation is immutable within the limits of species: *species is not produced from species.*’

But all these effects are of no avail in the argument before us, which regards not the conditions of the case in the state of domestication, nor the mere varieties of the species themselves, however accomplished, but their progressive improvement in a state of nature, from which alone the conversion of one into another, which is the purport of the theory of development by evolution, is capable of being inferred. And to this conclusion all the evidence we possess is diametrically opposed. No material difference whatever is discernible between the individuals of the same species from the first trace of its appearance in the fossil state. The badger of the bone-caves of Lunel and Brabant, the oldest (we believe) of the terrestrial mammalia surviving to the present time, was precisely the same with the badger of our own day; and, what is more especially interesting to us, the same effect is equally predicable in the case of our own species, so far as the records of its existence enable us to pronounce. This is a point of so much importance that we must again avail ourselves of the corroborative testimony of one of the most eminent professors of natural science of the present day—Dr. Virchow; of whom it has been justly remarked that, ‘if he has one equal, he has

‘certainly no superior in his own department.’ Starting from the recognised data of the quaternary formation, affording the oldest remains of the human frame, he observes:—

‘When we study this fossil man of the quaternary period, who must, of course, have stood comparatively near to our primitive ancestors in the order of descent, or rather of ascent, we always find a MAN, just such as men are now. As recently as ten years ago, whenever a skull was found in a peat bog, or in pile dwellings, or in ancient caves, people fancied they saw in it a wonderful token of an inferior state, still quite undeveloped. They smelt out the very scent of the ape; only this has continually been more and more lost. The old troglodytes, pile-villagers, and bog-people, prove to be quite a respectable society. They have heads so large that many a living person would be only too happy to possess such. Our French neighbours, indeed, have warned us against inferring too much from these big heads. It may have been that their contents were not merely nerve-substance, but that the ancient brains may have had more interstitial tissue than is now usual, and that, in spite of the size of the brain, their nerve substance may have remained at a lower stage of development. This, however, is but the sort of familiar talk which is brought in as a kind of prop for weak minds. On the whole we must really acknowledge that there is a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man. Nay, if we gather together the whole sum of the fossil men hitherto known, and put them parallel with those of the present time, we can decidedly pronounce that there are among living men a much greater number of individuals who show a relatively inferior type than there are among the fossils known up to this time.’*

And in another place the same writer says: ‘Every positive progress which we have made in the region of prehistoric anthropology has removed us further from the demonstration of this theory.’ The same views are maintained by Bastian and Carl Ernst von Baer, whom Herr Haeckel styles the greatest naturalist of Germany.

But here it is necessary to advert to a state of things which, however essentially distinct, is yet liable to be confounded, in the controversy before us, with the point actually at issue—we allude to the order in which the different species of animals are found to have succeeded each other in the geological history of the world. This order may be described as virtually one of progressive improvement; but this improvement is not in the sense here in question. It is not an improvement in the *species*, but in the *succession*. It is not that the same species is reproduced in an improved condition, but that other species of higher grades of organisation make their appearance in successive stages. And this we have

* ‘The Freedom of Science in the Modern State,’ pp. 60, 61.

admitted to be the case (though it is so only in a general sense), inasmuch as, however it may be, it is of no avail in the argument before us. It might be, as indeed it commonly is, referred to as an argument of itself in favour of the theory of development by evolution, upon the ground of an assumed inconsistency with the alternative hypothesis of creation by a direct intervention of the divine power. But for this, in the first place, would be required a condition of perfection in the order of succession which is in no wise predicable. The species, though generally rising from the lower to the higher grades of animal life, are by no means strictly amenable to such a rule; some of the higher grades in each department being found in earlier strata than others of a lower type—as, for example, in the case of fishes; the earliest, or one of the earliest, hitherto discovered, belonging to the very highest genus of the class, the cestracions. And were it otherwise, were the different species of animals found occupying positions corresponding with their respective degrees of organisation, it would give no countenance to the doctrine of development by evolution in preference to that of a creation by an exercise of divine power as it has already been explained—in the sense, that is, of successive productions, the spontaneous developments of the one original decree. But with this state of things we have here no concern. The improvement of the species which is implied in the theory of development by evolution is an improvement in the physical character of the individuals; and as of this improvement we have found no evidence in the surviving remains of the species themselves, neither can any be inferred from the order in which they have been produced.

The evidence, however, which the physical elements of the case may be unable to afford, the moral condition of our own race has been asserted to supply. Though no signs of improvement in the constitution of the species may be discernible, indications of an original state of barbarism are assumed in certain artificial productions, the memorials of human life in pre-historic times. Articles of stone, and of bronze, and of iron, found in different strata, have been held to demonstrate degrees of civilisation following the order in which they are here represented; while the *Pfahlbauten*, or lake dwellings, discovered in Switzerland and other countries, and of a still lower type of dwelling, caves or dens in the earth, are adduced as evidences of a condition of existence only one degree higher than that of an ape. It would take us too far out of the course of our present inquiry to enter into an elaborate consideration of the particulars involved in this description, the issue of

which would have no real bearing upon the question before us. The point of view from which these matters have hitherto been regarded, and with reference to which critical sagacity has been specially exercised—the epoch in the history of the world to which they are to be assigned—is not that with which we are here concerned. The question with us is not as to the antiquity of the race, but as to its origin; and for the satisfaction of this question what we have here to determine is how far the state of things referred to is properly evidential of the primitive condition of mankind.

Now that it is so in no wise it will not, we conceive, require a very profound investigation to decide. In themselves simply the conditions of the case as here represented are no more conclusive of an original barbarism than of a previous decline. It is just as possible, just as likely, that the artificers in stone, and the dwellers in the caves of the earth, were the degraded descendants of a civilised ancestry, as the barbarous ancestors of a civilised posterity. The fact is, the premises in question are inferential of nothing beyond the actual condition of the parties themselves directly implicated. It is not to be supposed that the whole world should have been formerly, any more than at present, alike everywhere and at the same time, all civilised or all barbarian. Members of the community at large, starting in quest of new fields of enterprise or occupation, and becoming effectually separated from the parent stock, would naturally fall into decay, both physical and moral, particularly in settlements consisting at first of few individuals. Thrown upon their own resources for the supply of all their necessities, and compelled to make use of all sorts of expedients, however rude, they would soon be found to have acquired new tastes and new habits suited to their new conditions of existence, under the influence of which the arts of life would gradually become circumscribed within the smallest possible limits consistent with the maintenance of life itself. Such we believe to be the original history of most, if not of all, the savage or semi-civilised tribes scattered over the face of the globe, the traces of whose condition would, of course, be no evidence of the actual state of civilisation in the other parts of the world. And certainly neither the instruments of stone nor the buildings upon piles in the water could at any time be held as evidence of an uncivilised condition of the world at large, seeing that we have had the very same indications of savage life within our own experience. Instruments of stone were the ordinary tools and weapons of the South Sea islanders when discovered by Captain Cook, and

dwelling upon piles in the water are common in Borneo, New Guinea, and the Salomon group of islands at the present day.

In all, then, that we actually do know of the present and the past, there is certainly nothing whatever in a logical sense to justify the inference of a progressive improvement of the species. Changes and variations have no doubt occurred and still exist, sometimes in the sense of advancement, sometimes of deterioration; but all the evidence hitherto produced serves only to establish the absolute and essential identity of the being called man, under a thousand differences of climate, colour, and life.

This conclusion seems pretty nearly equivalent to the expression of a conviction that the doctrine of a development of the species by evolution is not merely devoid of logical demonstration—in the language of the Scottish law courts, *not proven*—but that it is, in point of fact, liable to the imputation of having been tried and found wanting. Contradicted by direct evidence in respect of its main principle, of progressive improvement, there would appear to be scarcely need for any further argument. There are, however, two or three points of evidence confirmative of the same conclusion, upon which, in justice to the subject, we feel bound to insist.

One of these is the *distinction*, and *equable distribution*, of the sexes. We have been so entirely in the habit of regarding the two constituent members of the species, the male and the female, as belonging to the same category, that it may be said as a general rule we fail to realise any essential distinction between them. And yet the difference between the male and the female of any species is greater than between the individual members of any two distinct species that stand nearest to one another in the order of similarity. The difference, for example, between the male and the female of the human race is greater than between the horse and the ass of the same sex, the tiger and the leopard, or the rabbit and the hare. And still greater difference prevails between the sexes in the class of birds; of which striking examples are afforded in the case of the peacock and peahen, the male and female of the golden pheasant, and of the bird of Paradise.

Now this distinction between the sexes we hold to be incapable of explanation by reference to the principle of a development by evolution. The distinction of the sexes is not a matter of gradual accomplishment. It is inherent in the germ of life itself, and fully developed before the individual is born. In many instances both the sexes are generated toge-

ther, as in the case of the dog and the cat, the rabbit and the sow. To what, then, is the distinction to be ascribed? A hen lays a dozen eggs: what determines the constant proportion of sex in the chickens? Not certainly any act of volition or knowledge on her part. Yet throughout creation this proportion prevails, and is invariable. In the human race the number of males born is always and everywhere slightly in excess of the females. Yet over this fact the struggle for life and natural selection must be equally powerless. If there had been only one sex, the development of that sex in any case might be thought explicable upon the same principle as the development of any of the organs of the nascent offspring. But with two sexes there must be two different developments going on together in the body of the same parent, under the influence of the same environments; a state of things palpably inconsistent with the theory of a development by the simple operation of the common laws of nature. It could not be by a law essential to the individual itself; for then it must always have operated in the same individual to the same effect—either always male, or always female, or always both; which is contrary to the fact. Nor could it be by a law of indefinite development; for then it would not be confined to one or other of two sexes only, but must have led to other forms of life, of which we have hitherto had no experience. The conclusion is inevitable, that the distinction of the sexes is not a matter of development by laws which admit of no variation, but of something which *underlies* development, which is beyond our ken and above our comprehension.

And this conclusion becomes doubly confirmed when, to the distinction of the sexes, we add the further condition of their virtually *equable distribution*. We have said *virtually* equable, because, though this is the general rule, there are (as in other departments of natural science) exceptions, to be accounted for upon equally reasonable grounds. But the fact remains that the two sexes are, notably in our own race, produced in constant and nearly equal proportions; strikingly consistent with our moral and social requirements. That this could not be by blind chance, we believe everyone will be ready to admit; and certainly we know of no natural law to which it could be imputed. It is, of course, unnecessary to expatiate upon its incompatibility with the theory of development by evolution as here intended.

Another point of evidence to which we have adverted as conclusive to the same effect, is the *adaptation of the species to the conditions of its existence*. In a general sense this fact is

so well understood as to leave hardly any room for comment. The webbed foot of the duck tribe as an instrument of locomotion in water; the peculiar curve of least resistance in the head of the fish, favouring its rapid progress through the same element; the structure of the leg of the roosting bird, whereby it retains its hold on the perch during sleep; the oblique action of the beak of the crossbill, tending to the disruption of the scales of the cones of the fir on which it feeds; the retractile claws of the tiger and others of the feline tribe, favouring the preservation of their sharpness; the bare and hardened tips of the tail-feathers of the tree-climbing birds, by means of which, with the aid of their feet, they are enabled to creep up the perpendicular stems in search of their insect prey; the expansive hoof of the reindeer, sustaining it upon the surface of the snow; the illuminating power of the glow-worm and other nocturnal insects, serving as a guide to their respective mates; these, and numberless others of the like description, have long been noticed and insisted upon as evidential of a design in the creation only to be explained upon the ground of a personal Creator.

And so, no doubt, they are, though the evidence to that effect be not so decided in some instances as in others. In many cases the connexion between the species and the conditions of its existence is such as might be held to be the effect of a natural law; as, for example, the white colour of the fur in certain animals in cold climates, so favourable to their safety in a region covered with snow, but which might be the effect of the cold itself upon the colouring matter of the fur, as we see in the case of the stoat or ermine, which in summer is dusky brown (its permanent condition in our country), and in winter assumes its livery of white. In other cases the agreement of the species with the conditions of its existence might be thought to be merely the expression of a necessary fact, without any regard to the mode of its accomplishment. The animals certainly could not have existed as they are but for the concurrence of the conditions in which they are found. The conclusion is apt—they are but the remains of the multitudinous races that had been initiated, but had failed to survive in consequence of the want of that concurrence which had not yet been fully realised.

And such, in fact, is the explanation relied on by the defenders of the theory in question. But, besides the non-existence of any evidence of the races thus summarily disposed of (upon which we shall very shortly have occasion to enlarge), the cases referred to are only a portion of the cata-

logue of examples illustrative of the point at issue, among which are many incapable of solution upon such an hypothesis. Let us take for an exemplification the notable case of the contrasted habits and physical characteristics of the tiger and the leopard. The tiger, we all know, is a denizen of the jungle, a low underwood of canes and reeds, in which it lives and seeks its food; and in conformity with this condition of life, it has often been observed, are the colour and form of the marks by which it is distinguished—vertical stripes of black upon a yellow ground: a ‘counterfeit presentment’ of the jungle in which it dwells. But the leopard also is a dweller in the same style of country; with this distinction, however, that it seeks its food, not in the jungle on the ground, but in the branches of a tree, on one of which it sits in perfect stillness waiting for the opportunity to pounce upon its prey. And in conformity with this distinction are its marks both in form and colour—spots, or rather *splashes*, of black upon a yellow ground, strikingly resembling the leaves of the tree in which it is shrouded. And that the evidence of design which this concurrence of habits and physical characteristics is calculated to afford may be the more incontestably established, we have virtually the same conditions fulfilled in two other animals of corresponding qualities: on the one hand, the jaguar, the congener of the leopard in the New World; and on the other, the puma, the partner of the jaguar in everything but in climbing the trees; the former spotted like the leopard, the latter presenting the russet hue of the soil to which its movements are confined.

Here, then, are examples of the adaptation of the species to the conditions of their existence which cannot be explained upon either of the hypotheses referred to. It could not be by virtue of any law of nature; for we neither know of any such law, nor can we conceive of any that could produce the effects in question exclusively in the case of the few species alluded to without regard to the multitudes inhabiting the same localities. Nor could it be by any mutual reaction of the habits and characteristics; as of the physical characteristics superinducing the habits, or the habits the characteristics. For, in the first case, there are many animals with the same characteristics, either striped like the tiger or spotted like the leopard and the jaguar, who do not respectively haunt the jungle or the trees: as, under the former head, the zebra and the quagga in Africa and the tiger itself in the mountainous parts of China; under the latter, the ‘giraffe and certain species of antelopes and deer. Nor could it be by the habits

superinducing the characteristics ; for there are many animals which have the same habits without the same physical characteristics : as the thousands of species haunting the jungles that are not striped, including the leopard itself, and the thousands of species haunting the trees that are not spotted. There remains but the alternative of pure chance—which, of course, they who are satisfied with it are at liberty to adopt—or the will of a supreme creative Power.

Parallel with the preceding in all essential particulars is another exemplification of the suitability of the species to the conditions of its existence, equally complex, and conclusive upon the same grounds. The serpent tribes have several characteristics in common, and one grand point of distinction. All are devoid of prehensile organs except the mouth ; all, with one exception, feed exclusively upon live animals ; all are devoid of lips ; and all use their teeth, not as other animals for the purpose of chewing their food, but of catching it. Such are their common characteristics : the essential difference is that some are venomous, killing their food before they begin to swallow it ; others not venomous, killing their food in the act of deglutition. Now it is remarkable that in all these latter the teeth are inclined backwards, so that once seized the object has no power of escape ; whereas in the case of the venomous snakes, where death is inflicted and all struggling terminated before the prey is seized, there are virtually no teeth at all, those in the upper jaw being limited to the two poison fangs, which are always recumbent when not in use. But there is one exception to the habits above alluded to in the case of a certain species—the *Deirodon scaber*—which lives in trees and feeds upon the eggs of birds. In such a case, with teeth in the usual position in the mouth, and without lips, it is evident that the eggs would be crushed and the liquid matter lost before it could be swallowed. But this species has no teeth in its mouth, the teeth being seated in the throat.

There are two objects (we almost hesitate to call them animals, though such undoubtedly they are) which exemplify, in perhaps the highest degree possible, the adaptation of the species to the conditions of their existence—we allude to the singular creatures vulgarly known as the *leaf-insect* and the *walking-stick*. To those who have not seen them we despair of conveying an adequate notion of their physical characteristics, which are but faintly represented in the names by which they are distinguished. Suffice it to say that the former, which averages about four inches in length, is made up of a congeries of *foliations*, the wings and legs being in outward appearance

precisely as the leaves of a tree; the other, which is generally somewhat longer, having its body and limbs fashioned with an equally close resemblance to partially withered sticks.* With regard to their habits we have only to observe that they live in or under trees, and that they are extremely slow in their motions; consequently it is only by their similitude to the objects with which they are surrounded that they escape the predatory attacks of their numerous foes.

There is yet one more example of the adaptation of the species to the conditions of its existence which is too striking to be pretermitted. We have already referred to the distinction between the sexes as a phenomenon incompatible with the theory of development by evolution. This, however, had regard simply to the fact of a distinction, apart from the particulars by which it should be characterised. But there are in those particulars, as displayed in the case not of single species only, but of whole orders of animals, evidences of adaptation in a wider sense than that hitherto intended, a sense regarding the sexes separately according to their respective requirements. This diversity of dealing with the two constituent members of the same species is principally, if not exclusively, manifested in the class of birds, in which, the duties of the female exposing her to special danger during incubation, it becomes a necessity of the case that she should be soberly arrayed so as not to attract attention; while, as regards the male, who is at liberty to shift for himself on the approach of danger, no such necessity exists.

We have been so much struck with an illustration of this condition, which anyone who desires may readily verify for himself, that we feel we cannot close this branch of our subject more effectively than by a simple allusion to it. There is a glass case in the British Museum, standing alone, apart from the wall, containing a splendidly mounted specimen of the Impeyan pheasant. This bird is about the size of a turkey, and gorgeously adorned with feathers of the brightest metallic hues. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful birds in existence, and, as such, never fails to arrest the attention of the most careless spectator. And yet of the hundreds that will have paused in passing to admire this beautiful creation of the male sex, the vast majority will have gone by without noticing, most probably not having seen, the female who, in her sober attire and diminished proportions, is sitting near him on her

* There are specimens of both in the fly cases of the British Museum.

nest of withered moss so closely resembling her own feathers that it is difficult to distinguish between them. Here, then, we have a case of double development (if that be the principle upon which we have to depend for explanation) leading to opposite results under the same environments, and both in accordance with the exigencies of the respective sexes. This certainly could be by no common law of nature affecting both sexes. Nor could it be by two different laws affecting the sexes respectively, as though there was something in the male organisation tending to aggrandisement and embellishment in which the female was deficient: for this simple reason—that in other cases the process is reversed; the female of the eagle, and some other tribes, being larger and more beautiful than the male.

Another point of evidence which we have had in view as condemnatory of the theory of development by evolution is the *incongruity of the elements* upon the mutual relation of which it is founded. Deriving all existing species from others of an inferior organisation, it necessarily supposes an agreement between the species in the process of translation, which is, however, notably deficient in respect of several important particulars. Some species live in water, some on land, and some in the air; some are carnivorous, others herbivorous, granivorous, or graminivorous; and in each of these categories the species are endowed with a totally different organisation. Supposing all the species to be derived from a common source, all terrestrial or air-breathing animals must, in their ancestry, have experienced a translation from one of these categories in respect of their dwelling-place: and some must have undergone more than one in respect of their feeding. How this could be, is the prime question to be solved in adjudicating upon the theory before us. And the answer to this question is not to be satisfied by a reference to the objects as they are, with a statement in general terms of the conversion of one into another the most closely resembling. It is not with the objects themselves that we are here concerned, but with the conversion, for the just consideration of which we must descend from general terms to particulars of the minutest description. We must strive to trace the passage from the species with one class of endowments to the species with another—as from the animal living in the water (the primordial condition of animal life upon the earth) to that living upon the land, and from the species feeding upon vegetables to that feeding upon flesh, or *vice versâ*—endeavouring to realise the state of things in the

interval, when the intermediate races were neither exactly the one nor the other, or more one than the other, or both.

It would be inexcusable in us were we to attempt to follow up the proceeding here intimated, with a view to establish the fallacy of the theory of which it is a hypothetical delineation, inasmuch as we are on the very point of adducing, as the last of the evidences to which we have adverted in contravention of the theory in question, the undeniable fact of the total absence from the records of creation of the objects upon whose mode of production we should have been engaged in speculating. We have already alluded to this condition—of the non-existence of the races of animals by which the intervals between the existing species are supposed, in the theory before us, to have been filled up—and are now prepared to insist upon it as nothing less than conclusive of the whole matter in dispute.

It can require but little reflection to perceive that, if the several species of animals at present existing are the outcome of a gradual improvement, each one of another next below it in the scale of organisation, not realised at once, but in successive generations, there must have existed in the course of time a multitude of animals corresponding to these successive modifications, constituting in themselves the population of the world for the time being, and as much qualified as those now remaining to take their places among the representatives of the animal kingdom, either of the living or the dead. At the same time it requires but a very small stretch of thought further to perceive that, so far from such a principle of creation affording reasonable grounds for the inference of a development of the *species*, according to the present intent of the term, the result must have been the absolute exclusion of all *species* whatever—the production of an indiscriminate mass, or rather *mob* of animals, extending in undistinguishable series from one end of the creation to the other.

Perhaps we could make this matter more clear by a reference to analogous circumstances in another department of physical science. We are not sure that all our readers are acquainted with a certain piece of mechanism called a *monochord*. It will be enough, however, here to observe that it consists of a single cord or string like that of a harp, stretched over a frame between two fixed points, one of which, being formed like the peg of a violin, can be made use of for the purpose of tightening the string and so raising the pitch of the note. If this string be set in vibratory motion by the action of a bow when it is at the slackest, and while in motion be gradually tightened, it will give out, not a succession of sepa-

rate sounds, but one continuous stream of sound, from the lowest to the highest which it is capable of producing. Here we have the development of sound, the highest from the lowest, by insensible degrees; but no evolution of musical notes, which may properly be called the *species of sound*. To this effect it would be necessary to assume certain fixed points of tension at which to set the cord in motion, to the actual exclusion of the rest of the scale. Precisely similar would it be in the case of a development of animal life by insensible degrees according to the theory before us. We should have an animal population consisting of a number of series of individuals, from the lowest to the highest, with nothing to distinguish between the component members for an infinite number of generations in succession; and it could only be by the intervention of a foreign power sweeping away whole multitudes, not by haphazard, but in regular groups of successive generations, leaving some solitary cases with sensible gaps in the series on either side, that any scope could be realised for a distribution into species.

Once admit the possibility of a transmutation of species, and the whole order of animated and vegetable creation would in a given series of ages be thrown into chaos. Everything would cease to be what it is, and be becoming what it is not. On this point M. de Quatrefages has a striking passage:

‘The infertility, or, if you will, the restricted and rapidly limited fertility between species and the impossibility of natural forces, when left to themselves, producing series of intermediary beings between two given specific types is one of those general facts which we call *law*. This fact has an importance in the organic world equal to that rightly attributed to attraction in the sidereal world. It is by virtue of the latter that the celestial bodies preserve their respective distances, and complete their orbits in the admirable order revealed by astronomy. The *law of the sterility of species* produces the same result, and maintains between species and between different groups in animals and plants all those relations which, in the palæontological ages as well as in our own, form the marvellous whole of the *Organic Empire*.

‘Imagine the suppression of the laws which govern attraction in the heavens, and what chaos would immediately be the result! Suppress upon earth the law of crossing, and the confusion would be immense. It is scarcely possible to say where it would stop. After a few generations the groups which we call genera, families, orders, and classes would most certainly have disappeared, and the branches also would rapidly have become affected. It is clear that only a few centuries would elapse before the animal and vegetable kingdoms fell into the most complete disorder. Now order has existed in both kingdoms since the epoch when organised beings first peopled the solitudes of our globe, and it could only have been established and

preserved by virtue of the impossibility of a fusion of species with each other through indifferently and indefinitely fertile crossings.' (*Quatrefages*, p. 80.)

But this is a state of things which we know to be contrary to the truth—there are no such beings as these transmuted and intermediate animals, capable of reproduction. That there is no trace at present of any such animals is now universally admitted; though a solitary case of approximation to the equine species was once rather vauntingly claimed for the *orohippus*, a peculiar creature of its kind about the size of a fox. But it is not one, but millions of creatures that we are looking for, and have a right to expect to find if ever they existed. We can well understand how the world in the days of Lucretius, and even up to the times of Lamarck, having, virtually, no knowledge of the evidences of animal existence contained in the bowels of the earth, may have readily accepted the theory of a development of the species by evolution, so far as this particular objection is concerned. But that it should continue to be maintained at the present day, when our museums are literally teeming with the relics of the animal world extending over the whole course of time, including multiplied examples of every form of life hitherto known to have prevailed, and yet none of the infinitely more numerous beings that must have been living contemporaneously with them if the doctrine in question were true, is a phenomenon only to be accounted for by reference to the phases of the human understanding to which we have adverted in the commencement of this article.

The science of natural history is, as we have there observed, a science of *facts*, for the advancement of which we are properly indebted to the class of scientists whose disposition and endowments are those of *observation* and research. And fully and ably have they corresponded with the requirements of the case. And had they confined themselves to this, their own department of literature, they would have merited nothing but honour and praise from all mankind. Unfortunately, however, for themselves, and yet more for the world at large, they have not been content to labour in their own vocation; but have, with more boldness than prudence, extended the sphere of their exertions beyond the region of *fact* into the domain of *inference*—the province of another class of minds and of men. Far be it from us to deny that it is possible for both departments of science to find a congenial soil in the same human understanding. Examples of such a contingency undoubtedly there have been, among which may be cited the renowned

names of Aristotle and Bacon. But these are the exceptions to the general rule, under the operation of which we live, and the conditions of which we are bound to respect.

And thus, while we gratefully accept the contributions to science which the *men of observation* are continually adding to our store, we do them no intentional dishonour when we decline to attach any importance to the conclusions they have been fain to draw from them. Apart from the deficiency, which we are constrained to ascribe to the one class of intellect compared with the other in the matter of logical induction, great allowance has to be made for the power of private interest and affection in determining the judgment, as well by over-estimating the force of everything that appears favourable, and underrating everything that appears contradictory, to the hypothesis in view. To such an extent is this tendency displayed as frequently to merge in the ridiculous. We most of us will remember the sensation created by the announcement at the meeting of the British Association at Belfast a few years ago, under the presidency of Professor Tyndall, of the flesh-eating propensity of the Venus's Fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) as the case of a plant living upon animal food, confirming, it was solemnly believed, the relation of the animal to the vegetable kingdom as co-members of the one universal scheme of development by evolution. And doubtless it was under the same inspiration that Dr. Darwin himself has favoured the world with a whole volume upon 'Insectivorous Plants,' drawn up with his usual skill; though, with regard to the main point, we fail to perceive in it anything new. We have always been under the impression that plants did thrive or live upon decayed animal matter without having been led to infer a botanical origin for our own race.

But it is unnecessary to pursue this point any further. We have already said enough to satisfy our present object, which is simply to expose the weakness of the reasoning (if reasoning it could be called) by which the theory before us is assumed to be maintained. The question is essentially one to be decided by the exercise of the judicial faculties. It is simply a question of rational induction, founded upon the evidence of facts. And if so dealt with, apart from all fanciful speculation, we feel no hesitation in asserting that the conclusion will be that at which we ourselves have long since arrived, viz. that development by evolution is merely a rhetorical expression, a form of words, and nothing more.

There is a point which, though not absolutely included in the subject we have been hitherto dealing with, is yet so inti-

mately connected with it that we should hardly feel satisfied in passing it by altogether without notice. A development of the animal kingdom by evolution, as in the theory before us, if it does not actually imply the negation of a source of life and reason independent of the organic functions, is so naturally suggestive of it that we shall not be surprised to find the advocacy of the one doctrine, as a general rule, united with that of the other. And certainly the contrary position—that the animated being has a something which we call a soul, of a different nature from the body, and consequently not comprehended in the principles upon which that attribute of the creature is assumed to be accounted for—could not be otherwise than damaging to the theory that makes no provision for such an adjunct. Heretofore the substitute for this element of the animal economy has been expressed in general terms; as in the language of Hobbes, ‘The mind is physical, wholly ‘material; the phenomenon of consciousness is the direct result ‘of our organisation;’ or in that of Hartley, the pupil of Locke, ‘Thought and feeling are vibrations of the brain;’ or as described by Condillac, ‘All mental phenomena are simply ‘transformed sensations;’ or again by Baron d’Holbech, ‘Thought is an agitation of the nerves;’ and more recently in the words of Professor Huxley, ‘Vitality is nothing but the ‘molecular change of protoplasm.’ At length, however, these vague descriptions have received a more definite form, and life, with all its moral attributes, sensation and reflection, thought, perception, affection, hatred, memory, &c., is now ranged under the category of galvanic operations—the brain a galvanic battery, the nerves the connecting wires through which its influences are communicated. To sum up in the words of Stuart Mill, ‘The mind is a voltaic pile, giving ‘shocks of thought.’ Herr Haeckel carries his theory with consistent extravagance into the domain of morals and religion, for he affirms that ‘in natural religion founded on reason, the ‘leading principle derives the human sense of duty from *the ‘social instincts of animals;’* and he asserts that ‘the social ‘instinct of the higher animals (*for instance, the marvellous ‘sense of duty in ants*) is strictly Christian.’ The instincts of animals are rather to devour one another; but even this absurdity is surpassed by the notable discovery of the Christianity of *ants*.

We shall not stop to inquire into the merits of the materialist and animal theory further than to observe that, admitting it to be a fairly correct representation of the physical organism, both as regards the brain and the nervous system in connec-

tion with it (as indeed specially enlarged upon by ourselves in our last January number), it is yet deficient in respect of an essential qualification; indeed the most essential to its efficiency, and which the mere properties of matter—the so-called laws of nature—are wholly incompetent to supply. As it stands it is simply a description of a machine with certain powers always in action, but without any provision for its guidance or control. It is a telegraphic office with its machinery in full operation, but without a clerk; a steam-engine with its steam up, but without a driver.

Now, the deficiency here is just of that very element which in the animal machine is supplied by a faculty for which there is no counterpart or corresponding provision in any of the laws or powers of nature. We all understand and are fully agreed upon the general character of those laws—that they are essentially *active* and *invariable* in their respective spheres. Each has its peculiar office, which it can neither refrain from fulfilling when the occasion offers, nor fulfil in any other than its proper course. If a stone be let fall from the top of St. Paul's, it *must* by the law of gravitation fall to the ground, and that (if unobstructed) in a straight line to the centre of gravity. If a plate of copper be immersed in a solution of nitrate of silver, the silver *must* be precipitated, and the copper take its place in the solution. Or again, if a magnetised needle be exposed to the action of a current of electricity, it *must* assume a position at right angles to the current by which it is deflected. And so of all the powers or properties of matter, chemical, galvanical, magnetical, physical. There is no scope for the exercise of any discretion in the conduct of their operations.

In marked opposition to all this is the special faculty of the mind to which we have adverted—the faculty of *volition*, the power of the *will*, perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of the animal nature. By this faculty all animated beings are qualified to determine and to vary their course of action—to do or not to do, or to do in either of two or more different ways. It is, in fact, the *primum mobile* of the whole vital machine, both moral and physical. It is the source of all mental tendencies and of all bodily exertions. It guides the hand of the mechanic in all its tortuous movements, and, yet more wonderful, the fingers of the musical performer in the execution of the most complicated and rapid passages. And it works backwards as well as forwards, enabling the individual to retrace his steps when he thinks they are likely to lead him astray. Such a faculty as this, it is scarcely necessary to add, cannot

be accounted for by reference to any of the laws or properties of matter. It stands evidently upon a different and a higher ground. It is the expression of a something within that represents the creature itself in the exercise of its vital functions—the *Ego* which stands at the head of the animal machine, however that machine may be constituted, and initiates all its movements, however those movements may be realised.

But we must stop here. It would carry us beyond the legitimate exigencies of our present purpose to pursue the subject any farther.

ART. IX.—1. *The Gamekeeper at Home*. London: 1878.

2. *Wild Life in a Southern County*. London: 1879.

3. *The Works of the late WILLIAM HOWITT*. London: 1856–78.

THE satisfaction of grumbling at his climate is the cherished privilege of an Englishman, and it is a privilege he has the less hesitation in abusing that he hardly means the half of what he says, though it must be confessed that it requires, in the present year, more than ordinary courage to defend it. But the thoughtful croaker is conscious all the time how deeply he and his country are indebted to their weather. Its influence on the material prosperity of England has been the hackneyed theme of philosophic historians. The atmosphere that is so often chilly and so seldom to be trusted, is bracing alike to the mind and the body. It is like the shock of a shower bath in the morning, that through a passing sense of intense discomfort sets the blood in a genial glow and quickens the brain and the pulses. Generation after generation of stalwart men are born and reared under the most favourable conditions; and the colonies we have sown broadcast all over the globe, are always recruiting their stamina at the parent source.

But if we look to the mere pleasures and poetry of our existence, we have still more reason to bless our climate. In England, whatever be its faults, there is nothing of tame monotony, and it is the very country to inspire a sense of the poetical in men who have the energy to turn it to account. We have been settled somewhere on the *juste milieu* between the extremes of the frigid and the torrid zones. Nature with us is neither shivering nor sunburned, and she shows herself in the variety of simple charms that seems the perfection of

unconscious coquetry. As the festival of Easter follows the privations of Lent, so we should never enjoy our Junes as we used to do, were it not for the fogs and frosts of our winters. We delight to bask in the summer sun, because his genial beams draw the chill out of our marrow; but nothing is more wearisome than eternal sunshine. Enervating it is, of course, and your capacities for enjoyment are dulled, as your nerves and muscles are relaxed. The 'sunny south' is associated rather with siestas, sunblinds, and hammocks in the shade, than with the play of dancing lights on a smiling landscape and a frame invigorated by healthful exercise. In place of the song of birds in the fresh green of the copses, you have the chirping of monstrous grasshoppers and field crickets, and the rustling of lizards with the temperaments of salamanders over the burning rocks and through the parched herbage. Even if you go no farther to the southward than Spain or Sicily, all nature seems gasping for air and water. The foliage after the freshness of the evanescent spring, is drooping or falling from the boughs. The winter torrents have dried up in their stony beds, and the rivers have shrunk into trickling rivulets. The well-to-do natives and the belated strangers are gone into *villeggiatura* high up on the hills or in the depths of those valleys that are never ventilated. If they are to breathe freely once in the twenty-four hours, they must be up with the first glimmerings of dawn; and that no doubt is the less difficult that, thanks to the stifling atmosphere and the mosquitoes, they have been tossing the night through in feverish dreams. From an early spring to a late autumn, they seldom know what it is to rise refreshed; and even the active Anglo-Saxon is crippled for exercise. If he decides to go touring on horseback or muleback, he ought, as the Spaniards say, to be *hecho de bronce*. He must bring the long morning march to a conclusion, when one's day is barely beginning in more favoured climes; and we have melancholy recollections of the miserable midday hours that must be killed in some wayside *albergo* or *venta*. While you have little or no appetite yourself, whole tribes of the insect world are busy with you. There is no lounging out in the shadeless fields that are baked to the colour and consistency of asphalte; and the artist, however ardent he may be, must leave pencils and brushes in the bottom of his saddle bags. Even the glorious views in the comparative coolness of the mornings or the brief twilights begin speedily to lose their pristine attractions. You hardly care to raise your aching eyeballs to castles and shattered colonnades of marble standing out sharply against the sky line; or to

gaze across the brown slopes that are strangely distorted by refraction, and whose surface seems to be shimmering with something like a mirage.

And all these discomforts are immeasurably aggravated in the actual tropics. Island Edens like the Hawaiian archipelago are only paradises for a third of the year; through the rest of it, the man of energetic habits is likely to find them much more of an inferno. We have always read with intense satisfaction the books of such writers as Messrs. Bates and Wallace; for while we acknowledge the full fascination of their descriptions, we are grateful for being spared the tribulations of their travel. Unless we timed our visit for the coolest season, which would of course be doing the country scanty justice, we should prefer to admire even Rio Janeiro, with its gardens and the hanging forests on its mountains, in the pictures and photographs which make it seem so enchanting. Admitting the graceful luxuriance of tropical vegetation, we should prefer for our own part the distant effects to more detailed examination. There is shade enough in all conscience, in the sunniest season; but death and disease are lurking under the shadows. It is the continual process of rapid decay that gives the rank vitality to the gigantic growths. The magnificent monarchs of the woods are in the embrace of murderous parasites. There is an unwholesome tint on the vivid green of the undergrowth, if you could distinguish the colours in the impenetrable gloom. The pools that have formed under the drip of the boughs are covered with a carpeting of rotting water-weeds. As you grope your way through the great fronds of the ferns, or plunge to mid thigh in the beds of yielding moss, you are setting ugly reptile life in motion all around you. The silence is broken by the melody of frogs, and for all you know you may set your foot at any moment in the coils of some monster snake who will chime in with his ominous rattle. The air, in spite of the darkness, is hot enough, for it is freshened by sunshine as little as by breezes; and it is reeking with the taint of a pestilential miasma. Fancy some rustic poet, some Strephon in cottons and Panama hat, from the neighbouring pastures or cane brakes, throwing himself on a mossy bank in such circumstances, and voluptuously composing his idylls of the woods, as he abandons himself to the spirit of the surrounding influences.

Returning from these regions of the sun to 'Rural England' brings us naturally to speak of William Howitt, who gave that title to one of the most fascinating and characteristic of his works. From Chaucer among poets and Addison among

essayists, our best literature is everywhere impregnated with the influences of our country sights and scenes. But Howitt may be said to have given himself over to these influences from his boyhood, and he has made Rural England the theme of his books, in place of merely introducing it incidentally. Most men who have written directly of the country have been sportsmen or professed naturalists. The sportsmen who began to write of sport, have been led away by their intense appreciation of nature; and in the pages of Scrope, Colquhoun, and St. John, of Gilbert White and Waterton and Jesse, we have vividly picturesque pictures of what we all incline to admire. Howitt, on the contrary, was no sportsman. He was born and brought up in the Society of Friends, and we believe that the stricter members of the Society object to taking animal life for amusement. He does not give us the idea of being a scientific naturalist. But he loved the country and all concerning it so heartily, that he sought and found inexhaustible subjects in it. And at the same time he was catholic in his tastes, and extremely liberal in his views, while in the varied experiences of an active life he had gathered great stores of practical information. If his principles forbade him to shoot, he could understand the enthusiasm of those who indulged in the amusement. Indeed, as we learn from his earlier writings, his grandfather and an uncle on the mother's side, who inhabited a sequestered old house in Derbyshire, seldom stirred from the door without a gun upon their shoulders; and it was his great delight in his boyish days to persuade them to take him out on a bird-nesting expedition. In his expeditions to Scotland in the beginning of the grouse season, when the heather was in its richest August bloom, we can conceive that nothing would have pleased him more than to have deferred a visit to Culloden or Kilmorac, and turned aside for a long day with the keepers. He not only tolerates sport, but he defends it, and to a certain degree owns his sympathy with it. He seems, as we have said, to have been no scientific naturalist. Yet he always walked with his eyes about him; he had made personal acquaintance with all the residents and visitors of our *feræ naturæ*, and in his 'Country Year Book' and his 'Book of the Seasons' he gives a regular calendar of the arrivals and departures of migrants. He was a practical and poetical botanist as well. Read his books critically as you please, with their successive descriptions of the succeeding seasons, and you never detect him in the slightest inaccuracy. The copses and hedgerows from January to December are photographed vividly on the retina of his

imagination. He knew when and where to look for each budding tinge of colour; when each tree should be bursting in the spring time or putting forth its second shoots. And if he only writes verses incidentally, there is poetry in almost every chapter of his books.

So far as we can judge a man by his writings, we can hardly imagine a happier life than his. We glean from them connected fragments of autobiography, beginning with his 'Boy's Country Book,' which was one of the most treasured volumes in our own boyish library. His father, who came of an old Derbyshire stock, was a gentleman; though in primitive days and in a primitive neighbourhood he ranked rather as a substantial yeoman. He farmed land of his own, and lived with every comfort, till, in an unlucky hour for himself, he was tempted into mining speculations. Young Howitt's home was in the Peak of Derbyshire, and though his morals no doubt were carefully attended to, his manners were somewhat neglected. He began by going to the village school; and he ran loose out of lesson hours with village playmates. He boasts with pardonable pride that he owed his ascendancy among them to his pluck more than to his social position. 'Never,' he exclaims, 'were such a crew of ragged, resolute lads under the command of one happy boy. To me, what were their rags and their dirty faces?—I thought not of them.' Never, we may add, had the birds more inveterate enemies in the nesting season. Fortunately they were so numerous in those parts that there was no thinning them; and then these young ragamuffins had their principles of humanity, and contented themselves with merely taking tithes of the eggs. Howitt's courage and activity kept him safe though they made him reckless, and he was in the care of the Providence that watches over scapegraces. He tells how on one occasion he was held by the heels over the mouth of an old coal-pit that he might reach his hands down to a blackbird's nest, though blackbirds in that parish must have been as plentiful as sparrows; how at another time he was saved by the devotion of his followers, when he had scrambled along a hanging bough over a woodland pool to gather some strange water weeds that had a marvellous resemblance to foxtails. He tells us how he was sent on solitary rides through the Peak, passing ruined halls and lonely farmhouses, carrying large sums of money to pay his father's miners. Subsequently he went to the great Quaker establishment at Ackworth in Yorkshire, where he received his regular education. We know not whether he was a diligent student or no; but assuredly few men have been so

liberally educated for the practical purposes of an enjoyable life. Apart from the pleasant brightness of his style, and from the freshness of enjoyment he never lost, and which he invariably succeeded in imparting to his readers, we should desire no more cultivated or sympathetic guide in the tours he made to 'Remarkable Places.' He pulls a venerable building to pieces, telling the dates of foundation, additions, and reconstruction from the architecture. He shows an appreciative taste in paintings, developed and refined by extensive foreign travel. He had studied English history in its broadest sense, going into the minute details of domestic furniture and habits. He has the art of making archæology light and lively, and illustrating genealogy by anecdote and reminiscences, while he relieves the inevitable dryness of those topics by introducing personal incidents and sprightly conversations. So it is, and in an even greater degree, in his visits to the 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets.' Their most characteristic beauties were familiar to him as household words, and he traces with the fondness of intimate friendship the influences of its surroundings on each peculiar genius. We fancy that he lived chiefly in the country: first in Derbyshire; then in Nottinghamshire, where as a young man mingling unnoticed in the little crowd of staring villagers, he saw Byron laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Hucknall. Afterwards for many years he occupied a cottage at Esher, in one of the most attractive neighbourhoods of our beautiful home counties. But with the gipsy's love of green fields and woods, he had something of the gipsy's restlessness, although there the resemblance ceased between the vagrants. Howitt was never so happy as when away on one of his pilgrimages among the spots consecrated by associations with historical deeds or illustrious men: or when plunging unguided on an expedition of discovery into some of the secluded nooks and recesses of old England. Guides he loved to dispense with, though he delighted to draw strangers into conversation; but he was never at a loss for congenial company, since few men have chosen better in their marriage. Mrs. Howitt sympathised in all his tastes: loved the country as dearly as her husband, and wrote with equal grace and feeling. It seems unfitting that Howitt should have ended his days abroad, though he had a romantic burial place by the Appian Way under the shadow of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. His more appropriate resting place would have been in some village graveyard among the scenes and sounds that delighted him in his lifetime.

To our mind his 'Boy's Country Book' is the best of the

kind that has ever been written, and the publishers would do a kindness to the boys of the day if they were to bring it out in a new edition. It describes the life of a country lad some sixty years ago, and the descriptions are for the most part as true to nature now as then. Nothing has been changed but the simplicity of manners and the primitive habits of the old-fashioned rustics, and these give it a picturesqueness that must be wanting now-a-days to any contemporary publication of the kind. Like all his later works it has the force of most faithful delineation; and there is a fresh exuberance of hearty appreciation of those innocent pleasures in which his days flew by. The only art in it is the art of graphically reproducing the pictures that had impressed themselves indelibly on his mind. Boyhood is the time of quick susceptibilities with the keenness of appreciation that must gradually be blunted. We have always pitied the unfortunates who have only learned to like the country when they have found leisure to make holiday late in life. They miss the lingering fragrance of those bright early associations which are revived by sights and sounds and scents to the country-bred boy who has passed a busy working time in cities or abroad. To him, the cawing of the rooks or the call of the cuckoo, the first primrose of the spring, or the fragrance from the fresh hayricks will bring back a rush of happy memories. For once he forgets toils and cares, and is charmed back to that pleasant state of existence when he lived in each passing hour without troubling his head about the morrow. To the spirited and intelligent boy, everything is an object of interest. He has no fear of coughs and wet feet; his neck and limbs are his own, so he has every right to risk them; and as for rents in his clothes, that is the affair of his parents. He anticipates the adventurous bent of his later years by climbing trees and scaling buildings among clamorous colonies of rooks and jackdaws; or the future explorer and campaigner in the wilds goes plunging in search of birds' nests and rural sensations through the jungly labyrinths of the English woodlands. But hear Howitt on bird-nesting; and we can hardly read him in spring without longing to be up and away in the scenery he describes so exquisitely yet so simply.

‘So away we went; down by the winding brook, peeping into its bushes and under its projecting banks—in the one we found that beautiful curiosity, the nest of the featherspoke, round as a ball, spangled all over with silver lichens, and full of feathers and eggs; under the other we found thistles and blackbirds' nests. We went up long bushy lanes into the woods, and round some large ponds, Loscoe Dams

and the Egriff Dams in the midst of the woods. All these places were beautiful places, and abounding with hawks, wood pigeons, woodpeckers, crows, jackdaws, bullfinches, and many other curious birds. Sometimes we were going along the sides of banks overgrown with bushes and green plants, each with a large stick, beating the bushes as we went; and ever and anon out flew some bird, and in we plunged, and there was a blackbird or a throstle, or a yellow-hammer or a willow wren's nest. Then we were pondering along the dim and deep woods, looking up into the tall trees, sometimes spying out a wood pigeon's nest, which is a mere layer of sticks, so thin that you may see the two white eggs through it from the ground. Off would go the great bird with a dashing, rushing sound, and up one of us would go, and putting the two eggs into his mouth, to prevent them from being broken in descending, down he came again. Anon we should come to some crow or hawk's nest, perched on the tallest bough of one of the very tallest trees; and on knocking hard on the stem of the tree, if the old bird was on the nest, off she would go, and up one of us went, be the tree high as it would. Then again we were poring round the sedgy banks of the great ponds for water hens' nests, which were built of flags and water grasses amongst the reeds or rushes, in some difficult place to come at for water or mud; but if the little spaniel sent the bird off, we always contrived some way of getting to it, either by wading or laying a rail or a pole or something along to it. The nest is large enough to fill a wheelbarrow often, and the eggs are large and covered with greenish-red spots. They and hawks' and carrion crows' and corn-crakes' eggs made a grand show in our nests. Many a hunt we had for these corn-crakes' nests in the grassy fields; and many a hunt on the heath and in the fallow fields for those of the peewits. . . . And it was not only the birds and their nests that we became acquainted with; but in one place we saw the polecat running along to its hole in the deep wood, or startled the old fox from his lair in a great bush; in another we came on the otter watching for fish on the edge of the old pool, and saw him plunge in when he perceived us. We saw the fishes glancing along the clear streams, or basking on the sunny surface. Rabbits and hares, squirrels and weasels, wild mice and bees and wasps, and many a brilliant dragon fly, were objects of curious observance in our rounds.'

There are the outlines of a world of boyish romance in that description dashed off *con amore*. 'Of course it is not every boy—nor unhappily are there many of us—who has the luck to be born into such an earthly paradise. But every country-bred youth can appreciate Howitt's picture of the boy's joy in the first signs of the spring; and although he repeats it with slight variations in many of his later writings, and though the difficulty is to stop quoting when we have begun, we cannot resist extracting a passage or two before taking leave of him in his boyhood.

'When up I sprang to dress, how light and nimble were my limbs!

Oh! at that age one does not feel the heaviness of the earth of which we are made. . . . When up I jumped, and threw open that little casement, what an elysium lay before me! The sun shining, the birds singing, the soft air coming breathing in—so balmy, so full of freshness and flowery odours! and all around the dew glittering on the grass and leaves; the thin mists floating up from the distant meadows; the brook in the valley running on glistening in the sun; the upland slopes seeming to smoke in the morning light; and the lowing of cattle and the cheerful voices of passing people, giving a life to the whole that made me eager to be up and out of doors. Every day I rose earlier and earlier, in the cheerful, pure, dewy, sunshiny mornings, and every day discovered some new wonder. There were green herbs shooting up under every hedge; then came out early flowers; violets, blue and white violets, all along the banks as sweet and as beautiful as if they had been planted in the night by angels from heaven. Then came primroses. Oh, these dear, old-fashioned, pallid and faintly smelling flowers. They have been loved by every generation for a thousand years, and shall be for a thousand more to come; there they were, peeping out—one, two, three, on some mossy old bank in some briery old lane; then again, they stood in a glowing cluster. Then we saw them brightening in thousands the steep side of an old wood; and as the meadows grew green, out came the golden cowslips scattered well over them, and the beautiful anemones, and the bluebells, and a hundred other flowers—'

He writes in the natural revival of the old light-hearted enjoyment, of the days when 'weariness and sleep only came together, and came then with a sweetness to which our very pleasures in after years have no pretence.' Each loving touch has all the force that truth and affectionate recollection can give it; and if the poetry seems hackneyed, it is only because it is the expression of feelings that have been familiar to us, though we may have seldom or never put them into words. The 'Boy's Country Book' is a natural introduction to the 'Book of the Seasons;' and naturally in some degree it anticipates the other. The 'Book of the Seasons' is a calendar of rural pleasures. It would be an unhappy thing for Englishmen if they could only enjoy the country in seasons when they can wander in flowery meads, or lie under the cool foliage among the flickering shadows of the dancing boughs. Perhaps Nature is never so picturesque as in her extreme severity; though it may need the bracing of the intensely invigorating air to make some of her victims support their trials with fortitude. Howitt paints such January snowstorms as we have had in 'an old-fashioned winter' like the last. The frost has bitten deep into the ground. The blasts, cutting like so many scythes, are whirling the descending snow and heaping it in the hollows and against the walls and the hedgerows. 'It is a

‘dismal time for the traversers of wide and open heaths, and
‘one of toil and danger to the shepherds in mountainous tracts.’
All vegetation has been buried deep out of sight, and the
flocks, huddling together for protection and warmth, are being
overwhelmed in the drifts that slowly stifle them. Even in
the lowland districts, there is much suffering in the animal
creation. The pools are frozen hard; the streams have shrunk
into rivulets, and are trickling under ice; the wild birds, half
tamed by hunger, forget their shyness, and draw into the farm-
yards for food and shelter, or come hopping on the window
sills in search of bread crumbs. Poachers and keepers can
track game and vermin by the traces they have left every-
where on the surface of the snow. You look out through the
fretted frostwork on the window panes, on a scene of beauty
that is none the less impressive for its sternness. But you
half forget the savage side of it, when the sun bursts forth,
and everything is glittering in his dazzling radiance. For like
everything else in nature, these storms have their cheerful
aspects. There may be a touch of selfishness in those fireside
joys which Howitt dwells on complacently; when you feel all
the more contented, or the merrier, because the storm is howl-
ing out of doors and rattling the hail against the casements.
You know in your heart that if you are warm and well fed,
there are too many of your fellow creatures who are shivering
and starving. So that even the jovial revels of the Yuletide
in ‘Marmion’ may jar on you, when the poet inspired himself
for the revival of ‘merry Christmas’ by heaping more logs on
the roaring fire. At best these revels came but once in the twelve
months, and if they did ‘cheer the poor man’s heart through half
‘the year,’ their memory must sometimes have brought him but
sorry comfort. But you may give yourself over with a clear
conscience to the exhilaration of a vigorous walk in frosty
weather. In the abounding sense of life and health, in the
swift rush of the blood and the strong beat of the pulses, you
are most keenly alive to the pleasures of the senses. There is
none of the languor, not altogether disagreeable though it
be, which is apt to tone down your enjoyment of summer
with a chastened and gentle melancholy. Sounds are borne to
the sharpened ear from extraordinary distances. Walk along
the crests of the Sussex Downs of a bright January after-
noon, and you have a series of charming surprises in the extra-
ordinary clearness of the atmosphere. The line of the French
cliffs and the eminences buttressing the coast on the remote
horizon come preternaturally near to you. You hear the rattle
of lumbering waggon wheels in far-away lanes in the hollows,

and the melodious chime of the sheep bells from flocks penned on the distant fallows. Or should you dip of a morning into the weald behind, where the meadows are intersected by rivulets and ditches, you may see before the sun has struggled up through the mists, such phenomena as Howitt describes under the head of 'hoarfrost':—

'A dense huge mist commonly sets in overnight, which has vanished the next morning and left a clear atmosphere, and a lofty arch of sky of the deepest and most diaphanous blue, beaming above a scene of enchanting beauty. Every tree, bush, twig, and blade of grass, from the utmost nakedness, has put on a pure and feathery garniture, which appears the work of enchantment, and has all the air and romantic novelty of a fairy land. Silence and purity are thrown over the earth as a mantle. The hedges are clothed in a snowy foliage, thick as their summer array. The woods are filled with a silent splendour; the dark boles here and there contrasting strongly with the white and sparkling drapery of the boughs above, among which the wandering birds fly, scattering the rime around them in snowy showers. There is not a thicket but has assumed a momentary aspect of strange loveliness; and the mind is more affected by it from its suddenness of creation, and the consciousness of its speedy departure.'

Passing through spring with its sowing, lambing, and sheep-shearing, into summer, we find ourselves landed in the heart of the haymaking season. 'The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn-fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedgerows and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight which adds infinitely to their beauty.' Leafy June and early July are indeed the prime of our English year. Then you have an approach to the certainty of a Continental season, with the heavy night dews and occasional thunder showers which keep the luxuriant vegetation in something of its vernal freshness. The noonday heat may be oppressive, but it draws out the odours that load the atmosphere with voluptuous fragrance. Man is busy and nature in repose. The mower is whetting his scythe among the falling swathes of hay, at least in the easy-going districts where they have not introduced the mowing machine. The laden hay waggons are rumbling along the lanes, leaving traces of the toppling load on the bramble sprays and hanging branches. The cattle are ruminating peacefully in the coolest shadows or standing knee-deep in the shrunken pools. Unhappily the birds which made the woods vocal in spring have hushed their song. But the pigeons

spreading their plumage to the light, are strutting and cooing on the barn roof; and the plaintive notes of their wild congeners the ring doves come from the swelling foliage of the neighbouring copses. You listen to the murmur of the rippling brook, where it steals along under arching herbage. Possibly there is a gipsy tent hard by, in some nook at the crossing-place of sundry lanes; the thin blue smoke is swirling up from the camp kettle into the stirless air; the beasts with galled backs and wrung withers are getting a bellyful on the grass beneath the trees; and for once you may envy the lot of the nomads who may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. A savoury odour from the kettle mingles with the pleasant aerid smell of the kindling sticks; the more savoury that the contents might hardly bear examination from the point of view of the game preserver. At all events the game is safe in the meantime from anybody but the poacher; and he must limit his marauding to the supply of his own larder and risk proportionate penalties. Through the harsh, incessant rattle of the landrail, you hear the partridge calling to her chicks; and as the shadows fall slanting and the heat grows less, you see the hare slipping through the hedgeroots to feed, and the rabbit gambolling among the furze and the brambles. Then with the cool of the twilight come the signs of approaching night. The pheasant, with his crow of satisfaction over a full crop and a well-spent afternoon, flies up into the boughs to roost over the coppice. The cooing of the wood pigeons dies away, to be succeeded by the hooting of the wood owls; and owls and bats and night jars, with all the brood of the night, go flitting round on silent pinions through the deepening shadows, while the motley tribe of the beautiful night moths are fluttering over the shrubs and flowers in the garden. You would be more loth than you are to shut yourself up within doors, were you not persuaded that the weather is settled; and as you open the easement among the creepers before retiring to rest, you may hear the sharp bark of the fox on the prowl.

Howitt's 'Year Book of the Country' followed his 'Book of the Seasons.' He professed his intention of breaking fresh ground, and to a certain extent he succeeded. But it must be owned that it was only by avoiding in great measure what made the chief attraction of the former volume; and though his episodes and digressions and interludes were entertaining, for once we must bring him in guilty of the offence of book-making. No one assuredly can accuse him of that in his 'Rural Life in England.' It is a cyclopædia of the multifarious subjects it embraces; but though there is method and system

in it, there is no formality. Each separate chapter, complete in itself, is adorned by the simple picturesqueness of his style, and characterised by his habitual breadth of sympathies. We might say that his eulogy of the lot of the country gentleman was overdone, were there any semblance of exaggeration in the expression of his feelings. But while recognising that its pleasures brought corresponding responsibilities, it was a life that recommended itself most strongly to Howitt's tastes. Fate had made him an author working for a livelihood; but he worked heart and soul on the subjects in which he found his recreations; and he enjoyed the Parks and Halls of England all the more that his enjoyment carried none of the cares of property. He would have been quite as contented as a prosperous farmer; and had it been his hap to be born a labourer's son like some of the favourite companions of his childhood, we can hardly doubt that he would have educated himself and raised himself all the same, by sheer force of the outcome of his irrepressible feelings. What he has to say of the country gentleman might be conceived, even if we had not already shadowed it out. So we may pass on to his pictures of farmers and farm labourers.

The book was published very many years ago. Yet the agriculturists who are groaning now over what seems to them a period of unprecedented depression, may see an omen of hope in Howitt's ejaculation, 'Heaven send him [the farmer] a better day!' The farmer then, as now, complained 'of being ground to the dust by high prices and low rents.' It is true that then we were not importing live cattle and fresh meat from the Western prairies and the Canadian grazing grounds; that India was not competing with California, and California underselling Russia in our wheat market. Yet now, as then, the course of time may bring compensation for seemingly irreparable evils. And it sounds odd to hear Howitt talking of the revolution wrought by the marvellous modern improvements in machinery, in the days before the application of steam power was dreamed of; while those laments of Cobbett to which he calls attention, over the growth of luxurious habits in the farming class, read exactly like recent letters in the 'Times.' Dismissing all that, with some sanguine anticipations which have since been fully justified by results, Howitt, as might be expected, concerns himself chiefly with the picturesque class of substantial old farmers. He has an admirable sketch of the scene on a market day, when the roads to the thriving county town are crowded with the country people bringing in their produce, and gathering in high feather for the weekly holiday. But perhaps the pleasantest picture is of

the farmer at home, on one of the occasions when he has his friends to partake of his hospitality. On the eventful morning, the friends arrive by times. We cannot say that they come prepared, for they sit down to the succession of heavy feasting as in the ordinary course of things. We have them bidden to break their fast on beef, ham, and pies, after the morning drive of a mile or two, and they are warned, though not till they have risen from the groaning board, that dinner will be ready for them at one precisely. If the board groaned before, it must have come near to breaking under the weight of that mid-day meal; and then follows a substantial tea in due course, while the evening and the evening dance are wound up with a mighty supper. We daresay that the bucolic appetite is as hearty as ever, nor have anxieties impaired the rustic digestion. But we wonder whether in these days of universal depression, there are many farming communities of that homely class who can still indulge in such luxurious profusion. We should as soon expect to be welcomed in Jamaica with the hearty hospitality of those good old planting days, when the wharves of Kingston were heaped with sugar hogsheads and its harbour crowded with our merchant shipping.

As a companion picture, we have the everyday diet and fare of the primitive race of farm servants. We are inclined to compassionate the lot of the man who has to rise long before the lark or the light of a winter morning; who has to draw uncompromising boots over chilblained feet; harness his horses with frost-bitten fingers, and turn out shivering to such field work as may be done when the fallows are bound fast in fetters of iron. And now-a-days, however sharp set his appetite may be, in most parts of England he has to 'find himself.' He has his cottage and his wages and certain allowances, and has to support himself and a family creditably on very restricted means. As Howitt paints him, if his work was hard, at least he had 'the run of his teeth' with his master, and might keep himself in as sleek condition as the teams that were cared for as the apple of his eye. As he went through more bodily labour than his master, so his powers of eating and assimilation were proportionately superior. We have him rising all the year round at five or six. He stumps into the kitchen in his hob-nailed boots, and sits down to huge basins of porridge and loaves 'as big as beehives and pretty much of the same shape.' He trifles incidentally with a pound or so of fat bacon, and with half a peck of cold boiled beans. Then he reverts to the loaves and throws in a hunch or two of cheese; and feels all the better for his light repast. No doubt from

one point of view, he is to be envied by those who fancy themselves his betters. Though he may fall a victim to rheumatism in his declining years, he must be proof against half the diseases of civilisation; he never heard of nerves in his life; and should he be condemned to suffer from cold, hunger, or bereavement, it may be assumed that his feelings are far from susceptible. Whether with all that education may have done for him in the last half-century, he is so fit to exercise political privileges as the man who makes a breakfast on eggs and toast is another question. Field labour alternating with heavy meals, must inevitably engender mental torpidity; Howitt, who in a way admired and liked him, says that 'he is as much of an animal as air and exercise, strong living and sound sleeping, can make him, and he is nothing more.'

Even his master, the well-to-do farmer, is by no means æsthetic in his tastes. Otherwise some of these complaining mortals might find consolation for the harder times in the charming picturesqueness of their homesteads and their surroundings. Even the grand old country seats of our aristocracy can hardly strike appreciative foreign visitors so much as the farmhouses that enliven the English landscapes. Nor are any counties more quietly attractive than those that lie between London and the ports on the Channel. The stranger lands at Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, and runs up to town through 'the garden of England.' Many of the Sussex homesteads, sheltering under the swelling lines of the Downs, are almost as ancient as the neighbouring Manor House. Probably they look even more venerable, since so little has been done in the way of 'restoration.' There are the roofs of tile with their bulging lines, half hidden out of sight under masses of ivy or glowing with their roof-gardens of orange-coloured lichens. There are the tall stacks of chimneys with their moulded cornices of brick; and the gables breaking the sunshine with their cool shadows; and the lozenged lattices among the twining creepers, and the porch embowered in honeysuckle and woodbine. There is a quaint old garden more or less trimly kept, with the blazing beds of old-fashioned flowers, that load the air of a warm evening with their odours. The bees from the rows of hives are humming voluptuously over the flower borders; while there is a confused chorus of rustic sounds from cattle, pigeons, and poultry; starlings, sparrows, and sheep folds. There are the great barns and the out-houses, and the yard with its sheds and its pigsties; and hard by the mighty walnut throws its umbrageous boughs over the cattle pond and the patch of turf, where geese and

ducks are disporting themselves. And beyond is the apple and cherry orchard, one flush of pink and white blossoms in the spring—a very garden of the Hesperides in the autumn with the golden and russet fruit. Not a few of these southland farms, like such inimitable old manor houses as the ‘Moat’ at Ightham, stand like so many moated granges within an encircling fosse. Damp they may be very possibly, for those who care for such trifles; but for the artist or the naturalist, they are unapproachable and inexhaustible. All kinds of vegetation, from funguses upwards, seem to flourish in the wildest and most picturesque luxuriance; every variety of our ordinary song birds make their nests in those bosky bowers that almost defy the bird-nester. There are parishes in the more sunny districts of the south, and notably in the Isle of Wight, where thatch takes the place of tiles, being burrowed in all directions by the starlings and sparrows; where there are vines instead of the ivy and honeysuckle, and where the shrubs bloom even more luxuriantly, and are more tropical in their character. In striking contrast to these gentler beauties are the grim, grey substantial steadings on the Border and in the North; and yet these too have a charm of their own, that some may prefer to the other. Few of them can boast a great antiquity, for obvious reasons. The country used to be harried periodically with fire and sword; and the adjacent Peel tower, with its iron grate and the traces of burning on its weather-beaten walls, is a suggestive relic of the older state of things. The modern farmhouse has been erected by ‘a spirited proprietor’ for a tenant who pays a handsome rent, and commodiousness has been preferred to architectural quaintness. But it stands on a grassy ‘knowe’ above a rushing stream. All around it there are natural shrubberies of glorious patches of the golden gorse; it stands in its park of uninclosed pasture land, grazed over by droves of wild-eyed cheviots and herds of hill cattle. Very likely the pastures break back into the moors, and behind is a grand background of mountains, cloud-capped in the mornings of the most sultry summers. The linnets swarm in the furze and broom; the larks are singing by the score overhead; and from the bare uplands come the cry of the peewit, the whistle of the curlew, and the crow of the grouse cock.

Next to English farms, or even before them, come English villages and churches. But one sees but little of their beauties by flying glimpses from the railway. To learn to love and admire them, you must do like Howitt, and wander about unburdened by baggage, and tolerably indifferent to accommo-

dation. The typical English village is a sight by itself, and we know nothing that anywhere approaches it in point of beauty, except some of those in the more romantic districts of Austria; in the Black Forest or in the uplands of Alsace. The irregular street seems to have been pitched down anyhow, generally over slight inequalities of ground. The brick and the tiles, the thatch and the woodwork, lend themselves kindly to the mellowing influences of time. The low walls in nine cases out of ten are out of all proportion to the preposterous roofs. There are rustic porches and latticed casements. Here and there are black oaken beams let into the plaster, which may date from the days of the Stuarts if not of the Tudors. Whether the cottagers care for flowers or no, each household makes it a point of conscience to have a garden; and all along the roadway behind the little inclosures is a bloom of stocks and gilliflowers and wallflowers. There are ancient trees grouped here and there; the swallows are skimming over the horse pond before the rustic inn with its swinging sign; and the swifts are swooping and screaming round the church tower; while the geese are straying among the donkeys on the green. The church is, of course, a standing monument of the lavish piety or superstition that in the most troubled times seems always to have found money for the graces of religion. Should it not have been transformed by reckless restoration, it is sure to be quaint if not beautiful. The grey time-tint on the venerable walls; the hoary mosses and lichens on the gravestones; the sombre colouring of the stained windows as seen from without; the flints set edgeways in the tower, or the tapering spire of weather-bleached shingles, blend in harmoniously with the elms in the rectory garden, and the yews in the churchyard with their shattered stems that have been hooped and riveted with iron; while in cheerful yet not inappropriate contrast is the snug rectory house, with its innumerable gables and its patches of trim lawn among the secular hedges of holly. A picturesque church in a populous district seems natural and appropriate enough. You can understand that when the lords of these rich manors came to compound with the clergy for a life of violence, liberal largesses would be forthcoming. What strikes one as more strange is when you happen, as you often do, on some edifice of rare and costly architecture standing isolated in the wilds of some poverty-stricken parish. We have many such in our mind's eye at this moment. You have been walking for hours across the Southern Downs on the Northern Fells. Here and there you have come across a solitary shepherd, and

the only visible sign of habitation has been some lonely barn among hardly reclaimed corn-fields, when stumbling all at once upon a tiny hamlet, sheltering from the storms in the depths of a valley, you are delighted by a church that is almost stately. The spacious interior is a world too wide for the present generation of parishioners, and any conceivable congregation might be comfortably accommodated in the chancel. Fortunately, it has escaped ornamental repair, as there are no rich resident landowners; the ponderous rafters and oaken beams have effectually insured the stability of the structure; and the storms that have cut down the copses till they look like closely clipped hedges, have made no impression on the massive masonry. Nothing can be more enchanting than the situation by contrast with the bare austerity of the surrounding heights. The church is standing on a swelling knoll; the churchyard, of which scarcely a half is tenanted, slopes down to the brook that murmurs below, encircling the mound with a gentle sweep. And the eye follows the course of the streamlet through a matted shrubbery of gorse and bramble, as it winds along between the narrowing meadows and the hills, tracing it till you lose the line in the distance among the clumps of pollard willows and alders.

On nothing is Howitt more eloquent than the influence of our scenery on artists and poets, and he does especial honour to Thomas Bewick as the most graceful and faithful interpreter of its spirit. In the account of the visit to the village of Cherryburn, where Bewick was born, and to Ovingham, where he had run wild as a boy, Howitt gives expression to the feelings of many another admirer of the self-taught genius:—

‘Accustomed from a boy to delight in the country, to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses; to lie amongst summer grass by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there; or to join in active pursuit, among the yellow leaves of autumn or the deep snows of winter, of the wild creatures of the field and forest—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he gave you the truth and variety of life itself.’

The truth and beauty of Bewick’s style can only be appreciated, as Howitt adds elsewhere, by those who, like him, have lived in the country and loved it. Where more finished artists copy from their predecessors or perpetuate the pretty

traditions of an artificial school, Bewick goes straight to nature for his studies.

‘ See in what a small space he gives you a whole landscape—a whole wide heath or stormy coast with their appropriate objects. See, with a single line, a single touch, what a world of effect he has achieved. But it is the spirit of the conception and the sacred fidelity to nature that stamp their value upon his works. They are the works of an eye which sees in a moment what in a scene advances beyond commonplace; what in it has a story, a model, a sarcasm, a touch of transcendent beauty. They are the works of a heart bound by a bond of indissoluble love to the sweetness and peace of nature; rich in recollections of all her forms and hues; of a spirit which cherished no ambition, no hope on earth, superior to that of throwing into his transcription the express image of his beloved nature.

‘ This is the great secret of the delight in his woodcuts. They are full of all those beauties, those fine yet impressive beauties, that arrest the gaze of the lovers of nature; and they are so faithful that they never deceive nor disappoint the experienced eye. The vignettes of his “ Natural History ” are in themselves a series of stories so clearly told that they require no explanation, and are full of the most varied human interest. He delights in the picturesque and beautiful in nature, and in the grotesque in life. . . . He is the very Burns of wood-engraving. He has the same intense love of nature; his bold freedom of spirit; his flashes of indignant feeling; his love of satire, and his ridicule of human vanity and cant. In his landscapes he gives you everything the most poetical—wide, wild moors; the desolation of winter; the falling fane and the crumbling tower; wild scenes on northern shores, with their rocks and sea-fowl, their wrecks and tempests. In his village scenes you have every feature of village life, given with a precision and a spirit equally admirable. . . . At times he is full of whims, at others half in jest and half in solemn earnest. Again he touches you with pity for the aged and forlorn; and often rises into a tone of deep moral warning, and into actual demonstrations of the sublime and beautiful.’

By these wanderings in England and communings with nature, one is led on to Howitt’s ‘ Visits to Remarkable Places ;’ nor need anyone desire better company than his. With wide versatility of appreciation, he could communicate the varied impressions to which he was himself so quickly susceptible. Guide books and county histories are very well in their way, and Howitt had made free use of them. He always shows himself accurately well read, and his descriptions are based on the reading of a lifetime. But he has a natural attraction to all that is picturesque and poetical, whether he goes back to the pages of the old chroniclers for the achievements of Knights and Barons of the Middle Ages, or dilates on the rise of modern Newcastle and the enterprise of Mr. Grainger, its self-made

local architect. Stately Castles and venerable Halls suggest the half-fabulous romances of their family stories; and historical associations are everywhere conjured up among the scenes that bring them vividly back to his memory. So in the Norman aisles of Durham Cathedral—

‘Half church of God, half fortress ’gainst the Scot,’

we are carried back to the wild Border wars, with such memorable battles as that of the neighbouring Neville’s Cross, when the monks in the cathedral tower turned their prayers for victory into songs of triumph as they saw the ranks of the beleaguering Scots turned to flight. Among the edifices they reared and the monuments that commemorate them he recalls such magnificent prelates as Flambard and Pudsey, who were more Princes of the Palatinate than shepherds of their flocks. While by way of contrast we are reminded at Durham, as at Lindisfarne, of the self-denying virtues of Cuthbert, the founder of the see; at Jarrow-upon-Tyne of the Venerable Bede, and at Houghton-le-Spring of Bernard Gilpin. Association links itself to association. We follow Gilpin the apostle into the dales, whose natives in the last century were still half-savages, and who preserved many of their primitive and most characteristic traits even in the days when they were visited by Howitt. Warkworth and Alnwick bring back the Border raids and the glories of the Percys; Raby and Brancepeth, the Wars of the Roses and the rising of the North. Lumley takes us to Lyulph, the founder of the house, and the Saxon times; Hampton Court to Wolsey and the Reformation; Combe Abbey to the Gunpowder Plot; Edgehill to the civil wars; Compton-Winyates to the Revolution. We have folklore, legends, superstitions, and ghost stories—the worms of Lambton and Sockburn, the ‘cowed lad’ of Hylton, the Brownie of Bodsbeck, the ghostly apparition of Chester-le-Street. Howitt’s only difficulty in arranging his routes was in the embarrassment of riches that offered themselves to his choice; not only that England offers inexhaustible attractions in the way of natural beauties and artistic treasures, but because in the course of his reading he had come upon so many historical spots that had caught his fancy and claimed a visit. The subjects of not a few of his most delightful chapters are the places which had hardly local fame till he directed attention to them. It was natural enough that he should make a pilgrimage to the seat of the Sidneys or to Stratford-on-Avon; and venerable cathedral cities like Winchester or Durham abounded, of course, in objects of interest.

But how many educated Englishmen had heard before he wrote of Clopton or Compton-Winyates or Hylton Castle? Nor can we give a better idea of the charm of his writing as it strikes us than by glancing at his visit to one of the most romantic of these out-of-the-world localities.

He had started to walk to Compton-Winyates from Edgehill. "Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is "located in a more hidden and out-of-the-way situation." As a man of whom he asked the way remarked, "You never *seed* "a house in such a hole."

'Within a short distance of this mill, I observed a stile to my left, and on reaching it beheld to my great satisfaction this old house of Compton-Winyates lying down in the solitary and most secluded valley below me. I know not how to describe the feeling which came over me at the sight of it. There was something so still, so dreamlike, so unlike any ancient hall which I had ever seen, that I stood and gazed on it in a kind of wondering reverie. It seemed as if I had suddenly come upon an enchanted region, or had got a pcep at the Castle of Avalon, where King Arthur and Ogeir the Paladin are said still to abide with the Fairy Morgana. . . . It was not of the fashion of these times. There stood in its perfect calm that dark-red old mansion, with all its gables, towers, and twisted chimneys; with its one solitary smoke ascending above its roof, and around it no other habitation, nor any visible object or sound of life. The hills and woods seemed to shut it into a perpetual loneliness; and the gleam of still waters came dimly here and there through the openings amongst overhanging boughs.'

The interior was stripped of furniture. Except for some rooms in a corner, prepared for a visit of the proprietor in the shooting season, the house had not been inhabited for a hundred years. Strips of the old paper fluttered from the damp walls, but the fine ceilings remained in fair preservation. From the emblazonments on the masonry without, and the emblems on the carved woodwork within, Howitt reads at once the most striking chapters in the family history. The earlier emblazonments of the royal arms everywhere, and the later intertwining of the thistle and rose, point to the two great eras of the Court favour of the Comptons in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I. What struck him as especially curious was the existence of a couple of chapels. One, as might have been expected in a Protestant house, was arranged for Protestant worship, and showed the Decalogue still on the walls. But the other, which had been concealed among the rafters of the roof, throws a remarkable light on the secret history of many an English family in the troublous times of persecution and the Star Chamber. Half the old houses in the Midlands and the North, as we know, had hiding places

for priests and doubtless their secret chapels. But the Comptons were supposed to be ardent Protestants: they had been honoured and enriched by the kings who were most bitterly detested by Rome and the Papists. Yet the history of this chapel seems to show that one at least of the Comptons must have been a secret adherent to the proscribed faith. There were trapdoors and hidden ladders too that tell similar stories; and a further investigation of the deserted mansion only heightened the prevailing sense of desolation. The moat was full, but the basins of the broken fountains were dry and the fish-ponds choked with weeds. The overgrown gardens were left as they had been laid out centuries before, with evergreens and yew and holly hedges cut into the most fantastic shapes. And when the visitor asked the way to the nearest village, the woman in charge could only answer that 'she really could not well direct me—for there had once been a road, but it was now grown up.' One can hardly conceive coming on such a 'nook of the world' in a thickly peopled county like Warwick, and at no great distance from busy Birmingham.

Equally picturesque is the account of Hylton Castle in Durham, the seat of the long-descended barons of that name, whose last representative died a woollen draper in Newcastle, leaving a widow and daughter in extreme penury. Looking at the woodcut at the head of the chapter, the castle seems to be still a stately pile. But its desolation was almost as striking as that of Compton-Winyates, and the neglect infinitely greater, though it stands within an easy walk of the wharves and docks of Sunderland. For all we know, the castle may have been renovated since Howitt saw it; but when he went there, the old battlemented gateway was half obstructed with a wooden shed: the decaying park pales were propped or tumbling; the inclosures of masonry were as ruinous; and the drive through what had once been a magnificent deer park, led into the yard of a farmhouse near the castle. As for the castle itself, 'standing in its grey solitude,' though its massive strength had staved off dilapidation, it was to the full as neglected as everything about it. But the part that dated from the time of Richard II. still showed conspicuously the shields and armorial bearings of all the great Houses of the North, with which the family of the Hyltons had intermarried. On the terrace behind was the ruinous chapel; the roof remaining, though the windows were gone, and the interior had been gutted of the family monuments.

'The whole of this large house is now empty, and in the most desolate state, fit haunt of ghosts and brownies. From top to bottom,

and from end to end, reign hollowness and decay. The very winds, as I have said, seemed to triumph round it, and a loose pane of glass in one of the windows served them for a harp to play upon. . . . On the walls of the rooms hung paper rotting piecemeal, except in two or three large rooms called the wine and drawing rooms, which had stuccoed ceilings with figures, busts on the walls, and one large scene which seemed to be Venus and Cupid, Apollo fiddling to the gods, Minerva in her helmet, and an old king.'

We have taken Hylton and Compton-Winyates almost at haphazard, as rural scenes whose romance has been heightened by decay and by the sadness of their associations with a brighter past. But all the places visited—the cities excepted—are so eminently characteristic of Rural England, that we would willingly linger among them could we spare the time. Now we are among the deer and the beds of bracken, under the spreading oaks of a southern park like that of Penshurst; now we are wandering in the chestnut avenues of Bushey and Hampton Court, along the terraces on the banks of the Thames; or we are strolling through the Warwickshire lanes in the haunts of Shakespeare, noting the very wildflowers that scent his poems; or we are among Shenstone's caprices of landscape gardening at the Leasowes, or ascending the valley of the Wharfe from Bolton Abbey to Bardon Towers, passing the Strid and the scenery of the White Doe of Rylstone. We admire in turn each variety of beauty, from the soft to the stern, from spots where Nature has been left to herself, to those where art has tried its utmost to improve her. We cannot imagine more fascinating expeditions for the artist, the angler, the poet, or the student of history than some of those that Howitt made in the North. As where he traces the Northumbrian coast northward from Tynemouth, where a greater than he had gone before him, and where each island, headland, and castle associates itself with the author of 'Marmion.' The Priory itself,—'Lofty Seaton Delaval,' 'The Tower of Widrington,' 'Coquet's Isle,' Dunstanborough, 'King Ida's Castle gaunt and grim,' Lindisfarne, have all a beauty of their own and have each their history or legends. Or when he takes his 'stroll along the borders' from Berwick to Carlisle, where each stream and bare green hill has been made famous in song and ballad; where each shattered keep has its story of siege and storm; and where some of the richest pastoral land and most thriving farms in England are dotted still with the peel towers and fortalices that were the refuges of the dalesmen from the border forays.

The library of good books on the country is not so large

but that any additions are exceedingly welcome; and since White wrote his 'Natural History of Selborne,' we have had nothing more delightful than 'The Gamekeeper at Home' and 'Wild Life in a Southern County.' Why the author should suppress his name is a mystery, since his books are likely to gain him some sort of immortality. They are cheap enough to be within reach of all; they are portable enough to be carried in the pocket; yet they contain a great variety of information, given in a pleasant though gossipy style, and are the very books to be on the shelves of the country gentleman among those that he treasures for constant reference. The author goes on the wise principle of strictly localising his remarks, and confining them to the results of his personal observation. His Southern County is really a Southern parish—it is a pity he does not give its name, for the sake of the admirers who might be tempted to make a pilgrimage thither—and he lays it down with a topographical accuracy more minute than that of the Ordnance Survey. We take the general contour from the commanding position of the encampment of some pre-historic people that crowns the highest crest of the Downs. Thence tracing the course of the tiny rivulet that bubbles out of the southern slope of the chalk hills, we follow its course as it is swelled by the drains and the landsprings. The water gathers almost imperceptibly as it flows under the drip of alder trees and nut bushes, through beds of rushes, past silent weed-grown ponds, the haunt of moorhens and coots and water rats. The meadows that border it are a paradise of birds, that always love the neighbourhood of a brook. Then we come to the Wick farmhouse, with its thatched roofs and its ivy-covered gables. All kinds of the more ordinary birds build in the masses of creeping plants; in the hedges that inclose the old-fashioned garden and run down the irregular fields to the adjacent copses; in the moss-grown fruit trees in the old orchard. Impenetrable cover and long impunity have made them extraordinarily tame. We study their habits from the casements or from ambushes in the arbours and among the hedgerows, as we go sauntering about. We should gladly extract quotations wholesale, but the author's style is pleasantly rambling, and it is difficult to do him justice in brief extracts. Like all enthusiastic observers of wild nature, he seems to fall into something of the desultory ways of the animals he is watching. A chord of association is touched, a sudden thought strikes him, and in a moment he is away in a delightful digression, which probably lands him still farther afield. But take his notices of one or two of what we may

call our house birds, and see what a pleasant light he puts them in:—

‘In the higher parts of the roof, especially round the chimneys, the starlings have made their holes, and in the early summer are continuously flying to and fro their young, who never cease crying for food the whole day through. . . . Other birds seem to sing for the pure pleasure of singing, shedding their notes broadcast, or at most they are meant for a mate hidden in the bush. The starling addresses himself direct to his fellows. I think I may say he never sings when alone, without a companion in sight. He literally speaks to his fellows. I am persuaded you may almost follow the dialogue and guess the tenor of the discourse. . . . Upon the roof of the old-fashioned farmstead, too, the chirp of the sparrow never ceases the livelong day. It is amusing to see these birds in the nesting season, carrying up long straws—towing their burden through the air with evident labour—or feathers. These they sometimes drop just as they arrive at their destination. Eager to utter a chirp to their mates, they open their beaks, and away floats the feather; but they catch it before it again reaches the ground. Fluffy feathers are great favourites. The fowls as they fly up to roost on the beams in the sheds, beat out feathers from their clumsy wings; these lie scattered on the ground marking the spot. These roosting places are magazines from which the small birds draw their supplies for domestic purposes.

‘Lower down in the ivy, behind the logs of timber under the casement, the hedge sparrow builds every year; and on the wood itself, where the trunks formed a little recess was a robin’s nest. The hedge sparrow, unlike his noisy namesake, is one of the quietest of birds; he slips about in the hedges and bushes all round the garden so quietly and unobtrusively, that unless you watch carefully you will not see him. Yet he does not seem shy, and if you sit quiet will come along the hawthorn within a yard. . . .

‘At the farmhouse here, robins, wrens, and tomtits are always hanging about the courtyard, specially close to the dairy, where one or other may be constantly seen, perched on the palings; neither do they scruple to enter the dairy, brewhouse, or woodhouse adjacent, when they see a chance. The logs (for fuel) stored in the latter doubtless afford them insects from under the dead bark.

‘Among the most constant residents in the garden at Wick Farm are the song thrushes. They are the tamest of the larger birds; they come every morning right under the old bay window of the sitting room on the shady side of the house, where the musk plant has spread abroad and covered the stone pitching for many yards, except just a narrow path paved with broad flagstones. The musk finds root in every interstice of the pitching, but cannot push up through the solid flat flags; a fungus, however, has attempted even that, and has succeeded in forcing a great stone, weighing perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds, from its bed. . . . In the centre of the green is a bed of gooseberries and a cherry tree; and though the fruit is so close to the window, both thrush and blackbird make as free with it as if it were in the hedge-row.’

In the same style the author conducts us all over the farm. Among the water hens in the sedges, where the kingfisher sits motionless on a stump over the stream, or goes shooting under the banks in a flash of azure; into the osier beds, and among the dry grasses where the fox lies curled up in the daytime; into the tangled ditches among rabbits and ground vermin; into the copses, where the wood pigeons building in the larches act as sentinels to the game and the song birds in the thickets; or away through the meadows where the partridges are making their nests, and the shooting wheat where the landrails are crying, to the open downs where the larks are singing overhead, and the hares are stealing out for their evening gambols, and kites and sparrow hawks and kestrels are circling and swooping in the air. He notes the budding vegetation and names the wild flowers, dwelling with the feeling of an artist on their delicate colouring; or he calls your attention to the moths and butterflies and insects; turning up a moss-bedded stone, breaking off a strip of bark, or waylaying an industrious ant that is hurrying homewards upon business.

But it is not only the animal creation and the field flowers that interest him. Near the Wick Farm is a typical village, far removed, we presume, from the contagion of modern ideas. Hard by is the washing place, used by the shepherds from time immemorial, according to unwritten laws and prescription. Jealously conservative of their ancient privileges, these village Hampdens will tolerate no interference with their vested rights. Any attempts at inclosing the approaches, or diverting the water, are immediately and forcibly resisted. The old industries are still practised, though the village workpeople begin to be undersold by the cheaper productions of the neighbouring market towns; but the farmers, with their old-fashioned instincts, still patronise the village waggon builder. 'The waggon is the pride of the craftsman who builds it, and who is careful to reproduce the exact "lines" he learned from his master as an apprentice, and which have been handed down three hundred years or more.' It is all constructed in curves, and naturally curved timber is selected in preference, so that the getting the mere materials together is a work of time. So is the building. The very painting may last for weeks; and when at length the masterpiece is finished in all its glory, it is displayed in state for days to be duly admired.

We are taken away from the comparatively lively scene among the cottages into the silence of the grey old village church. Entering by a nail-studded door in the tower, we grope our way in the darkness up the winding staircase, tread-

ing on steps made slippery by the crumbling twigs from the jackdaw nests:—

‘A faint fluttering sound comes from above, as of wings beating the air in a confined space,—it is the jackdaws in the belfry, just as the sparrows and starlings in the huge old-fashioned chimneys make a similar murmuring noise before they settle. Then the tick of the clock becomes audible, and at last you step out into the belfry.

‘Be careful how you tread, for the flooring is worm-eaten, and here and there planks are loose; keep your feet if possible on the beams, which are at least fixed. It is a giddy height to fall from, down to the stone pavement below where the ringers stand. Their ropes are bound round with list or cloth or some such thing, for a better grasp for the hand. High as it is to the first floor, if you should attempt to ring one of these bells and forget to let the rope slip quickly, it will jerk you almost to the ceiling; thus many a man has broken his bones close to the font where he was christened as a child. . . . The ancient building standing lonely on the hill is utterly deserted; the creak of the boards under foot or the grate of the rusty hinge sounds hollow and gloomy. But a streak of sunshine enters from the narrow slit, a bee comes in from the larger open windows with a low inquiring buzz; there is a chattering of sparrows, the peculiar shrill screech of the swifts, and a jack-jack-daw-jack-daw-ing outside. The sweet scent of clover and of mown grass comes upon the light breeze—mayhap the laughter of haymakers passing through the churchyard underneath to their work, and idling by the way as haymakers can idle.’

Of course the bells naturally suggest a gossip about the ringers and their peculiarities; as in passing through the churchyard we are reminded by a great square tomb of the hard times in former generations, when the paupers used to be gathered round the slab to receive their dole of loaves. One subject is still leading on to another; so we get upon the great age of the cottagers in that most salubrious parish; and their rough method of measuring their years by the number of thatchings of their cottage roofs that they can remember. We hear of the superstitions that still linger among them, although the best authenticated spectral apparitions seem for the most part to date back to earlier generations. The carters, who are apt to be belated, are the greatest authorities for these. They tell of the white spectre of a headless horse, which rushes past the traveller in a certain lane, with incredible swiftness on noiseless hoofs. There is a great black dog like the ‘spectral hound of Man,’ whose shape detaches itself from the shadows by the roadside and comes trotting up to your heels. There are spots where horses from some mysterious cause will always start and shy and stumble; and there are meadows where they have been found exhausted of a morning, like Blount’s war

steed at the hostelry in 'Marmion,' as if 'fiends had been galloping them all the night.'

The old shepherd is a remarkable character; he has stuck to the same place all his life, and is honoured as an unimpeachable authority on half-forgotten landmarks. But by far the most elaborate portrait is the gamekeeper, and great part of the volume that bears his name is devoted to it. His is by no means a fancy picture, and there is a lifelike mingling of lights and shadows in it. He is stout and hale in his declining years; and can still walk all the day without knocking up. 'It's indoors, sir,' he tells you, 'that kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that, taking too much drink and vittals. Eating's as bad as drinking, and there's nothing like the fresh air and the smell of the woods.' He has contracted a slight stoop from walking much and carrying the gun or the game bag; but he has a bold, free, and independent bearing. It is one of his failings that he is hot-tempered and rather masterful; he is apt to make free with the tough oaken sapling which is his invariable companion in the absence of his gun. Then you are introduced to his cottage by the little brook, in the sheltered coombe, under the spreading Spanish chestnut; with the kennels filled with dogs who are continually yelping; and the shed behind, with the ferret hutches within and the vermin gibbeted without; and its assortment of traps and spades and bill-hooks. Naturally we follow the keeper about the fields and woods, looking after the game and looking out for the vermin. Nothing escapes his keen eye; and incidentally we are told all about the animals that come within the range of his professional peregrinations. We learn much as to his relations with the farmers and their labourers, who under the disguise of their stolid demeanour are often skilful amateur poachers; while they can do a good deal of mischief in a quiet way, without incurring the imputation of trespassing. As for professional poachers and regular trespassers, the keeper—or the author—is so thoroughly versed in their habits, that we master their whole strategy and tactics, with all the practice of snaring and netting, down to the exact measurements of the loops and the precise height at which the wires should be set. In short, the great merit of 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' as of its companions, is that they are eminently truthful and practical as well as delightfully descriptive. And being written from the special point of view of the sportsman and practical naturalist, they supply any deficiencies in Howitt's broader pictures of English life and rural scenery.

ART. X.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates of the Session*
1878–1879.

CENSURE and apology are alike thrown away upon a mis-spent life; the one is superfluous, the other insincere. It is with this feeling that we look back on the existence of the Parliament which is now drawing to its close, and more especially on the events of the past Session. Seldom has it occurred in the last half-century that so little has been done within the duration of a protracted legislature for the practical improvement of our social and political condition, even by ministers struggling for existence against strong Parliamentary minorities. Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote, the one as First Minister of the Crown, the other as leader of the House of Commons, found themselves for the first time for many years at the head of a compact and indisputable majority in Parliament, for even the majority of the preceding Government was composed of more heterogeneous elements. It is astonishing how little use they have made of it. Not without reason has it been said that if their foreign policy has been over active and over costly, their home policy has been one of total inactivity, though that has been costly too. The obstructive attitude of a section of the Irish members has no doubt increased the paralysis of Government; but their conduct, however irrational and provoking in itself, is justified in their own eyes by the allegation that, with the exception of the Intermediate Education Act, no measure has been brought forward with a special view to Irish interests. The tardy introduction of an extempore measure on Irish University Education, in flagrant contradiction to the previous declarations of the Government, must be regarded as an acknowledgment of a grievance, which it does not remedy; for the omission of the vital point of endowment must be fatal to its success. We might urge the same objection on behalf of Scotland. But the clumsiest possible method of promoting legislation is to obstruct it; and the time wasted by Parliament in childish recrimination would, if wisely used, have sufficed to remove the pretext for these delays. This waste of time and dignity has lowered the character of Parliament itself in the eyes of the nation. The debates are no longer read with interest. The newspapers cease to report them at length. We are reminded of a sinister prediction of M. de Sismondi, '*Les Assemblées législatives périront par l'ennui.*' The House of Commons is omnipotent within its own walls. Nobody doubts

that it has the power to arrange and transact its business as may be most expedient, and to set bounds to the privileges of its own members, when they are abused. But if it has the power, it would seem not to have the resolution or the address to use it. Of all reforms none would appear to be more urgent than that which the House might think fit to introduce into its own standing orders and rules of debate. No attempt has been made by the Government to deal vigorously with these difficulties, and the protests of the amiable Sir Stafford are blown away, unheard, through the fields of air.

In truth the dead-lock to which the House of Commons has been brought by the obstructive talent of a small minority of its members is by far the most important subject which forces itself on the attention of statesmen and politicians at the present time. For it strikes a blow at Parliamentary government itself, and arrests the action of the very heart of the Constitution. It is assumed as the basis of our constitutional existence, that the representatives of the people are sent to Parliament to assist in the work of legislation, not to impede it. The rules of practice of the House of Commons are framed with a large and liberal indulgence to the rights of minorities, and even to the rights of each individual member. The power of moving adjournments, amendments, and resolutions is unlimited. Nothing is more repugnant to the spirit of a British Parliament than to propose any restriction of these time-honoured privileges, which are an important guarantee of our liberties. But when these privileges are used only to waste the time of the House and to impede the progress of public business, they become dangerous to the Constitution, and this abuse can only be met by strengthening the powers of the Speaker, or by enabling the House to close a debate, or by the direct restraint of contumacious members. The attempt to weary out the patience of these obstructives by lengthened sittings is undignified and ineffectual. In fact it only serves their unpatriotic purpose. An appeal to the country would not solve the difficulty, for in the next Parliament the same difficulties would reappear, perhaps in an aggravated form. The House of Commons can alone vindicate its own authority, and it looks to the ministerial leaders of the House to guide its action. The leaders of the Opposition are equally interested in the adoption of such firm and wise measures as the case demands. The dignity of Parliament and the best interests of the nation are at stake; and they cannot be adequately supported as long as there is the slightest sign of perplexity, weakness, and vacillation.

But though we are disposed to judge the Administration with no favour, but rather with severity, for much that it has done and for more that it has left undone, we can neither adopt nor approve the intemperate language of vituperation which has been addressed to several members of the Cabinet by some orators of the Opposition, who are not the leaders of the Liberal party. We are convinced that this hyperbolical style of criticism produces a reaction positively favourable to those who are attacked and injurious to those who employ it. It savours too much of passion and disappointment to hit our taste; and it is not the language in which English statesmen and English gentlemen have been accustomed to address one another. We trust it will be long before the politicians of this country have recourse to the poisoned weapons of slander and calumny which have been used too often by the democratic parties of America and France. To impute base motives to an adversary is itself an act of baseness.

The present Administration is what the House of Commons has made it, for the House of Commons has never failed to approve its measures, and even to condone its mistakes. We must look far back into history for a House of Commons so entirely subservient to the will of a minister. It was believed in the years following the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 that the days of compact majorities were past for ever, and that the government of the country could no longer be carried on with that tenacious reliance on party cohesion which had hitherto been its chief strength and support. Twice under Tory chiefs, in 1829 and 1845, the Tory majority was destroyed; and although the Liberal party remained in power from 1830 to 1874, with only one considerable interval, and that a period of great Liberal measures, it had often to subsist on narrow majorities and to compose the differences of its own supporters. From these perils Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues are apparently free; and as long as a minister and his majority are firmly united by the bonds of internal discipline, the blasts of the storm from without only confirm the solidity of the structure. It may be laid down as a Parliamentary axiom that every administration perishes by the secession or discontent of its own supporters, rather than by the progress or attacks of its opponents.

But if the Ministry is made and supported by the House of Commons, the House of Commons is made and supported by the country. And this brings us to the practical questions which must ere long be solved, Does the country desire to return another House of Commons like the present one?

Does it desire to retain in office an Administration similar to, or identical with, that which has conducted the affairs of the Empire for the last five or six years?

The trial of this issue is, we are told, to be deferred as long as the utmost limits of the Constitution permit. Though on this point, if indeed it be decided, we feel no absolute confidence. The Minister loves surprises. He may have thought it possible to lull his opponents into a false security. If the wind, now foul, were to shift to a fairer quarter, he might make sail. If the dissolution is postponed it will be because the prospects of the Government can hardly be worse than they are at present, and may possibly improve. The events of the next few weeks and the tone of the debates in Parliament in the last month of the Session will probably determine what is still unsettled.

We have more than once adverted to the disposition of the present Government to avail itself of the prerogatives of the Crown, to the extremest boundary of law. They did so in the movement of Indian troops to Europe; they did so in their use of the treaty-making power to conclude the Anglo-Turkish Convention; in the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and in the acquisition of Cyprus. The consequence is that these prerogatives are challenged and brought into controversy. So it will be with the Septennial Act. There are advantages in securing a considerable duration to Parliaments; but it has been a maxim almost invariably observed by wise ministers not to strain the limit too far, and not to wait until they might be compelled to dissolve under very critical circumstances. Hence few Parliaments have outlived their fifth or sixth session. Should the present Parliament survive the autumn and meet again next winter, it may easily be foreseen that the provisions of the Septennial Act will be keenly assailed; and whenever the constitution of the House of Commons is again under discussion, a strong effort will be made to shorten the duration of Parliaments. Perhaps not without reason. Circumstances have entirely changed since the Septennial Act was passed. Triennial Parliaments were the law from 1694 to 1716. Elections are now greatly facilitated by modern communications; and it may justly be argued that the House of Commons would be strengthened by a more frequent appeal to the people. We are inclined to think that a quinquennial limit would be the just mean. It is impossible not to be struck with the languor and inefficacy which mark the last sessions of a long Parliament. There is a disposition to postpone critical or unpleasant questions till after the next

election: to do nothing to-day which can be put off till to-morrow. The opponents of the Ministry of the day are driven to employ the dangerous argument that Parliament has ceased to represent the true opinion of the country, which must therefore be sought and expressed by irregular demonstrations out of doors. We desire to see the authority of Parliament maintained in its integrity, even when it prevails against our own opinion. The true and legitimate constitutional mode of correcting the opinion of Parliament, if it be wrong, is by a more frequent appeal to the country.

To that appeal the energies of both the political parties in the State will now, of course, be directed; and we can only address to our countrymen the succinct advice of the late Sir Robert Peel, who said, 'Register, register, register.' The future government of the Empire depends on the assiduity and attention of the electors in seeing that their names are inscribed in the poll-book, and their claims to vote allowed. It then remains with them to use the franchise as they think best. In every constituency there is a strong party organisation, consisting of those who make political contests their business, and who feel pledged by conviction, precedent, and honour, to adhere to their party, right or wrong. On these bodies the events of the time and the arguments of excited orators produce but little effect. In fact they seldom hear or listen to the arguments of their opponents; and no inference can be drawn from the enthusiasm of those who meet to cheer their own opinions. The fate of an election, and especially of a general election, depends in reality on the fluctuating, more than on the stable, element of parties. The modifications of what is called public opinion, governed by disappointment or disapproval of what is past, or by hopes of what is to come, are the determining causes which change the fate of the day. The transfer of a very small proportion of votes from one side to the other converts a minority into a majority, because each voter is not only added to the former but is subtracted from the latter. The extension of the franchise and the introduction of vote by ballot have rendered it extremely difficult to forecast the result of an election in the large constituencies of the present day. In this respect even meteorology, the least certain of the sciences, is somewhat in advance of political prediction. But to those who are disposed to vote on rational grounds and from deliberate opinion, it may be shown that the present Government is responsible for many rash and reprehensible actions, and that a change in the strength of parties would

bring a safer, more economical, and more progressive Administration into power.

It is curious that the principal debates on the merits or mistakes of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration have turned on his foreign policy—that is, on the branch of politics which, according to Sir Stafford Northcote's declaration at Edinburgh, the British elector is least able to understand. No doubt an intimate acquaintance with the patent and secret causes which determine the relations of foreign States, and sometimes lead to disturbance and war, is not easily attainable. But foreign politics affect the masses, not by their scientific, but by their sentimental side. The Chauvinism of the French, the Jingoism of the English, the 'Spread-eagles' of the Americans, are different names for the same thing, common to all countries and all ages—they mean the national arrogance and irritability, which it is pleasant to smooth and dangerous to provoke. On this somewhat vulgar and often misplaced sentiment, the present Government have largely traded, and some of their most foolish actions must be set down to this account. To go back for a moment to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which was vociferously applauded at the time by the country, it has now become clear that this investment has given us no additional power or authority whatever over the passage through Egypt. It has simply made the British Government a creditor of the Khedive, for the interest on four millions sterling lent to him at five per cent. for twenty years. What the present condition of the creditors of the Khedive is, it is needless to describe; we have no priority over the other bondholders, and must share their fate. But this transaction has implicated us in an awkward manner in the financial embarrassments of Egypt. Vain attempts have been made to set matters straight. The late Khedive rewarded us for our advances and our good offices by a very palpable affront; and it appeared at one moment that our good relations with France (which are of far greater consequence) might be impaired by this visionary and indiscreet proceeding. This Egyptian policy of the Minister was the first display of what was termed his spirit and energy. It was announced by a flourish of trumpets. England had at last resumed her place amongst the nations. All Europe was taught to admire the secrecy and vigour of the achievement. British influence at Alexandria and Cairo was established for ever. What is it now? When the pressure of emergency came at last, as it had long been foreseen that it must come in dealing with a selfish and ruined prodigal,

England was the last to make her influence felt. France took the lead, Germany pronounced the decisive sentence, and the British Government, embarrassed and perplexed by other cares, descended in Egypt from the sublime to the ridiculous. Nothing remained but to exact the deposition of the refractory prince whom we had endeavoured to prop up; and the Sublime Porte took the opportunity of re-establishing by a great act of State its supremacy over Egypt. The son of the late Khedive has been placed on his father's throne, if it deserve that name; but the problem of the administration of a bankrupt State which owes great part of its revenues to foreign creditors, is as far from being solved as ever, and we much fear that Egypt has fallen under a *condominium* of all the great Powers of Europe, a form of government alike unsatisfactory to those who govern and to those who are governed, and fatal to any peculiar interests we may have in that country.

In domestic affairs a minister may and will to a considerable extent be master of the course he intends to pursue. He consults the feeling of his supporters in Parliament and in the country. He frames the measures which he conceives to be useful, popular, and successful. But in foreign affairs it is the reverse. No man is master of the game. You must play the cards which are dealt to you, and dealt by other players equally independent, equally able, and perhaps less scrupulous than yourself. The question in foreign affairs, therefore, is, not whether a minister has done, or left undone, what he desired or deemed most expedient, but whether he did the best he could in the circumstances in which he found himself, independent of his own will.

Whether the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield be approved or condemned, it is certain that the position in which the British Government was placed in the East was none of its own seeking. On the contrary, it was a position which Lord Derby, who was then the Foreign Minister, of all men in the world, most disliked and disapproved. For it originated entirely in the intrigues, the designs, and the warlike measures of Russia. It is now a matter of history that the insurrections in Bosnia and the Herzegovina were organised, if not by the Russian Government, at least by the Russian Panslavist societies; that Russia urged Serbia into war, and abetted her in it; that Russia was all along preparing for war, and at last gave the signal for it by communicating the last Protocol of London to the Porte in the form of an ultimatum; and that Russia at last seriously menaced Constantinople. The policy of Great

Britain was first, if possible, to prevent the war; secondly, war having begun, to arrest the progress of it; thirdly, when a peace had been signed which left Turkey prostrate at the feet of Russia, to substitute a European compact for terms dictated by the arbitrary will of the conqueror; and lastly to obtain for the Christian inhabitants of the Balkan provinces liberal institutions, and for Turkey and her Mussulman population a fair amount of security. We entirely agree with Lord Granville, who said in the House of Lords that he did not quarrel with the Treaty of Berlin, and that the result is perhaps as good as could be anticipated.

The alleged motive of the policy of the Russian Government in the late transactions was an ardent desire to liberate the Christian subjects of the Porte in Europe from Turkish dominion, for it was not even asserted that Russia herself had received from Turkey the slightest injury or provocation. The policy of England is equally clear. It is simply to liberate the inhabitants of those provinces from Russian dominion—a form of oppression much more to be dreaded, inasmuch as the dominion of a mighty and aggressive Empire is far heavier and more formidable than that of a feeble and declining State. If the independence of Roumania and Bulgaria can be secured and maintained, a great step will be made towards the solution of the problem, and we heartily wish it success, for it would conduce, not only to the welfare of those provinces, but to the security of the whole Ottoman Empire.

But the best card in our hand, and the best hope of Eastern Europe, as Mr. Gladstone has very well said, is what he terms the ‘Hellenic factor.’ The Greeks are far ahead of every other race in the Levant. They have education, a language, a history, a Church, commercial enterprise, political sagacity, and courage. It is true that they have also retained many of the ancient defects of the Greek character—a low standard of morality, a passion for intrigue, and a feverish desire of places and distinctions. A Greek gentleman of Cyprus, Mr. Alexander Mavrocordato, who writes to the newspapers of that island to vindicate the British Government from the attacks of the Greek clergy, speaks of his countrymen in language far more severe than we should care to employ. ‘We (the Greeks),’ he says, ‘are unfortunately by nature a most arrogant and discontented tribe. Our ancestors having once been the first people in the world, we consider ourselves to be the same. This is, however, not at all the case. We are at this moment very small, and need other people’s help to raise us; and if we are not modest and easily contented, we run a

‘risk of being entirely crushed down.’* Yet, take them all in all, the Greeks are the first people of the Levant, and the only people who have visibly not only a past but a future. Nothing therefore is more manifest than that both the inclination and the interest of this country demand a strenuous support of the claims of Greece. That was the position assumed by Lord Salisbury at the opening of the Berlin Conference; and we are at a loss to conceive (if it be true) what motive could lead any British Minister to throw his influence subsequently into the opposite scale. The Porte has been allowed to temporise and equivocate, so as to defeat the recorded intentions of Europe. The cession of a portion of Thessaly and Epirus was a part of the price to be paid by Turkey for her own deliverance from far greater perils. Honour as well as interest and policy peremptorily demand the prompt fulfilment of this obligation. It has long been the established policy of this country to extend and strengthen the Kingdom of Greece. To this object we sacrificed the protectorate of the Ionian Isles, a measure which certainly restricted our own means of action in the East, and which was not understood by Europe. Can anything be more ridiculous than to have exchanged the healthy and well-fortified harbours of Corfu and Cephalonia for the pestilential and deserted havens of Limasol and Famagousta? And it appears that Lord Palmerston’s Government urged the Porte at the time when this measure was adopted to surrender all Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. In the present state of affairs these objects acquire an increased importance. And the Government would utterly fail in its duty which should hesitate to take the most effectual measures to secure the immediate fulfilment of the conditions in favour of Greece which were prescribed by the Treaty of Berlin.

The Power that has suffered most by the attempt to unsettle the affairs of Eastern Europe is Russia herself. She has caused the death, we are credibly informed, of a million and a half of human beings, of whom a considerable proportion were her own subjects: she has added a hundred millions sterling to her debt and utterly destroyed her credit on the exchanges of Europe, where she cannot raise a rouble: her military reputation has certainly not gained by the war, even against the Turks, and her administration has proved as corrupt and incapable as ever. She has affected to contend

* Papers on Cyprus, No. II. p. 38, presented to Parliament, June, 1879.

for liberal institutions conceded to the South Slavonians which she refuses to her own subjects. Far from having satisfied the ambition or the designs of the leaders of the Muscovite agitation, whatever they may be, the year succeeding the war has seen Russia plunged into an unparalleled state of anarchy and crime, which are met on the part of the Czar by every form of oppression and terrorism. We cannot affect to regret that the Russian people should feel what the burden of that military government is which they have so often and so long inflicted on Poland and other neighbouring provinces. The Mouravieff of 1863 is the Gourko of to-day. Such a government is simply the worst and the most despotic in the world. Russia is now the only State of Europe which cannot boast even the semblance or the rudiments of freedom, and these crimes, murders, conflagrations, and secret societies, are the heavings of a nation struggling to shake off an intolerable yoke. Whilst we lament and condemn the means employed by these conspirators, which are horrible, unmanly, and wicked, no event could happen in Europe so favourable to freedom as the overthrow of the detestable stronghold of Russian despotism. Some excuse may be found for the crimes of savage and barbarous tyrants and governments. But the Russian Government combines the refinement and artifice of a civilised court with the most atrocious forms of violence and oppression. We doubt not that the Russian people is worthy of a better fate, and we are convinced that the admirers of 'Holy Russia' would do better to leave off framing excuses for what Prince Albert called 'the paganism of its religion and the barbarism of its populations,'* and to look forward to a radical change in the institutions of the empire.

The Russians are now, we hope, retiring from the provinces they invaded, but they are withdrawing like a flight of locusts, having pillaged and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, and disgraced their administration by the most profligate corruption, of which the Commissioners of the other European Powers have been the actual witnesses. They leave behind them anything but sentiments of gratitude or esteem. The Russian occupation has been the worst enemy of Russian influence. Nothing is more certain, as appears from numerous Russian publications, than that the Northern deliverers saw great reason to envy the material condition and the civil rights of the people they came to emancipate from a tyranny less

* See the Prince's Letter to the Emperor of the French of April 28, 1857, in the fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's 'Life,' p. 30.

galling than that under which they themselves are living. Recent events have raised a strong presumption that the real motive of the Russian Government in plunging into war, was to divert the attention of the nation, to gratify the enthusiasm of the Panslavists, and to avert a crisis at home. We are now assured that the revolutionary party were never in favour of the war. They have, however, gained largely by it. The discontent of the people, and especially of the upper classes, has broken out with increased strength; and the Imperial Government is struggling with a secret and perfectly unscrupulous enemy, which threatens the very existence of its ministers, its agents, and of the sovereign himself.

The war in Afghanistan was just as much the direct act of Russia as the war in Bulgaria. It was in order to embarrass, alarm, and threaten this country, that, in defiance of the most solemn promises, a correspondence was opened by General Kaufmann with the late Ameer, and a Russian embassy despatched to Cabul. No British Government could be so senseless as to seek or desire a quarrel with the late Ameer. On the contrary, all our traditions and all our policy were to cultivate the best relations with him. But no British Government could allow Russia to gain a footing in Afghanistan. That has been conceded by the Duke of Argyll and by those who most distrusted our advance beyond the Khyber Pass. Here again Russia has no great reason to applaud herself on the result of her manœuvres. She is convicted of broken faith, though diplomatic, and even Parliamentary, language is too courteous to tell her so. She has caused those who relied on her support to perish miserably. Her policy throughout Central Asia has received a tremendous check, for she retains the burden of her recent conquests there without any corresponding benefits. The Viceroy has shown a wise moderation and liberality in dealing with Yakoo Khan, and we trust that our relations with the Afghans are now placed on a more secure basis. It is, however, a remarkable proof of the tenacity with which Russia pursues her schemes of aggression, that even now, with an exhausted treasury and after a serious defeat, she is said to have prepared a fresh expedition of 20,000 men against the Turcomans, and to contemplate an advance by the valley of the Attreek on Merv. We hope the British Government is in a better position to resist such a demonstration than it was some little time ago. As for the acquisition of a 'scientific frontier,' we still regard it as a very questionable advantage. The territory ceded by the Ameer is occupied by hill tribes who never paid more than a highlander's alle-

giance to the rulers of Cabul. It can hardly be said to have belonged to the Afghan power at all. To bring these natives of a lofty range of mountains into subjection by force is a task utterly disproportioned to the result, and the dispute will probably end, as our quarrel with the Ameer has done, by something very like a pecuniary compromise, being a fresh charge on the overburdened revenues of India. But if any weight is to be attached to the enthusiastic eulogies of Tory writers on the Treaty of Gandamak, it would appear that the terms on which the war has been concluded are only the prelude to far greater difficulties. A highly laudatory, but most indiscreet critic, in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for the present month, tells us that we have assumed the entire control of the Ameer's foreign relations, and that this engagement brings us into direct contact with Russia, Persia, Bokhara, and all the turbulent chiefs who owe an imperfect allegiance to the Afghan monarchy; that, although the treaty says nothing about it, we must of course aid the Ameer against internal insurrection; and that Afghanistan is henceforth to be regarded as a protected State, under a subsidiary treaty. If this were so, we can only say that the results of the Treaty of Gandamak would be of the most alarming character, fraught with infinite dangers and enormous cost to the Indian Empire. They would more than justify the sinister predictions of the great Indian statesman, Lord Lawrence, whose recent death we now deplore. We can only hope that these are not the views of Lord Lytton and of Her Majesty's Government, and that they desire, as we do ourselves, that the Ameer of Cabul may be able to establish in his dominions a strong and independent government, with as little interference as possible from the Foreign Office at Calcutta and from the British army.

Yet in spite of these doubts as to the future, and in spite of the stress that has been brought to bear against the Eastern policy of the Government, we believe that it is not on this charge that the present Ministry will ultimately be arraigned and convicted, and we question whether their mode of dealing with these Eastern questions, though by no means irreproachable, will cost the majority a single seat at the next election. The excitement is over; the peril of war has been averted; the results are not inconsiderable. It is true we are encumbered in Cyprus with an onerous and worthless acquisition, and nothing could be more absurd than to fling an army of 9,000 men on that burning coast, in the month of August, without the slightest necessity for the use of such a force, and without any preparation for maintaining it there. It now turns

out that a wing of a single regiment suffices for the occupation of the island, and the result is as insignificant as the project was fantastical.* Still more objectionable would be the engagement to defend and civilise Asia Minor and the whole of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, if it were possible to treat it seriously. It probably means no more than that England would not regard with indifference any further aggression on the Ottoman territories in Asia by a foreign Power. But the consequences of the Anglo-Turkish Convention are remote, and will probably not exercise any appreciable influence on the popular constituencies of the United Kingdom.

In South Africa, Ministers have been less fortunate. There their leader is reported to have said that his luck had deserted him. The state of affairs in those territories had for some years past been critical, and the present calamitous war is the result of a long series of blunders. Most unfortunately, the choice of the Government in the selection of a High Commissioner fell upon a man whose antecedents certainly did not warrant the suspicion of a rash propensity to war or a masterful indifference to the injunctions of his superiors. It was, however, thought at the time the appointment was made that a military Governor-General, invested with full civil powers, would have been more appropriate to the office; for a judicious military officer, knowing the cost and the difficulty of warfare in savage countries, is less likely than a civilian to plunge headlong into it. Unluckily, there was in command at the Cape a civilian bent upon making war, and a general who consented to make war with inade-

* Though the results of the occupation of Cyprus are, we believe, purely negative to this country, it must in fairness be admitted that the Cypriots have derived considerable benefit from it, though even this the Bishop of Citium and his clergy and correspondents deny. But it is demonstrated by the papers laid before Parliament that the charges brought against the British administration of Cyprus are untrue. They arose in this wise. Under the lax rule of the Turks, the Greek bishops and monasteries were allowed to evade the payment of taxes. The British authorities at once established complete equality of Christian and Mussulman, peasant and priest, before the law. This the Bishop of Citium bitterly resented. Curiously enough our only enemies in Cyprus have been the Greek priests and the Hellenic agitators, whom some of our Philhellenes at home are so eager to propitiate. The Archbishop of Cyprus takes a different tone, and frankly admits that much has been done to improve the condition of the island, and that the people are by no means ungrateful.

quate forces, and without authority from England. Ministers have so far profited by the insubordination of their agents, that they repudiate the responsibility for Sir Bartle Frere's *ultimatum* and its deplorable consequences. We have no doubt that they regret those consequences as much as anyone in this kingdom, for they cannot escape from the penalty attached to them; and the instructions under which Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford were acting ought to have been so peremptory and precise that no such mistake could have been possible. At any rate, an excessive forbearance was shown by the Government in not marking by the immediate recall of these officers their sense of the mischief they had done. The debate on this question in the House of Commons was postponed as long as possible. When it took place in April the very able speeches of Sir Charles Dilke, and other members of the Opposition, seconded by one or two of the most conscientious supporters of the Government, demonstrated beyond all question that a complete change must be made. Yet the Government still defended a forlorn position. Their majority shrank to sixty, and it was notorious that nothing but the strong discipline of the party and the influence of personal considerations saved them from a still more stringent lesson. Meanwhile despatches arrived which proved that the High Commissioner still entertained the most preposterous intentions of extending his military operations in Africa, though the general in command had hitherto failed to carry them into effect on a much narrower field.* The Government acknowledged at last that the position was untenable, and did in May, with the general approval of the nation, what ought to have been done two, or even four, months earlier. The language and policy of the Opposition were completely justified. But it is greatly to be feared that the time

* Even now it seems that Sir Bartle Frere has not abandoned his martial designs. In his last attempt to conciliate the Boers of the Transvaal at Potchefstroom, he said among other things: '*Our first business will be to attack Secocoeni. I hear that many farmers have been driven away by him and now live in the neighbourhood of Schoemansdal. It is clear the natives are now wanting to force us back; we must therefore be up and doing. I have written to Lord Chelmsford that the favourable season is at hand and is short, and that he should therefore as soon as possible, whenever he can spare them, send up troops in that direction.*' This speech is reported from official sources in the '*Cape Times*' of May 27. Sir Bartle Frere, therefore, undoubtedly contemplated at that time a considerable extension of the operations against the native tribes.

had already passed when it was possible to bring these operations in Zululand to a speedy conclusion. The flower of the British army had been sent off with despatch, but with no great foresight and no systematic plan of campaign, to Natal—a colony of some 20,000 white inhabitants, ill provided with the means of transport, and even of subsistence, for an army exceeding the white population in numbers. The conditions of war in a perfectly wild country, such as Zululand, are, that if your force is small it is liable to be cut off by hordes of savages, if it is large it is almost impossible to move or to feed it with the *impedimenta* of civilised armies. The country itself produces absolutely nothing—hardly food for the oxen who draw the waggons or men to drive them. These difficulties have proved, of course, well-nigh insurmountable. Lord Chelmsford has been foiled and delayed, not by the enemy, but by the impassable nature of the country.

It seems almost impossible to convince the British military authorities that the efficiency of an army in the field depends, not on its numbers or its valour, or even on its artillery, but before all things on its means of transport and subsistence. Without adequate transport and food for man and beast, 100,000 men are less efficient than 20,000, and 20,000 are less efficient than 5,000. A large force was sent off to Southern Africa with very imperfect knowledge of what it had to do, or how the means of locomotion were to be provided. In fact, when the army arrived, these means were not forthcoming. Every incident in the campaign with which we are acquainted bears marks of a total absence of forethought, judgment, and resolution, in small things as well as in great; and in war small oversights and negligences often lead to the most deplorable consequences. The British army is entangled in its own strength and appurtenances; whilst the lithesome ‘impi’ of savage warriors hovers on its flanks, and outwits the science of our camps and our schools.

In the meantime the British army, living in Natal, at an enormous expense, and not without loss of life by sickness, is in a painful and inactive position, to which we see at present no outlet. These are things which Sir Bartle Frere, if he had any knowledge or judgment in military affairs, ought to have foreseen and provided against. But he appears to have been as regardless of the seasons of the year and the necessities of the case, as he was of the orders of the Home Government. We can only hope that Sir Garnet Wolseley will hit upon some means to extricate us from so humiliating a position. It is not the first time in history that the greatest commanders and the

most valiant armies have found themselves paralysed by natural causes over which they had no control ; and the only rational termination of a contest in which everything may be lost and nothing can be gained is to terminate it by liberal terms of peace, though it must fall somewhat short of a ' peace with honour,' if honour consists in the destruction of your adversary. However cruel and barbarous Cetewayo may be, he makes war after the manner of his tribe: he defends his independence and his power with a dauntless bravery which extorts respect from his adversary ; and he offers one of the few examples in history of a savage chieftain holding in check for a considerable time the forces of a great Power. He has therefore fairly earned at our hands the consideration due to a belligerent ; and if Sir Bartle Frere ever had other views respecting the Zulu monarch, they would now be out of place. Sir Bartle Frere has, in point of fact, considerably raised the authority and position of the personage he intended to destroy. The war itself is the most unpopular in which this country has in our remembrance been engaged—unjust in its inception—costly, sanguinary, and unskilful in its progress—inglorious, we fear, in its termination, for it is not in the nature of things that any substantial benefit or credit should be obtained by it. And we cannot but feel that a more strict and enlightened attention to the affairs of South Africa might have averted it ; instead of which, Sir Bartle Frere's case is, that the measures sanctioned by the Government, as much as two years ago, rendered the war inevitable.

As if no incident were to be wanting which could give to this war a tragic character, the death of the young Prince who had gallantly, but unwisely, volunteered to share the perils of our army, has struck a pang of grief and regret into the very heart of this country. That the heir of Napoleon should perish by the assegai of the slaves of Cetewayo is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary events in the marvellous history of his race. But that his death should have been caused by the neglect of the most obvious precautions, in a war of ambush and of butchery, is a stain upon those who were in command in South Africa which we fear no time will efface, and to which no Englishman can be indifferent. Assuredly in no part of Europe will the memory of this young Prince be more cherished, or his fate more deplored, than in this country. It has obliterated old military rivalries and old political censures. It touches us a thousand times more than the Imperial triumphs of his family ; and he is lamented rather as a child of England than as the heir of France.

The bearing of all this on our reputation for military and administrative sagacity is bad enough. Still worse is the strain which these operations have put upon our military resources—a subject in itself too large and too serious to be entered upon in this brief retrospect. Most injurious of all to the prospects of the Government is the effect of these various transactions on our financial position; and in our eyes there is nothing so discreditable to the Administration as the manner in which these financial liabilities have been evaded. Lord Cranbrook boasted the other day at Sheffield that no additional taxes had been imposed on the people, and he seemed to think the Opposition were disappointed when they found that Sir Stafford Northcote's last Budget sat so easily on the House of Commons. There is a very easy mode of avoiding an immediate call on one's resources, and that is to postpone the payment of one's debts. The Opposition were disappointed, not because the Government thought fit to renounce the imposition of fresh taxes, which must sooner or later be the inevitable consequence of a spirited foreign policy and of two or three military expeditions abroad, but because the Government had not the frankness and the courage to avow and to meet the financial consequences of their own policy. Before the country can approve or condemn that policy, we must know what it costs. That is precisely the essential point which has been kept out of sight. We have yet to learn in what manner it is proposed to meet the extraordinary charges of the last two or three years. The ordinary revenue has barely kept pace with the ordinary expenditure, which has been continually increasing under Tory management. But at the same time large additional expenses have been incurred for the affairs of the East, for the transport of troops from India, for the occupation of Cyprus, for the advance to the Indian Government, and now for the South African war. We see the outlay, which must be enormous, and we know that Parliament has sanctioned it. But where is the supply? What means have been taken to provide for these exigencies? It would seem the height of cowardice, which we would not willingly impute to any British minister, to shrink from imposing taxes which would be unpopular, if he wants the money to defray outlay that has been incurred for objects which the Government hold to be necessary for our defence and our honour. Do ministers expect their debts to be paid by their successors? Do they entertain so humble an opinion of their tenure of office, that they find it expedient to give a bill at a long date? Can anything justify

an attempt to postpone by expedients the full discharge of the expenses of the year?

Finance is the true test of foreign policy. The conduct of negotiations and the measures necessary for the defence of the public interests fall within the responsibility of the Executive Government, and we do not contend that it is wise to limit their powers. But when the question arises of paying for these measures, Parliament must be taken into the confidence of the Cabinet, and that confidence must be complete. In other words, the application of the resources of the country is necessarily determined by ministers, but the spring from which those resources are drawn is in the House of Commons.

Here, then, is the point which calls for the keenest scrutiny of the Opposition and of the people at large. If we are not greatly mistaken, finance is the weak point of the Administration; and this weakness has been increased by an excessive expenditure and by an excessive reluctance to take the measures necessary to meet that expenditure. It is clear that there is hesitation and unwillingness to disclose the whole truth of our financial situation. Probably we shall be told, that with the expenses now going on in South Africa it is impossible to calculate the extent of it. The Abyssinian war cost, if we remember rightly, some nine millions sterling, when Sir Stafford Northcote was last in office, and we have no doubt our amiable Chancellor of the Exchequer hates the very name of Africa. But whether it be unpopular or not to increase taxation, or to advocate an increase of taxation, the first duty of ministers is to ask the House of Commons for the means to meet the credits that have been taken. As yet we cannot understand how these extraordinary expenses are to be provided for. But it is of vital importance to know what is the amount of them and by what fresh charges on the nation they are to be paid. That is the issue on which we should be prepared to go to the country. That is the point on which the merits or shortcomings of the Administration, both at home and abroad, should be tried. That is the practical question we should address to ministerial candidates; and whatever else it may be in the power of the Opposition to offer to the people of England, we are confident that a prudent, open, and economical use of the public revenues stands in the first rank.

No debate of the House of Commons in the present Session is, in our opinion, so instructive and important as that of April 28 last, when these financial questions were most ably discussed on the occasion of a motion by Mr. Rylands condemning the increase of the national expenditure. Mr.

Göschen, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Childers all took part in this controversy, and each of them threw light from some different point on what the Government had so much reason to conceal. Mr. Göschen showed that nothing could be more fallacious than the attempt to separate the extraordinary from the ordinary expenditure of the nation. The votes required for increased stores and armaments form part of the necessary ways and means of the Session; if not used for one purpose these articles are used for another. But as long as the means of supply were kept in the background, the House of Commons and the country had not pronounced on the policy of the Government.

‘It might,’ added the honourable gentleman, ‘be an unpopular thing to say, but it was better for the cause of economy and for the good of the country that we should meet our burdens by taxation year by year as they arise than stave off the payment to a future day. No taxes were to be imposed at present: then the whole of these liabilities were to be postponed; in other words, the country was not asked to associate itself with the action of the Government at all. The Government shrank from that test. Ministers had shown, in this crisis, not financial strength but financial hesitation. This was an exhibition of an apparently strong policy carried out by weak men—by men wanting in the nerve and courage to face unpopularity. They had shown a want of confidence in the willingness of the country to bear the burdens which were the result of the policy of the Government.’

Mr. Gladstone followed in a speech of great power, in which he demonstrated how widely the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has been led astray from the wise principles and practice of that great school of finance, inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel and by Mr. Gladstone himself, in which Sir Stafford Northcote was brought up. By this practice of postponing and confusing the expenses and the payments of one year with another, and of one Parliament with another, ‘the Government loses its responsibility, and the fundamental principle of keeping the income up to the charge is forgotten and got rid of.’ Indeed, it may be remarked, that should a dissolution of Parliament take place in the interval, it might happen that the House of Commons which approved the policy of the Ministry would not be called to pay the cost of it, and that the duty of providing for the charge would devolve upon a House of Commons less favourably disposed to the policy they had to provide for. Sir Stafford Northcote’s work on the financial history of the country enjoys a well-deserved reputation. It is much to be regretted that his administrative measures should fall so far short of his sound

economical principles. For, as Mr. Gladstone observed, they are contradictory: the wit of man cannot reconcile them.

Mr. Childers entered into a still more minute detail of the results of this extraordinary treatment of the finances. It is admitted that between six and seven millions is the measure of increase of ordinary expenditure since the present Government took office: and the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself stated that in the last fifteen months 8,750,000*l.* have been expended on votes of credit, but that only a small portion of that expenditure has been paid out of current revenue, and the rest deferred.

All these speeches deserve a more careful perusal than can be given to the journals of the day, in which moreover the reports are imperfect; and we learn with satisfaction that it is intended to circulate these important statements of the Opposition in a popular form for public information.

We confess that it is a matter of surprise to us that when there are so many reasons for looking with anxiety to the present and the future condition of public affairs, the general tone of public feeling should be so apathetic, and the language of Parliament so hesitating and ineffectual. Probably this state of things is the result of the attempts made in preceding years to direct popular excitement and popular sympathy into channels, and towards objects, of less real importance to the people of England; and to act as if our foreign relations were to absorb all the interests of the country. It is high time, in preparing for the electoral struggle, which may come upon us sooner than is commonly supposed, to direct and concentrate public attention on the primary and essential conditions of good government, rather than on its showy and adventitious incidents. The state of trade, the depression of agriculture, the enactment of important reforms in the law, too often presented and presented in vain, such as the Criminal Code, the new Patent Law, the Bankruptcy Bill, and the Banking Bill, and, above all, the financial condition of the country, are the subjects really pressing on the attention of the Legislature. We lament to say that the present Parliament and the present Administration, with all the omnipotence of numbers, has proved wholly unequal to these tasks; it remains to be seen whether more can be obtained from the harvests of succeeding years.

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- ART. I.—1. *Graf Bismarck und seine Tente im deutsch-französischen Kriege.* Von MORITZ BUSCH. Leipzig: 1878.
2. *Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. KLEE. Berlin: 1879.
3. *Lettre à un Ami d'Allemagne.* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: 1879.
4. *Hommes et Choses d'Allemagne.* Croquis politiques. Par J. VALBERT. Paris: 1877.

MAY 10, 1871, the day of the signature of the Treaty of Frankfort, was the date of the most profound humiliation for France, and the culminating point of the career of the German Chancellor. The negotiations for the final peace had dragged on at Brussels without leading to a result; with his accustomed perspicacity he caught the moment when the Government of Versailles was still struggling with the insurrection of the Commune, and therefore felt the pressing want of peace. He invited M. Thiers to send to Frankfort M. Jules Favre, whose capacity he had measured at the famous interview of Ferrières. After a conference of nearly eight hours at the Swan Hotel, which brought the unfortunate French negotiator to utter exhaustion, he succeeded in obtaining nearly all he wanted, and developed as fully as possible the preliminaries of Versailles. Thus he proudly inaugurated the diplomatic action of the new Empire in the ancient coronation city of the Romish emperors, and returned to Berlin in triumph. When he reappeared in the Reichstag, the whole assembly rose by a spontaneous movement. He was made a prince, received a magnificent estate in Lauenberg, and the

chairmen of the German railways, little thinking that in a few years he would strain every nerve to buy them up, made him a present of a sumptuous set of carriages with the privilege of circulating freely on all the lines; wherever he showed himself, he was the object of enthusiastic ovations, and was hailed both in poetry and prose as the regenerator of Germany. It was certainly difficult to rise higher; the question appeared rather to be, whether he would be able to maintain himself in this eminent position without losing his equipoise—whether his conservative wisdom would equal the audacity with which he had overcome the obstacles to his career of greatness. Never had man the mind of the German people so entirely in his hand, for good or evil, as Bismarck at that moment. ‘What will he do with it?’ was the question which was then on all lips. ‘What has he done with it?’ is the question we ask after he has been for eight years the most prominent figure in Europe as well as in his own country.

The two books which we have placed at the head of this article will not help us much to elucidate this question. The work of Dr. Klee is a continuous strain of rhapsodical eulogy of his hero, whom he paints as a strong conservative. The literary value of Dr. Moritz Busch’s two indiscreet volumes is even less; they are the work of a hireling who does not venture to have an opinion of his own, who indiscriminately pours out a mass of anecdote, without distinguishing between common-place table-talk and important observations, and who does not seem to feel the difference between traits launched with the keen sagacity of a powerful mind and others of a revolting cynicism. Nevertheless the book has the merit of bearing the incontrovertible stamp of authenticity; these pages photograph Prince Bismarck as he is—strong-headed, self-confident, far-sighted, unscrupulous, sneering at everything, sparing nothing in his sarcasms, recklessly following his aims, and persecuting with keen feelings of hatred and revenge everyone who happens to thwart them. From this point of view, these two volumes are an interesting contribution to contemporary history.

We find here, for instance, a sort of explanation of the reason why his first move after the peace was a declaration of war against the Catholic Church. This naturally took the world by surprise, for when Bismarck entered upon the political stage as a staunch conservative he appeared as an orthodox believer, and expressed a hope ‘that the fools’ ship of our time would be wrecked on the rock of the Church.’ Having turned statesman, he learnt to view the Church principally as a

power, and during the first part of his ministry he treated the Catholic hierarchy with the greatest regard. By his influence two archiepiscopal sees were filled with Ultramontanes of the purest water. Count Ledochowski, having promised to forbid the clergy to take part in the Polish agitation, was forced upon the Chapter of Posen by joint pressure from Rome and Berlin, and it was not Bismarck's fault if the *Curia's* wish of promoting Ketteler to Cologne was frustrated; he even worked hard for the project of establishing a Papal nuncio at Berlin, and was only baffled by the King's peremptory refusal to allow such an infringement of the traditions of his house. He declined Prince Hohenlohe's proposition to protest against the scheme of Papal infallibility, and equally declined the advice of his minister at Rome to intervene during the Council. It was therefore not astonishing that such tendencies encouraged Monsignor Ledochowski to proceed to Versailles in order to plead in person for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. What answer he received is not recorded, but this much is known, that he was treated with marked courtesy, and came home in high spirits, convinced that, after peace was signed, Prussia would take the initiative of a congress, in order to interfere on behalf of the Pope, and to give to the Catholic world guarantees for his independence.

If then the Chancellor suddenly resolved to turn against the Church, it is clear that his motive was political. The Catholic Church, after 1850, enjoyed in Prussia all the advantages of a free church without its burdens and drawbacks. Not only had all former restrictions been removed, but she retained all the prerogatives of a privileged church, which she amply used for her advantage. Her power consequently increased enormously in the following twenty years; convents and religious houses multiplied, and were quite exempt from State inspection; the Church was left to administer freely not only her own property, but all the funds and endowments of institutions devoted to ecclesiastical purposes; the congregations covered the Catholic parts of the country with their network, and took a prominent part in the direction of the schools; the German clergy, formerly distinguished by their intelligence and independence, became more and more ultramontane, and the Jesuits exercised a marked ascendancy over them. The autonomic government of the Church reached its climax by the dogmatic Constitution of July 18, 1870, and Prince Bismarck, whilst declining to intervene during the deliberations of the Council, had expressly warned the *Curia*, by his despatch to Baron Arnim of January 5, 1870, that the

declaration of infallibility would give to the State the right to revise its relations with the Catholic Church. If the Government had been satisfied to reassert the legitimate claims of the State in respect to the hierarchy by repelling all encroachments of the Church on the civil dominion, and exercising with proper energy the right of supreme control over the schools and institutions of the clergy, it would have challenged the resistance of the bishops, the Pope would have issued angry allocutions on the spoliation of the Church, but the Catholic laity would not have supported the hierarchy; the larger part would have submitted—the more intelligent as well as the indifferent portion, ashamed of the part which the German episcopate had played at the Council, would even have approved of this policy. But such was not the intention of the Chancellor; his plan was not to defend the State, but to deprive the Church of that legitimate independence without which she cannot discharge her high functions, but which has always been singularly distasteful to autocratic natures. He had moreover a special object in declaring offensive war against her. We see in his utterances, recorded by Dr. Busch, how keen was his irritation at being sometimes thwarted in his plans by the resistance of the Emperor and his military advisers. ‘When we come home, I shall turn parliamentarian,’ he said. His aim, therefore, was to create a compact governmental majority. He knew that the enthusiasm of the French war could not last, and therefore looked for something which might so far have the quality of a foreign enemy that fighting against it could be called a patriotic duty. What more suitable object could there be than the Roman Church, become so unpopular through its syllabus and its Vatican Council? The Chancellor knew that in Germany, as in France, the Liberals are free-thinkers or indifferent, but that they are united in their hatred against the Church; in attacking her, he was therefore sure of their support. In this he was right. When in August 1871 the official press began to preach war against Rome, who was represented as having always been the enemy of the German Empire, and as her irreconcilable adversary at present, the Liberals hesitated at first; they regarded this new policy as rather too good to be true. But when they saw that Bismarck was in earnest, they declared for him heart and soul, and, enchanted at the prospect of a campaign against the priests in alliance with the Government, forgot all the principles they had hitherto defended. One of the most zealous leaders in the contest, Professor von Sybel, had formerly exposed in his history the fatal mistake which the French Revolution com-

mitted by attacking the Church; he now asked for a reform of the constitution of the Church by the State, and hoped to succeed where Joseph II. and the Convention had miserably failed. Formerly the Liberals cried treason if the Conservatives wanted to amend the constitution; now they suppressed at one stroke three articles of it, destined to protect the independence of religious communities. Formerly they declared the inviolability of personal freedom to be a sacred principle; now they consented to exile Jesuits and to banish priests. Formerly the Liberals boasted that they respected every form of religious conviction; now they declared the Catholics to be enemies of the Empire, and reviled their Church by attacks which might as well be turned against the Christian faith in general. If the Liberal party comes out discomfited and divided from the struggle against the new economic policy of the Chancellor, they have only themselves to thank. It was by the *Culturkampf* that Bismarck broke their neck. They abjured all their former principles in order to damage the Church; if they dared to oppose him on any other question, he had only to intimate that he would make his peace with the Catholics, and they submitted immediately to the necessary sacrifice.

But the Prince had completely underrated the enemy he attacked. He had not realised the strength of purely spiritual forces and of passive resistance. He had not even, on entering into this struggle, a well-determined plan; his only aim seemed to be to collect as in an arsenal all possible weapons against the Church. Dr. Falk, whom he had placed at the head of the ecclesiastical department, did not even believe in the possibility of a serious resistance; as a narrow legist he thought that if a law had been passed, whatever might be its tenor, every Prussian subject would of course obey it. Having practised as an attorney, knowing nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, he fell into the hands of professors and councillors, who prepared the ill-advised and ill-digested May laws, which proved deficient as soon as they were enacted, and had to be amended by a new batch of statutes. But all these measures entirely missed their aim; the clergy not only refused to submit, but were unanimously supported by the Catholic laity, as was proved by the elections of 1874. In 1875 the struggle entered upon a new phase; the Pope addressed (February 5) an encyclical to the Prussian bishops, in which he declared the ecclesiastical laws null and void, as contradicting the divine mission of the Church. This was certainly a bold encroachment upon the domain of the State, and the

Government would have been perfectly entitled to prosecute those who promulgated this encyclical; but the irascible Chancellor went much further. All the salaries and subventions paid by the State to Catholic priests or institutions were suspended, unless the clergy signed a declaration that they would submit to all present and future laws of the country, which was tantamount to the alternative of starvation or excommunication. Further, all religious orders and communities were dissolved and expelled, those only excepted which devoted themselves exclusively to the care of the sick; their property was sequestrated by the State. But these measures were as impotent to break the resistance of the Catholics as the preceding ones. The gap caused by the withdrawal of the subventions of the State was filled by voluntary contributions, and the dissolution of the congregations, incompatible as it was with civil liberty, only deprived society of institutions for which no equivalent could be found. By another law, the Government conferred upon the Catholic congregations the privilege of electing bishops for the vacant sees; but no use was made of this right, and the only attempt made to bring about such an election led to so sore a discomfiture, that no more has been heard of that scheme. The Government transferred the administration of the revenues of Catholic parishes to an elective board; the bishops, foreseeing that, if the people abstained from exercising their electoral rights, the whole property would pass into the hands of the State, authorised their flocks to take part in these elections, and the consequence was that all the boards were composed of their adherents.

The result of the whole campaign was a gigantic failure. The Government obtained nothing that an absolute Government cannot obtain by simply lifting its arm. To deprive a priest or a bishop, i.e. to prevent them from exercising their ministry, is nothing; the question is how to supply their place. But not only has nothing been gained; the result is exactly the contrary of what was desired. Deak said well 'that there 'is nothing more dangerous than to make martyrs.' Prince Bismarck was not of that opinion, but in persecuting the bishops he gave them the opportunity of reinstating the character which had been somewhat damaged by their conduct at the Vatican. It was intended to sever the inferior clergy from the episcopate, but the former stood firmly by their superiors. It was hoped to emancipate the laity from the hierarchy, but this violent policy brought the whole mass of the Catholic people into a firm phalanx of opposition under those very leaders of whom it was intended to deprive them. The

Centre party appeared in greater force after every election. The Catholic press grew like green leaves after rain. Thirty years ago there were four or five Catholic papers. When the Culturkampf began they were about thirty. Now Germany has more than three hundred, some of which sell more than ten thousand copies. The Government prohibited the exercise of the disciplinary power of the Pope; he quietly continued to exercise it, and was obeyed by everyone. Thousands of Catholics made their pilgrimage to Rome and knelt before Pio Nono, who launched his invectives against the modern Attila, laughing at the enmity of the martial hermit of Varzin. When at last that Pope died, his successor was elected after an exceptionally short conclave, and Prince Bismarck evidently thought it more prudent not to examine whether the new Pope offered sufficient guarantees of moderation. Count Arnim in his last pamphlet '*Quid faciamus nos?*' tells us in a charming story how M. Thiers judged the German policy. 'I acknowledge,' said he, 'that Prince Bismarck is a remarkable man, but I do not understand his ecclesiastical policy; he will burn his fingers. Write to him—no; do not write, but tell him, when you see him, in my name, that he makes *fausse route*. When the battle of Waterloo drew to its end, Ouvrard, the great purveyor, and a great scoundrel, came up to Napoleon, and said, "Sire, the English have lost enormously." "Yes," answered Napoleon, "but I have lost the battle." It will be thus that Prince Bismarck will be obliged to say: "The Catholic Church has lost much, but I have lost the battle." It is impossible to condense in a more terse form the judgment which history has already pronounced upon that ill-advised policy.

But its pernicious effects do not end with this discomfiture. If Bismarck harnessed the Liberals to the car of the Culturkampf and at the same time ruined them, he was nevertheless obliged to make large sacrifices to them. The Evangelical Church of Prussia was subjected to a constitution, which made it the creature of the State, dependent on a Chamber, of which more than one-third consists of Catholics and Jews. Special concessions were made to what the Liberals styled the cultivated intelligence of large cities. Dogmatical qualifications for ecclesiastical functions were abolished; the consequence was anarchy. In a synod held at Berlin in 1877, a clergyman moved the abolition of the Apostles' Creed. And the Protestant Church of North Germany, which was once the stoutest barrier against Romanism, was reduced to the pitiable condition in which it now stands.

The Liberals, knowing that whoever holds the school guides the future, further claimed that popular education should be remodelled in their sense. After the fashion of the Birmingham School Board, they demanded the suppression of denominational schools, to be replaced by what they call simultaneous schools, in which the religious instruction should henceforth be neither Catholic nor Protestant, but conceived in the sense of a vague theism which would offend neither Catholics nor Protestants. Although the denominational school is sanctioned by law in Prussia, Dr. Falk silently promoted the introduction of these simultaneous schools, and applied to the celebrated national schools of Germany precisely those principles which commend themselves to the secularists of this country. It had been held in Germany that the pastor of the parish is the natural inspector of the local school; but in consequence of the ecclesiastical legislation the right of inspection was withdrawn from all Catholic pastors and from many Protestant ones and conferred on persons totally unfit for it. The result was that the teachers, liberated from effectual inspection, did as they liked, and that complaints of their disorderly behaviour have become general. We are assured that the outcome of the new educational policy has been a vast increase of expense and a general lowering of the moral and intellectual standard of the young. In the end all the elements hostile to religion have been fortified, the principles of morality have been undermined, and consequently, in this contest of the two powers which should co-operate for the common benefit, Social Democracy is the real *tertius gaudens*. Is it possible that such a condition of things can really benefit the people and strengthen the State?

The concessions which the Chancellor was obliged to make to the extreme Liberals in political, social, and economical questions were not less hurtful. Since 1867 Germany and Prussia have been overwhelmed by a deluge of new laws; measures which in this country would have absorbed a whole session were voted at Berlin in a few sittings, and this legislation by steam lasted nine months in the year. As a matter of course, the bills were badly prepared and superficially discussed, and as soon as they became law were found defective and had to be amended. The internal administration of Prussia, for instance, certainly wanted reform; but instead of developing and correcting the existing institutions a novel and complicated system of self-government was introduced, whilst the whole bureaucratic organisation remained in force. The consequence was confusion; no one could see his way in

this labyrinth of paragraphs, no one knew to what authority he had to appeal for the simplest questions. Nor will the new organisation of justice prove a great benefit; it is made by lawyers for lawyers. And, if we are correctly informed, it will render procedure much more complicated and costly.

But far more sweeping have been the effects of the imperial legislation on social and economical questions. Herr Bamberger, in a lecture delivered a year ago, called it a legal revolution, and such it was, but certainly not a beneficial one; though it has opened the flood-gates of change and altered the character and conditions of life of the German people. Agricultural labourers were drawn to the towns by the higher wages during the time of industrial prosperity, which was soon succeeded by prostration and depression. From 1871-75 the population of the country increased by 0·8 per cent., that of the larger towns by 14·8 per cent. The absolute repeal of all restrictions on loans brought usury to a fearful height. In 1873, for instance, there existed no private pawnbroker at Munich; in 1877 there were 149, who on an average took 120 per cent. No check was placed on the adulteration of food. In Berlin the milk is watered by 30 per cent., the cream thickened with chalk and calf's brains. A butcher, fined for having sold sausages stuffed with potato meal coloured by aniline, was quite astonished that so much noise was made at such a common proceeding. The bread is mixed up with chips of wood. At Lahr, in Baden, they fabricate a compound of one-fifth of coffee and four-fifths of chicory, which is sold as coffee. The old relations between masters and apprentices have been destroyed. From 1870-76 the number of spirit-shops rose from 188,000 to 255,000, which is tantamount to a corresponding increase of drunkenness. The consumption of alcoholic drinks rose from 286,000 litres in 1872 to 981,000 litres in 1876. The theatres, no longer subject to a license, multiplied prodigiously; a stage was set up in every small town; they outbade each other, in order to attract the public, by show, scenery, and costume. In a low sort of *cafés-chantants*, called Tingel-Tangel, women, scarcely clothed at all, displayed their charms, and tickled the ears by obscene songs; these establishments were, in fact, a school for prostitution, and the same must be said of all the dining-rooms, which recommended themselves by 'agreeable female attendance.' The increase of the pedlar and hawking trade damaged the local shops. Quackery flourished. The most indecent novels and filthy pamphlets were freely offered for sale; the *demi-monde* spirit invaded literature. We have only to

throw a glance on the advertising columns of a Berlin paper, such as the '*Kladderadatsch*,' in order to form an idea of the state of public morality. In No. 43, October 21, 1877, five advertisements offer an asylum to ladies; nine promise the recovery of health destroyed by debauchery; Dr. Hampe offers his services for what he calls children's affairs; the office for marriages at Darmstadt issues a prospectus headed by the device, '*Hony soit qui mal y pense*;' the proprietors are happy to offer to the choice of ladies anxious to marry three princes, eight counts, ninety-one barons, 250 landed proprietors, 380 officers, 800 clerks, 120 literary men, 240 manufacturers, 1,400 merchants, and 110 persons of independent fortune. Besides the photograph and the fees, an answer is requested to twenty-seven questions respecting the qualities and the pretensions of the candidate and the promise of a certain percentage of the expected fortune.

The unlimited liberty of joint-stock companies, sanctioned by a law passed in a single sitting of the Reichstag in 1870, led, together with the sudden influx of capital caused by the French contribution, to an epoch of gigantic swindling. Before 1870 the spirit of enterprise had been paralysed by the fear of war. The military operations had caused a great wear and tear of the railways and their rolling stock; the restoration of the munitions, the arms, the equipments of the army, and the new fortifications, caused a large expenditure. The sudden payment of the French milliards created a fictitious tide of wealth. This enormous sum paid in two years and a half was to be invested; 875 millions only were required to cover the expenses and the losses of the war; 561 millions were employed to form a fund, the interest of which served to pay the pensions of invalids; more than two and a half milliards standing in former government loans were paid off and had to seek for new investment; new railways were undertaken; municipalities rushed into lavish expenditure for improvements. Thus the demand became enormous, particularly for coal and iron; existing factories were enlarged, as if this demand were to last for ever; new ones were founded. Innumerable companies sprang up with the promise of large dividends, but for the most part not corresponding to solid and permanent wants. From 1800–1870 400 joint-stock companies were founded in Prussia with a capital of 3,078,000,000 marks; from 1870–74, 857, with 4,290,000,000 marks; the greater part of the large manufacturing establishments were turned into joint-stock companies. Wages rose to a high pitch; there was a time when bricklayers' labourers earned in Berlin fifteen shillings

a day. Every strike was successful, because the employers felt themselves obliged to give way in order to keep their men, who dined off venison and drank champagne. It was a period of general over-production, over-trading, and gambling in shares and stocks, driven to an artificial height by speculation. People seemed to become rich by leaps and bounds. Princes, high functionaries, and statesmen appeared as the associates of bankers and brokers; they realised by sinecures, as chairmen and directors, sums which would formerly have been thought a fortune. The general rise of prices was further enhanced by the monetary reform. If a unification of the different existing monetary systems was desirable for Germany, it may be doubted whether it was necessary to adopt a gold standard. The Empire has certainly lost large sums by the demonetisation of silver, and the depreciation of that metal has greatly diminished the value of all payments made in it. But even if the gold standard was to be adopted, great faults were committed in the execution of that measure. Instead of reducing the silver and paper circulation according to the amount for which they issued new gold coin, the Government withdrew scarcely any silver or bank notes; thus the circulation was enlarged by hundreds of millions of marks, and the value of money diminished.

At length the bubble burst; the crisis came, as it always must come when the disproportion of production and consumption becomes too great. Over-speculation led to a fearful collapse. The factories could not pay interest on the invested capital, the demand fell off rapidly, the companies became bankrupt; small capitalists who had invested their money in shares received no dividends; the new railways did not pay, while they reduced the profits of the old ones; the revenue decreased, the public expenditure increased. The working classes, accustomed to a higher standard of living in the time of prosperity, had to put up with low wages if they wanted to get any, while most of the stock-jobbers and gamblers had secured their ill-gotten riches. A trail of corruption, falsehood, and venality remained behind the collapse, which was disgusting. Some of the most prominent swindlers were tried, but most of them were acquitted. Pauperism in the large cities increased fearfully; in Berlin during the year 1875 the city gave relief to every eighty-second person in the population, in 1876 to every eightieth, in 1877 to every seventy-fourth. The last reports of the Prussian factory inspectors reveal horrors in the condition of the lowest classes; a quarter of the population of Berlin is living in underground dwellings; from

ten to fourteen people of both sexes were found crammed together in small rooms at night. The charitable institutions are overcrowded with children wilfully abandoned. Depression and discontent prevailed everywhere.

The honest official, whose pride formerly was to serve the State, and the men of learning who enjoyed a dignified social position, found themselves neglected and despised by the illiterate *nouveaux riches*, with whose luxury and ostentation they could not cope. Is it astonishing that in such a condition of things pessimism has become rampant in the higher classes, and Hartmann the philosopher of the day; that in the lower classes Social Democracy made astonishing progress; that with the decline of public morality brutishness was sadly on the increase; and that the number of crimes rose rapidly? A Rhenish workhouse contained, on an average, 350 vagabonds a day in 1871; in 1877, 669; among these 61 prostitutes in the former year and 222 in the latter. In Prussia 6,403 people were brought before the jury for crimes in 1871; in 1877, 12,807, and only 1,314 were acquitted. The increase, therefore, was 78·2 per cent., in some cases much more; thus for murder 144 per cent., infanticide 83 per cent., crimes against morality 102 per cent., forgery 90 per cent., fraudulent bankruptcy 286 per cent. In Bavaria the number of crimes rose from 3,555 in 1872 to 5,273 in 1876. The other States show a similar increase; only Alsace-Lorraine is distinguished by a lower percentage—4,839 to 5,164. A particularly distressing symptom is that among criminals youth takes a foremost place. It must not be overlooked that this increase of crime was greatly favoured by the new code of 1870, conceived in that spirit of false humanitarian sentimentality which preaches excessive lenity to crime. The more tender-hearted justice becomes, the more insolently crime comes forward. When self-respect and the sense of duty and moral responsibility decline, the remedy which naturally suggests itself for the hardships of existence is self-destruction. In 1871, 2,723 persons committed suicide in Prussia; in 1875, 3,278.

If the public press generally gives a fair idea of the state of political morality, we are sorry to say that this conclusion is not flattering for Germany. She has become the country where public opinion is fabricated, centralised, and monopolised in the service of the Government and the Exchange. Of course there are independent and honourable newspapers, and we need scarcely say that the whole Catholic and democratic press is inaccessible to secret influences; but the fact remains true for the greater number. Prince Bismarck has always had a very

keen perception of the importance of the press, and from the beginning has striven to bring it under his influence. When he assumed office, a single paper, the '*Kreuzzeitung*,' supported him; another, the '*Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*,' was founded under his patronage by a former democrat, Dr. Brass, who with the zeal of a renegade endeavoured to serve the cause of his patron. After Sadowa a change took place; nevertheless the Liberal papers, particularly those of the South, maintained a distrustful attitude. They were won by a golden key. The late King of Hanover, previous to the Prussian occupation, had sent a sum of nineteen million thalers to London in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the invading army. The Prussian Government in their turn sequestered his private property in Hanover. By the mediation of Lord Stanley a negotiation took place between the Chancellor and two delegates of King George, and the following terms were agreed upon. Eleven million thalers were to be invested in Prussian $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., and another five millions in securities mutually to be agreed upon, the King to receive the interest half-yearly; in addition he was to have all his personal property. In exchange the nineteen millions of the Hanoverian treasury were to be returned. A treaty to that effect was signed on September 29, and duly ratified by the two sovereigns. Within the stipulated time King George caused the treasury funds to be brought back from England and handed to the Prussian authorities. Prince Bismarck then suddenly recollected that the treaty had to be submitted to the Landtag, and when it was criticised in the Lower House, he assured the deputies that the Government did not intend to let King George have one single thaler if his conduct was not in harmony with the spirit of the treaty. Scarcely had the vote been carried when he appeared in the Chamber and solemnly declared that a vast Guelphic conspiracy had been discovered, and that evidently the King, who in a speech at his silver wedding at Hietzing had expressed a hope of restoration to his dominions, was about to use this money for treasonable purposes; he therefore asked the House that the sixteen millions should be sequestered, and the interest employed to annihilate such plots—to follow, as he said, these reptiles into their holes. The majority, notwithstanding the protests of the Hanoverian deputies, believed this story and gave Bismarck the entire and irresponsible management of the sixteen millions. Too late they discovered their error, and made repeated enquiries in 1876 and 1877 as to the use of the money, as nothing more was heard of Guelphic conspiracies. The Government answered these indiscreet ques-

tions by stating that Parliament had entrusted them with the irresponsible disposal of that fund—that though anxious to settle the matter, it would be weakness to part with such a weapon, as long as King George did not give substantial guarantees that the supporters of his cause would no longer carry on intrigues against Prussia.

This was certainly a capital stroke of business for the Prussian Premier. Hitherto he had had to submit to the petty bickerings of the Opposition for the few thousands demanded for secret service; now he had managed to secure his independence of Parliament by obtaining a secret fund of about 100,000*l.* a year.* This money has furnished him with the means of working the press in Germany and out of it. The department of the press is organised in the following way. It is directed by Privy Councillor Hahn, a converted Jew, who makes the round of the different ministries, collects news, and composes the weekly semi-official '*Provinzial-Correspondenz*,' which is distributed gratis to all official local papers. His numerous staff, under the superintendence of Dr. Constantin Roessler, is occupied in fabricating leading articles and correspondence for German and foreign papers. Apart from this general press office the Chancellor has a special one, which he directs himself, from which the papers styling themselves independent, but devoted to the Government, draw their inspiration. Foremost amongst these are the '*Norddeutsche Zeitung*' and the '*Post*.' The articles in small print in the latter journal are considered to express the views of the Chancellor himself. All the financial papers support the policy of the Chancellor, whilst the inspired journals uphold the interests of the great bankers, nearly all Jews, and of the great manufacturers. The influence of these capitalists upon the German press is enormous.

As the telegraph is entirely in the hands of Government, so that no obnoxious despatch is allowed to be sent off or published, it may be conceived what public opinion becomes under the pressure of such a system. The inspired press enjoys impunity for all its outrages and slanders, whilst the Opposition press is rigorously prosecuted on the slightest pretext. Prince Bismarck is suspicious; personal rancour, as the Emperor himself said to Count Arnim, is one of his principal traits; as soon as he conceives a dislike against anyone, his victim is assailed from every side. This is particularly the case with foreign

* It must be mentioned, however, that since the death of King George the Government have consented to pay an annuity of 240,000 marks to his widow and daughters.

statesmen and his own high functionaries, who cannot well descend into the parliamentary arena in order to defend themselves against apparently anonymous attacks. In this way, men like the French Ambassador M. de Gontaut-Biron, Savigny, Goltz, Ussedom, Camphausen, &c., were ruined and destroyed. The height of scandal was reached by the ignoble contributions to the '*Grenzboten*' of Moritz Busch, the boon companion and biographer of the great Chancellor, which were directed against personages least able to defend themselves.

But if the public prosecutor is deaf and dumb when the inspired press calumniates Prince Bismarck's adversaries, the scene entirely changes when he himself is attacked. Then Justice, which in the first case seems to have her hands tied, appears to have the arms of Briareus. The Chancellor has always shown a womanish susceptibility to the criticisms of the press. By law he cannot suppress a paper (except those of the Social Democrats), but he prosecutes his critics for the slightest personal attack. He has, for this purpose, lithographed formularies. 'Prince Bismarck feels himself offended by the article of (say June 2) of the journal (say "*Germania*")', 'and demands that this paper should be fined accordingly.' It is very rare that the accused are acquitted. More than 2,000 convictions have taken place on this account. The public prosecutors, knowing that such prosecutions are the best means of advancement, show extraordinary zeal, and arrive sometimes at wonderful results. Even judges have declared that everything relating to Prince Bismarck must be measured by a special standard. In the case of Count Hermann Arnim, brother-in-law of the former ambassador, the Attorney-General Grosehuff maintained (Nov. 2, 1877) that it was an offence to reproach the Chancellor 'with a want of generosity and clemency;' that it was equally offensive to have said 'Bismarck is the greatest of all living men, R. Wagner excepted,' because there were people who thought that Wagner was partially insane. A colleague of this ingenious gentleman discovered that the mere fact that Prince Bismarck felt offended was sufficient ground for inflicting punishment. The '*Frankfort Gazette*' had asserted that the Guelph fund was employed for purposes foreign to its legal destination. The accused editor appealed to the evidence of the Minister of War and other high functionaries; but these were forbidden to appear as witnesses, and the paper was condemned. Such proceedings give an entirely new reading to the old adage, '*Il y a des juges à Berlin.*'

As to the famous case of Count Arnim, a few observations

will suffice. We have no great compassion for that ill-starred man; the evidence produced at the trial leaves no doubt that he had hoped to supplant the Chancellor. When the latter was seriously ill, he caused his 'Memorandum about the Council' to be published in the Vienna 'Presse,' in order to prove that he was the superior statesman. But he had reckoned without his host; and whatever one may think of the morality of the Chancellor's despatches, they show on which side the greater ability lay. It was evident from the beginning of the quarrel that Bismarck, unable to extort Arnim's recall from the Emperor, was bent upon irritating him in order to make him commit some fault. Count Arnim, whose position became more and more awkward at Paris, fell into the trap, and, by committing an unpardonable indiscretion in publishing that Memorandum, forced the Emperor to consent to his removal. He further had no right whatever, on leaving Paris, to take with him papers belonging to the State, and it was the height of folly to refuse the restitution which was of course demanded when it became known that these documents had disappeared. Finally, the publication of the pamphlet 'Pro Nihilo' was indefensible; when a former ambassador publishes the confidential conversations with which his sovereign has honoured him, only in order to satisfy his revenge, he forfeits every claim to public consideration.

On the other hand, it must be recollected that Bismarck and Arnim were old friends. When the latter was councillor at the Foreign Office, under Baron Schleinitz, he moved heaven and earth against his chief in order to bring Bismarck into power. If the Chancellor thought that Count Arnim was an unsafe and untrustworthy man, why did he place him in so important a position? The published documents prove that Bismarck not only requires, as he has certainly the right to do, that his diplomatists strictly execute his orders, but that he does not allow them even to *report* matters which interfere with his policy. 'My ambassadors,' he said, 'must whirl round at my command, as the sub-officers, without asking why.'* This is evidently the reason why the Chancellor selects as ambassadors, by preference, men of the higher nobility, whose name and rank cover the perfect docility with which they consent to see only with his eyes. It is another question whether his diplomatic subordinates unite to this estimable quality the more substantial talents, which enable them to serve their country successfully. Bismarck suspected that Arnim

* Pro Nihilo, p. 40.

was aiming at his place. That was the sin for which no atonement was possible in his eyes, and he recoiled from no measure in order to destroy his rival. He spied and watched the ambassador by the members of his own legation, and he indirectly warned the French Government not to trust Arnim.* He slandered him by stating in his letter to the Emperor, April 14, 1873, that when he thought of transferring Count Arnim to London 'the most violent protest came *from thence* at the first intimation 'on account of Arnim's inclination to intrigue and untruthfulness; one would not believe a word of what he said.' Came from thence (*von dort*)?—but from whom? The only person who was entitled to object to Count Arnim as ambassador in this country was Lord Granville, and he has publicly denied that he ever spoke of Count Arnim in a way which might blemish his reputation, but that he simply instructed Lord Odo Russell to express the urgent hope that Prince Bismarck would appoint a personage who enjoyed his full confidence. What then becomes of this assertion? The truth of this imbroglio we believe to be, that an august lady in this country, entirely ignorant of the disputes between the two, wrote to a lady in an eminent position in Germany; she hoped the choice of Count Bernstorff's successor would not fall upon Count Arnim, as he would be a blind tool of Prince Bismarck. Finally, the punishment greatly exceeded the offence. In any other country a minister who had abstracted or retained public documents without making any use of them might have been dismissed without a pension. Arnim was arrested as a common criminal, kept for weeks in prison, notwithstanding his ill-health, and finally condemned for high treason in a secret sitting of the Upper Court. When a member of the Saxon Chamber observed that a case like that of Count Arnim was impossible in Saxony, the Liberal press in Prussia, and Herr Lasker in the House of Deputies, protested indignantly against such insinuations. They forgot that when a decree of the Supreme Court in 1866 denied the liberty of parliamentary debate, the leaders of the Liberal party, Gneiss, Tucsten, Mommsen, Sybel, declared that that court did not judge according to law, but according to favour.

Prince Bismarck's strongest point has always been his foreign policy; unscrupulous as he is as to the ways and means by which he pursues his aims, he knows how to combine boldness and energy with foresight and prudence. He strains the bow sometimes hard enough, but takes care not to overstrain it, and shows himself moderate towards those of his adversaries whom

* Pro Nihilo, p. 108.

he is decided not to crush. There are many incidents in his diplomatic career which undoubtedly show the hand of a first-rate statesman. Such is the alliance of the three Emperors. Mindful of Count Beust's hostile intentions, which were clearly revealed in the beginning of the French war, he nevertheless made him from Versailles an offer of frank reconciliation which was gladly accepted; and the good relations thus established were improved into a thorough understanding when Count Andrassy assumed the reins of the Foreign Office. Not only did the German Chancellor induce the Emperor Francis Joseph to visit the capital of the victor of Sadowa; but he managed to bring about a reconciliation between two Powers so deeply divided as Austria and Russia had been for many years, and he has succeeded in maintaining this alliance under the most difficult circumstances, thus constructing a powerful bulwark for the *status quo* created by the victories of 1871. He failed in his attempt to induce the great Powers to recognise the government of Serrano, which he had brought forward as a blow to the Ultramontane party, represented by Don Carlos. But if the Prince met with ill luck in this case, might he not be more successful in an action upon a larger scale? Such were his reflections in 1875. France, which he had hoped to crush for a generation, had risen from her great defeat with astonishing elasticity. She had paid the indemnity before it was due, and her credit was unimpaired. Was it advisable to give her time to complete her military reorganisation? Would she not some day prove a formidable ally with Russia, whose friendship for Germany rests on the life of the present Emperor? Did not all the hopes of the Ultramontanes centre in the re-established power of France? Might not Austria under a clerical government abandon the German alliance, which had been rather a matter of necessity than of choice? Evidently there was no time to lose; Germany could never be more ready for war than she then was, while France was not ready, though she was daily gaining strength. The main thing to be done was to obtain from Russia, as in 1871, a benevolent neutrality, and so keep Austria quiet. He therefore sent a confidential message to Prince Gortschakoff by one of his most trusted agents, stating that according to his information the attitude of France was most disquieting; she had increased her army by 140,000 men; she was evidently precipitating her military organisation in order to strike a great blow. Germany might find herself compelled to anticipate it, as she could not afford to wait till her adversary was ready. In such a case she would rely on the friendly neutrality of

Russia, who on her side would be free to execute her great projects in the East. It is difficult to imagine how the Chancellor could expect this plea to be successful. If he wanted to prevent the danger of a future alliance between Russia and France by crippling the latter thoroughly, how could he expect Prince Gortschakoff to lend a willing ear to a proposal, the fulfilment of which would have deprived Russia of a valuable ally, and would have left her with Germany as her sole rival? And, last not least, what compensation had he in store for Russia? In offering her free play in the East he gave nothing that she might not take without his consent. Prince Gortschakoff, therefore, rather drily answered that his own information did not lead him to believe in the supposed hostile intentions of France; as to Russia herself she had no design whatever of disturbing the *status quo* in the East.

But although his envoy returned from St. Petersburg with empty hands, Prince Bismarek did not give up the game. He had already, on February 3, 1875, addressed to Belgium a remonstrance against what he styled the 'Ultramontane conspiracy.' He peremptorily required the Brussels Cabinet to put an end to the attacks of their clergy against their neighbours, and to change their laws if they proved insufficient for that purpose. The Belgian Government, much alarmed, observed the closest silence on this despatch, meanwhile sending a special envoy to Berlin, in order to prove that they had done their utmost to damp the polemical tone of the clerical press against Germany. But the Chancellor chose to remain unconvinced, and made his grievance public by sending the despatch to the 'Cologne Gazette.' At the same time he told the Belgian Government that they had better prepare themselves in order to defend their neutrality against France.

Against the latter he now began to open his trenches by the press. On April 7 an article appeared in the 'Post,' in which that paper asked, 'Is war in prospect?' and proceeded to answer its own question by hinting that there were influential persons in France anxious to prevent the French Republic from being consolidated, and looking forward to an aggressive alliance with Austria and Italy. The cue once given was rapidly followed by the whole official press of Germany. And Lord Derby informed the world in his speech of May 31, not only that expression was given to these sentiments by the press, but that 'persons of the highest authority and position' had said that if war was to be avoided it seemed necessary 'that the French armaments should be discontinued, and that' 'there seemed good ground to fear that the next step might

‘be a formal request from Germany to France to discontinue arming. Had that request been made, it would have been very difficult to preserve peace.’

The whole political world was profoundly disturbed; but, strange to say, the Emperor William had hitherto remained entirely ignorant of what was going on. He reads few newspapers, and those are strictly watched, and he is so well surrounded by persons devoted to the Chancellor that he generally only hears what the latter wants him to hear. Happening, however, to have gone to Wiesbaden, and therefore not being directly under the wand of the enchanter, his attention was directed to the warlike rumours. He was greatly astonished, and returned to Berlin resolved to stop them. At the same time an exchange of communications took place between the Cabinets of England and Russia, which led to the resolution that, France declaring her peaceful intentions, they would jointly interfere to prevent war. The morning after the return of the Emperor to Berlin, Count Schouvaloff arrived there from St. Petersburg on his way back to London. He saw the Emperor, and told him plainly that he considered the situation very critical; that the whole political and financial world expected war, and was in a state of excitement. The Emperor looked grave, and said there was no ground for such fears, as he was firmly resolved to maintain peace. Armed with this declaration the Count went to see the Chancellor. He warned him to be mindful of what he was doing, and said that if he would not believe him others would follow whom he would be compelled to believe. Thus prepared, the Prince, when admitted to his audience of the Emperor next morning, declared, with imperturbable audacity, the whole scare to be a manœuvre of stockjobbers and Ultramontanes. The Emperor Alexander, arriving a few days later on his way to Ems, found that in pleading peace before his uncle he had come to advocate a foregone conclusion. How Prince Bismarck stated his case to the Czar we do not pretend to know; probably the latter was satisfied that, as he telegraphed to his sister the Queen of Würtemberg, ‘l’emporté de Berlin a donné toutes les garanties pour le maintien de la paix.’ But it appears that the Chancellor’s interviews with his Russian colleagues were less satisfactory, for Prince Gortschakoff did not try to conceal that he considered the accusations against France as purely imaginary, and could scarcely withhold a sneer of satisfaction at having checkmated his somewhat too powerful rival. The anger of Prince Bismarck was not diminished by the manner in which the Russians managed to take the whole credit of the change

for themselves. The Emperor Alexander in receiving the diplomatic body assured them he was authorised by his uncle to declare that peace was safe, and, turning to the French Ambassador, said: 'Comptez sur moi; si quelque danger sérieux vous menaçait, je serais le premier à vous en avertir.'

This defeat of Prince Bismarck was the more striking, as his press made a most clumsy retreat. The '*Norddeutsche Zeitung*,' after having for weeks fired off the most incendiary articles, suddenly declared that not the least misunderstanding between France and Germany had occurred, and that only a league of liars in the press, Ultramontanes, Poles, Stock-Exchange bears, and some petticoats, were responsible for the alarm—the last expression being a delicate allusion to some august ladies, one of whom had from this country written to the Emperor of Russia, begging him to do his best for the maintenance of peace. The astonished public rubbed their eyes, asking themselves whether they had dreamed in reading the menaces of the Government press, and whether European statesmen had been fighting against ghosts all these weeks. But much more awkward for the Chancellor was Lord Derby's speech, which gave proof of the contrary. It raised Bismarck's wrath, to which he gave expression in a despatch to Count Münster; but the Emperor interfered, struck out all offensive expressions, and sent back the paper thus corrected, not to the Chancellor, but to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Bülow, with the order to forward it to its address.

The result of this campaign was most damaging to Prince Bismarck; it was his first signal failure in foreign politics. He had been obliged to yield to a menacing coalition, and for the first time his imperial master had peremptorily interfered with his plans. The Emperor had ostensibly acquiesced in his declarations, but a deep distrust nevertheless remained, and he has ever since closely watched the Chancellor's policy towards France.

It may be imagined in what humour Prince Bismarck retired to his estate, and that above all he conceived a deep dislike for his Russian colleague and former friend, who appropriated to himself the blessedness of the peacemaker. Prince Gortschakoff, however, had been somewhat too hasty in telegraphing from Berlin to the Russian ministers that peace was henceforth assured, for a week afterwards there arose in the East the first little cloud that heralded a storm threatening the whole European fabric. Nevertheless the Russian Chancellor had been sincere in his assurances, and nothing could be more erroneous than to believe that the insurrection

in Herzegovina was kindled by *him*. His policy was to undermine gradually the Ottoman Empire, but as an old man he wished to avoid a great conflict; it was only later that he yielded to the Panslavist agitation, believing that he could not afford to offend the national feeling without endangering his own position. As to Prince Bismarck, he assumed a studied indifference to what he styled 'that little bit of Herzegovina;' but it is very remarkable that his press from the first encouraged Russia's pretensions, and at the same time called upon Count Andrassy to renew the glorious policy of Prince Eugene of Savoy by assuming a leading part in the reconstruction of the Balkan peninsula. When General Sumarokoff was sent to Vienna in order to propose the occupation of Bulgaria by Russia and of Bosnia by Austria, he was strongly supported, though without success, by the German ambassador, Count Stolberg. On the one hand, Bismarck was not at all moved by England's refusing adherence to the Berlin protocol; on the other hand, he had no word of disapprobation for the reckless conduct of Servia, the support of the Russian volunteers, nor for Ignatieff's frivolous ultimatum. He constantly maintained that Germany had no interest in Eastern affairs, and when he was urged to counsel moderation at St. Petersburg he refused, because that would be to offend the Russian nation, which would be worse than a passing disagreement with its Government. It was only when a compromise seemed possible that he began to act. The British Government hoped to find a way out of the difficulties by proposing a conference at Constantinople. The expedient was not a wise or a successful one, for nothing could suit Russia better than to discuss the internal affairs of the Porte in her own capital, thus virtually abrogating Article 9 of the Treaty of Paris. But, this fault once committed, it was the more necessary to stick to the English programme, accepted by all the Powers, and not to allow Russia to enlarge it according to her wishes. But Bismarck, who came expressly from Varzin to Berlin in order to see Lord Salisbury when he passed through that capital, persuaded the British envoy that the only means to maintain peace was to build a golden bridge for Russia. The state of public opinion made it impossible for that Power to come out of the conference without achieving some palpable result; the Turks would only yield under strong pressure, but they would submit if they saw that they could not count upon England's assistance. Therefore it was necessary to support the demands of Russia—demands which, as the Chancellor clearly discerned, would never be accepted

by the Porte without a military defeat. The brilliant diplomatic novice to whom England's interests were confided fell into the trap; he embraced heart and soul the Russian programme, and, in order to avoid the occupation of Bulgaria, insisted upon concessions which could only be obtained after a foreign occupation, while the German Chancellor, seeing his work done thoroughly, could afford to let his own representative at the conference play at being deaf and dumb, to prove his complete impartiality.

There was, however, still one moment when a compromise really seemed feasible. The Emperor Alexander was sincere in his wish to avoid war; he was willing to be satisfied with such concessions as would secure him an honourable retreat. It was then that Prince Bismarck sent for the Russian ambassador, M. d'Oubril, and said to him, 'I hear that your Emperor is wavering. I know Russia. He is lost if he draws back. There is no other chance left to him but war.' Who could resist such disinterested warnings? In like manner, the German ambassador in London was instructed throughout these negotiations to insist on the inevitable tendency to war. The war was inevitable because Prince Bismarck did nothing to prevent it, but, on the contrary, desired that it should take place.

Thus Russia was engaged, but Austria, though not opposing her, resisted all attempts to make her join in the campaign; the recollection of Joseph II.'s alliance with Catherine and the joint occupation of Sleswig-Holstein did not encourage a renewal of such a policy. The freedom of action which Count Andrassy thus preserved became still more dangerous by the defeats of Russia during the latter part of the summer, and Prince Bismarck was afraid that Austria might break away from the imperial brotherhood. An interview at Salzburg, however, convinced him that Count Andrassy was much too good-natured to take advantage of Russia's embarrassed position. But if in summer the Turks were too victorious, the fall of Plevna was the stone which started the avalanche that upset the Ottoman power. The Chancellor could not overlook the fact that, if Russia was left to dictate the terms of peace, she would be mistress of the East; that the creation of Slav principalities under a Russian protectorate would exert upon the kindred nationalities of Austria a disintegrating influence; that the aggrandisement of Russia threatens the interests of Germany, and makes her a still more desirable ally for France. He could not, however, openly thwart the results of the Russian policy, his master being scarcely less Russian than the Emperor Alexander, and the embarrassment of his position was betrayed

by his Sibylline speech on the Eastern question. He minimised each of the clauses of the Peace of San Stefano; threw to the Russians the tempting devise of 'Beati possidentes;' asked whether Austria was disposed to undertake the control of the Western Turkish provinces, and came to the conclusion that none of the clauses of the peace presented a sufficient reason for the other interested powers to go to war. With perfect tact he declined the part of arbitrator, and was only ready to try, 'as an honest broker,' to smooth down the differences. We think he was quite sincere in this declaration, and strained every nerve to arrive at a compromise. Lord Derby's resignation and Lord Salisbury's circular of April 1 showed that England was resolved to prevent the peace of San Stefano from being carried into effect. Prince Bismarck could not desire at that moment a war between Russia and England, which might have drawn in Austria. Russia, notwithstanding her victories, was sufficiently weakened. When, therefore, Count Schouvaloff, who clearly perceived that his country was unable to risk another great war, went to St. Petersburg to counsel concessions, he was supported by the whole influence of Bismarck and the Emperor William, and carried his object, notwithstanding the opposition of Gortschakoff. Thus when, after Schouvaloff's return, by his secret agreement with Lord Salisbury, the real difficulties were or seemed to be removed, the Chancellor took the mediation into his hands, and succeeded in finding a formula which, though starting from the English demand that the whole treaty should be discussed, yet made it possible for Russia to accept the invitation without humiliation; and thus he reconciled, at least for the time and on paper, the conflicting interests by the Treaty of Berlin.

In the meantime he had little reason to be satisfied with the internal state of German affairs. The depression of trade continued; the gigantic project of buying up the German railways by the Empire fell to the ground as soon as it was launched. Minister Delbrück, the Chancellor's great administrative support, resigned, as it was said for motives of health, but in fact because he would not longer bear the arbitrary treatment of his chief.* A project of the Minister of Finance, Camphausen,

* The milliards had vanished, and whilst heavily taxed France, with a debt of more than twenty milliards, enjoyed a growing surplus, Germany, which has no public debt, found her revenue constantly decreasing. On the other hand, the expenditure of the Empire and of the States steadily rose. In 1873 the imperial budget amounted to 340½ million marks, in 1877-8 it was 540½ millions. New taxes became necessary, while the wealth of the nation was lessened.

to transfer the stamp duties to the Empire, failed, yet the question how to meet the deficit remained to be solved. Prince Bismarck tried to come to an understanding with the Liberals, who complained that, although they had uniformly supported him, they had no share in the confidence of the Government. One of their most submissive leaders, Herr von Bennigsen, was invited to Varzin at Christmas, 1877. The Liberal press triumphed, but was to be disappointed; the negotiation failed. The ambitious candidate for office was not indisposed to accede to the Chancellor's financial demands, but he foresaw that the majority of his party would not follow him without securing constitutional guarantees for the employment of the produce of the new taxes. Prince Bismarck, however, was not inclined to accept conditions; he wanted the unreserved support of the party, and, as this was not granted, he satisfied himself, after his return to Berlin, by presenting a bill to provide for a substitute for his own duties. The Liberal party, though disappointed, not only voted for it, but committed the folly of overthrowing the most able and constitutional Minister of Finance, Herr Camphausen, in the hope that Bennigsen might be his successor. But the Chancellor decided otherwise: the ambassador at Vienna, Count Stolberg, a great noble, of Conservative leanings, was appointed as his own deputy, and the Burgomaster of Berlin, Herr Hobrecht, took the finances. At the same time Bismarck proposed the tobacco monopoly. The Liberal party could not suppress their feelings of bitterness, and when, after Hoedel's attempt upon the Emperor, the first Anti-Socialist Bill was brought in, it was thrown out by a crushing majority, and the session closed with much ill-temper on both sides.

A few days afterwards the world was startled by the news of a second and more infamous attempt on the life of the venerable Emperor, who this time was seriously wounded. A general thrill of horror pervaded the population, and the upper classes were roused to a feeling of the growing social danger. The Government decided upon dissolving the Reichstag, which was in itself a wise measure; for if there was to be a change of policy, it was but just to appeal to the nation to sanction it. If at that moment the Government had come forward with a clear programme of reform, and asked the people to support them in carrying the necessary measures, success must have been decisive; for the great majority were thoroughly disgusted with the existing state of affairs. But the Government did nothing of the kind; they only insisted upon special measures against Social Democracy and a fresh distri-

bution of taxes. Their press violently attacked the Liberals, who suddenly took the place of the Ultramontanes as the enemies of the Empire, and the world learnt with surprise that the Chancellor was going to meet a papal nuncio at Kissingen. Leo XIII. had shown more conciliatory dispositions than his predecessor; he had announced his election to the Emperor, and expressed his sympathies on the occasion of the attempts on his life. Bismarck, tired of the Liberals, thought he might try whether something could not be done with the Catholics, who sturdily maintained their position. When, therefore, the nuncio at Munich went to Dresden, in order to congratulate the King of Saxony on his silver wedding, an excursion to Berlin was proposed to him. This Monsignor Masella was not allowed to make, but an interview was arranged to take place at Kissingen. He was received with the utmost politeness as a prince of the Church, and, as Count Arnim tells us, large horizons were opened to his ambition. The negotiations, however, by which the Chancellor hoped 'to make a happy peace with him,' as King John says, came to nothing. The *Curia* asked that the May laws should be abolished, or at least virtually set aside in such points as were against the Catholic conscience. Prince Bismarck answered, that, if he was to yield to such demands, he must ask that the Pope should command the Centre party to support the Government in all important questions. Sincerely desirous as was Leo XIII. to come to an understanding, he was unable to grant that demand, and, the Prince not being able to get his own price, the negotiation virtually came to an end, though appearances of its being continued were kept up all the winter, as neither party desired a formal rupture. The attempt, which was doomed to failure from the beginning, showed anew how little the Chancellor understands the Catholic Church. Formerly the aim of the *Culturkampf* was said to be the emancipation of the German clergy from Rome; now he invoked the aid of Rome to enlist the Catholic party among his followers. In fact, Kissingen *was* Canossa, less the success which the Emperor Henry IV. obtained at that famous interview.

The necessary first consequence of this failure was, that the Centre party remained in strong opposition; its candidates declared that they would never vote for exceptional laws against the Socialists, Catholics themselves having sufficient experience of such laws. On the other hand, the Liberals were not so thoroughly beaten as the Chancellor wished; therefore the Government press suddenly changed its tone towards them, and expressed the hope that they would support the necessary

measures against the disturbers of society. And the Liberals, who had been in deadly fear of a reconciliation of the Chancellor with the Ultramontanes, were unwise enough to pay the price which he asked for readmitting them to his favour.

This new bill which he now presented simply aimed at forbidding Social Democracy under heavy penalties. To a despotic mind like the Chancellor's, it appears of course most convenient, as soon as any menacing evil appears which a mistaken policy has aided to call into existence, to stamp it out by sheer force. Unfortunately such proceedings are rarely successful; modern governments at least, however absolute, cannot recur to such measures as were resorted to against the Albigenses and Hussites, and therefore cannot succeed in trampling down spiritual forces. Prince Bismarck's speeches on this occasion go far to show that he knows Socialism as little as he knows the Catholic Church. He maintained that after the French Commune had been put down, its leaders, convinced that there was no more room for them in France, established their centre of agitation in Germany. The Germans, he said, are a critical and discontented people; they enjoy a mild legislation and lenient judges; so the leaders resolved to emigrate to that agreeable country. The consequence had been to injure German industry severely; when, for instance, a hostile army of 30,000 well-organised men is in a place like Berlin, nobody will invest his capital there. This reasoning is a chain of fallacies. The leaders of the Commune have been shot, deported, or live in London, Switzerland, and Belgium; but they have been wary enough to keep aloof from the German police. There are Germans engaged in foreign Socialist meetings. There are no foreigners among the German Socialists. It is ridiculous to maintain that the Socialist movement has been the cause of the depression under which German industry is labouring. The reverse is the case; the reckless expenditure of the enriched swindlers first, the depression and the privations it brought by that inflation to the working-classes secondly, have made congenial soil for the growth of Socialist ideas. Undoubtedly the way in which the agitators offered defiance to the law, and preached the necessity of forcibly subverting the existing state of society in order to realise their chimerical projects, which would result in general disorder and a frightful despotism, could not be tolerated by a Prussian government. A government must be made of a much stronger texture to bear such things with indifference. Warnings in this regard have not been wanting for years, but they were not listened to by the Government, and the Social

Democrats were free to insult religion and to preach their incendiary doctrines. If the Government had come forward with a bill defining such unlawful agitation and making it punishable, no exception could have been taken against that; but every measure of repression must deal with overt acts, in order to remain within the pale of law. The German Bill declared punishable certain tendencies, whether embodied in acts or not. The example of this country was invoked in a totally erroneous manner. The detestable precedent of the Six Acts and the repressive Tory measures of 1819 was cited; but even these measures fell short of the theory of constructive treason. They referred to overt acts punishable by law. They were not directed against a certain class of persons, without reference to their actual conduct. On the contrary, the German Act maintains the public liberties unrestricted for all persons who do not follow 'Social Democratic, Socialist, and Communist tendencies.' This latter category is declared *hors la loi*, and abandoned to the pleasure of the police. It is the wholesale proscription of a political sect. This, as Herr Bamberger has acknowledged, is a proceeding for which there is no precedent in modern legislation. It is not only unjust, but will prove ineffective. The new law forbids every public movement to that party, and the leaders are shrewd enough to see that open resistance is impossible. Their newspapers are suppressed, their unions are dissolved, but they continue their agitation, which, if less noisy, is not less active, and does not lack ingenious methods of evading the authorities. 'You cannot,' said Bebel in the debate, 'suppress our party if you cannot suppress the family, the workshop, the post, and the railway.' The effect of this bill will be to cover Germany with a net of secret societies. The movement, debarred from the public highway, will circulate through a thousand subterraneous channels, and while everything remains quiet on the surface the ground will continue to be mined. The propaganda, if more limited in range, will acquire fresh intensity from its secrecy. The hardships to which the Socialists are exposed will invest their doctrines with a stronger charm for the workmen, and they will gain fresh recruits as long as the general discontent prevails. The last election at Breslau has clearly proved that their numbers are undiminished; although the Socialists are deprived of all the means of public agitation, which are so important under a system of universal suffrage, their candidate was carried by 7,589 votes against 6,390 which fell to his Liberal adversary.

But what is most strange is, that the Chancellor, in making

war against Socialism, professed himself tinged with Socialist doctrines. He spoke of Lassalle as of a most gifted and genial man, and said that he should be glad to have such country neighbours. No one doubts Lassalle's talents, but his lately published biography shows that his aims were merely personal, and that he simply considered the working-classes, for whom he never sacrificed a single thaler, as a stepping-stone to the presidency of a German republic. Bismarck further recommended co-operative societies with State subvention, and maintained that such associations are in a flourishing condition in England. He apparently does not know that it is of the very essence of co-operative societies to work with their own capital and at their own risk; what becomes of co-operative societies with State subvention has once for all been shown by the Paris *ateliers nationaux* in 1848.

The Liberal party had soon to repent of having consented with some trifling amendments to this bill, nearly the same as that which they had rejected with indignation a few months before, for already during the recess the Chancellor started his project of economical reform, or rather revolution, which was to bring the Liberals into a minority. It was, just as the *Culturkampf* had been, a complete rupture with his own past. One of his earlier achievements was to force the French commercial treaty upon the recalcitrant middle States, and he had hitherto steadily supported its author, Minister Delbrück, in his moderate free-trade policy. In 1849 he made a speech in which he declared unjust all taxes upon the first necessities of life, such as bread, salt, &c., and said that articles of general but not necessary consumption, such as beer, spirits, tobacco, coffee, &c., were the proper objects of taxation. Even in 1875 he asked the Reichstag to aid him in freeing the tariff from a multitude of articles which gave an insignificant revenue, and to adopt the English system of taxing only a few important commodities. Unwisely enough the Liberals at that time resisted this perfectly rational proposal, clinging to their superstition in favour of direct taxes, although these were heavy in Germany, while the indirect taxation was very light. Prince Bismarck resolved upon an heroic cure: he started the project of a tobacco monopoly. If by this means France with a population of 36,000,000 could raise 250,000,000 francs, why should not Germany with 42,000,000 inhabitants get a revenue of 200,000,000 marks? Thus the Empire would become independent of the matricular contributions of the States, and would have money enough for all its needs. In vain it was argued that the example of France was not conclusive; that it

had introduced the monopoly two hundred years ago, when the importance of tobacco was small, and that Germany had a large culture and manufacture of tobacco, which would be ruined by the change; that the French people were far richer than the Germans, and that if French monopoly prices were asked in Germany the consumption would be greatly reduced; that leaps and bounds are not safe in fiscal matters, and that it would be impossible to raise suddenly 200 millions from an article which hitherto had yielded only $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The Chancellor remained inaccessible to these arguments; but the Reichstag resisted, and only consented to establish a commission of enquiry as to the best method of taxing tobacco. In September the German Finance Ministers met at Heidelberg, and resolved upon proposing higher duties on coffee, wine, beer, tobacco, and other articles of consumption. Nothing was said of protective duties, but in private conversation the Prussian delegates admitted that their master had been won over to the cause of protection. So it was. The Chancellor had formerly acknowledged that in economical questions he was but a smatterer, and relied upon the support of his experienced colleagues, such as Delbrück and Camphausen: when they left him he found himself obliged to take matters into his own hands, but, his notions being very superficial, it was but natural that he fell under the influence of men who wanted to use his immense power for their personal ends. He yielded to them in the well-founded hope of making them instruments of taxation; and, to carry his real purpose of raising a larger revenue, he resolved to give the stimulus of protection to the manufacturers; who clamoured for higher duties in order to make their factories more profitable, and to make the consumers pay the interest of the capital sunk in unproductive enterprises.

Commissions were appointed to enquire into the state of the iron trade and the textile industry; but the first at least was a packed commission, the proceedings of which were marked by extreme partiality, and were directed by the great iron-masters in order to bring about a certain result fixed from the beginning. Early in November the Chancellor addressed a letter to Baron Varnbühler, late Minister of Würtemberg (formerly one of the bitterest enemies of Prussia, and now the leader of the Protectionists in the Reichstag), stating that he thought a general revision of the tariff was necessary, and he asked the Federal Council to consider whether it was not advisable 'to reserve the German market in a higher degree to national industry, and thus to increase its production.' Soon

afterwards, however, the Tobacco Commission made their report. This Commission was mainly composed of persons likely to favour his project, but after seven months' hard work they decided, by nine votes against three, that the monopoly was impracticable. They recommended a tax according to weight, which would yield, as a maximum, 70,000,000 marks. Thus the large income to which the Prince had looked forward from this article disappeared, although it was in expectation of this revenue that he had resolved to make concessions to the Protectionists; for he knows well enough that protective duties yield little in point of revenue. He therefore had to devise a new plan. Of late years a party had sprung up called Agrarians; they were, as the German landlords generally are, staunch free-traders, but they complained of the privileges accorded to manufactures compared with land. They said further that they should be ruined by the competition of Hungarian and Russian wheat, Roumanian cattle, Galician and Polish timber, because the import of these articles was favoured by differentially low railway fares. The Protectionists saw that they could not carry their project against the opposition of this party, so they offered them protection for agriculture likewise, foreign corn, timber, and cattle to pay a duty on crossing the frontier; and the Agrarians were short-sighted enough to accept this bargain, though it is clear that the interests of the two parties must be opposed in the long run. To combine protective agricultural duties with industrial protection is to introduce two measures which neutralise each other and only serve to impede commerce. The Protectionists want cheap raw materials and cheap labour; consequently they must be against raising the price of food. Their interest may allow them to consent to a small duty on foreign corn and cattle, which would not perceptibly influence the price of bread and meat, but it is against making bread dear and consequently raising wages. If they consented to a higher duty as an equivalent for protective industrial duties, it could only be in the secret hope of getting rid of the former and keeping their own spoils. The landed proprietors, on the other hand, certainly have much to complain of in recent legislation, but they will not better their situation by corn laws. Germany is in exactly the same position to-day as England was under Sir R. Peel. She imported in 1877 foreign flour and corn to the value of 697,000,000 marks, though in reckoning the quantity actually consumed a considerable deduction must be made for transit goods. But if Germany, as a highly industrial country, cannot raise all the corn necessary for her population, she exports sugar, beer, brandy, hops, and tobacco,

to the value of more than 100 millions in excess of what she imports, and if she grows less corn than formerly, the reason is that her agriculturists find it more profitable to grow wine, beetroot, cattle, &c. If foreign corn, timber, and cattle are taxed, there is but one alternative. Either the duty is so small that it does not raise the general market price, and in that case it can be of no use to the landed interest; or it is considerable enough to raise that price, and then it necessarily enhances the cost of living, while the agriculturists have so much more to pay for iron, clothes, and foreign produce.

The Chancellor sought to evade this dilemma by a curious letter to the Federal Council of December 18. He wanted to protect the national industries; but as it is difficult to protect one branch without damaging another, all branches were to be equally protected by levying a duty of 5 to 10 per cent. on every foreign article, excepting such raw materials as cannot be produced in Germany. At the same time, as the imports amount to 3,877 millions of marks, of which 2,853 millions are untaxed, this general duty would bring in a handsome revenue, say of seventy millions, to the Empire. But it is clear that this application of the poll-tax principle to goods cannot possibly effect its object. Duties of 5 to 10 per cent. are very heavy for bulky articles, such as corn, timber, iron, coal, while they give scarcely any protection at all to manufactured articles. The levying of duties on all imported articles would further necessitate an enormous increase of custom-house officers, as the present body cannot do more than the double work; and, finally, the object in itself was wrong, for even if it were possible to protect equally all industries, which it is not, the only result would be a general rise in the price of all articles, so that no one would be better off than before. Protection of one branch is only possible at the expense of some other. The Protectionist leaders knew this of course; if they welcomed the Chancellor's programme, it was because they foresaw that if he wanted to carry his plan of reform at all, he would be obliged to adapt the tariff to their wishes, and they therefore seized the opportunity to reconquer their lost position.

Prince Bismarck soon found that they were right. The spirits which he had evoked were stronger than himself. He wanted to restrict higher protective duties to a few industries which suffered particularly; but in the Tariff Commission the great ironmasters and spinners, who were the leaders of the protectionist movement, reversed this programme entirely. The general duty was simply set aside, and a highly

protectionist tariff in their own interest elaborated. The Federal Council even enhanced these duties. The Chancellor having issued letters in support of the new policy, which, as the 'North German Gazette' declared, was to put an end to all poverty, 'as German labour was no longer to be abandoned to the competition of the Russian serfs, the enslaved 'Hindoos, or the overwhelming power and insidious cunning 'of British capital,' a race of petitions for obtaining protective duties began, and the Tariff Commission of the Reichstag improved upon the work of the Government by further raising the duties on the most important articles. In point of argument there has perhaps never been a more weak defence of so sweeping a measure; but the votes were taken according to interest, not according to conviction. In vain the Opposition proved that German iron needed no protection, as the export greatly exceeded the import, and German manufacturers undersold the British and Belgian in foreign markets; * so that a duty on iron would only enable them to sell their products dearer to German consumers. In vain they proved that even in these bad times the German spinneries had paid handsome dividends; that the corn and timber duty would ruin the trade of the Baltic provinces. An angel from heaven cannot convince those who choose not to be convinced. It must be confessed that the Opposition, which made a spirited resistance, laboured under the singular disadvantage of being led by men who had been foremost in advocating that hasty social legislation which has done so much harm. The growing distrust against their theories went to such a length that it was believed everything they defended was wrong. The strong side of the Protectionist movement was exactly the impossibility of finding a scientific basis for it. Besides, the same men had been leaders in the Culturkampf. The Centre party, upon which they had made war, saw its advantage; it accepted the programme of the protection of national labour, and offered its support to the Chancellor. The Ultramontanes did not ask for special concessions to the Church; they relied, as Herr Windthorst said, on the logic of facts, that, if they became a necessary part of the Government majority, it would be impossible to maintain the ecclesiastical policy of Dr. Falk, and the resignation of that minister, which followed

* At a meeting of the Iron Trade Association, a statement was made that German manufacturers of steel rails had carried off large Italian orders from British competitors. In Portugal and Spain they have been equally underselling our ironmasters.

their compact with the Chancellor, seemed to prove that they were not mistaken. But Prince Bismarck had, on the other hand, to make heavy sacrifices to obtain their support. If the Centre party abandoned its programme, which promised the electors to refuse any new taxes, it insisted that the fiscal duties which were particularly dear to him should be reduced, and he was obliged to yield. The bill for doubling the malt duty was shelved. The Tobacco Commission had thought that seventy millions might be levied; the Centre party reduced this to forty millions, and rejected the special license to which tobacco dealers were to be subjected. The Government asked a duty of 120 marks for 100 kilos of foreign tobacco, and 80 marks for inland-grown; it was obliged to be satisfied with 85 and 45 marks.

Then there was the constitutional question. The expenses of the Empire had hitherto been defrayed chiefly by the customs and taxes on spirits, sugar, salt, beer, &c.; the rest was covered by matricular contributions of the single States levied according to the number of their population, and voted annually by the Reichstag. The Chancellor wished to do away with these contributions in order to make the Empire independent, and also because this indirect poll-tax was unjust, inasmuch as the richer States paid in the same proportion as the poorer ones. The Liberal party so far agreed with him; but they asked a compensation for giving up the right to vote annually a large part of the revenue. Herr von Bennigsen proposed that the duty on coffee and the salt tax should be annually fixed by the Reichstag; this was not feasible because it would have created uncertainty in trade as to the annual amount of these taxes, and would have led to constant speculation. Then the Centre party came forward with a very different proposal. The average of the customs and of the tobacco tax had been previously 108 millions; the new taxes were to furnish 117 millions. From this total of 225 millions 130 were to go into the Imperial exchequer; the whole surplus was to be handed over to the single States, subject, however, to a corresponding deduction of the matricular contributions, amounting to about 80 millions, so that in fact they would only get 15 millions. This was the arrangement which the particularist Centre party very properly called not constitutional but federative guarantees, and which, after some hesitation, was accepted by the Chancellor.

The result was a decided retrogression for the Empire. It was an economical defeat; for the new tariff is made in the interest of a small class, which contrived to obtain the majority by a

coalition. It favours the great landholders, the ironmasters, and the spinners; it damages the small proprietors, the textile industry, and all those branches which use half-manufactured articles, the trading and the shipping interest, and all those consumers who live upon fixed salaries and wages. It was a constitutional defeat. Notwithstanding the maintenance of the matricular contributions, the Reichstag practically loses the efficient right to fix them at a certain sum, for with an overflowing exchequer the right of reducing the expenses is imaginary. And scarcely was the bill passed when Prince Bismarck proposed to the Federal Council to convoke the Reichstag only every second year, and to have the budget voted for two years. It is a social danger; for Protectionism has an awkward analogy with Socialism. To the claim of the manufacturer that the State shall secure him good profits by high duties, the working man answers by the demand that the State shall find remunerative work for him. And could the Socialists want a better argument than that the governing classes raised the price of necessary commodities mainly in their own interest? The Chancellor himself has made an appeal to the mutual hostility of classes. He represented the landed proprietors as the Pariahs of the country, and asked them to struggle against their oppressors till justice was done; he advised them to double the duty on rye, which the Prussian Ministry had rejected. When he was refuted by official statistics, he answered that they were fabricated in the interest of free-traders, that commerce was a stately but egotistical profession, and that the Opposition was given to lying; while the Ministerial press stigmatised the leaders of the Opposition as hirelings of the Cobden Club. Finally, the States will be deceived in the expectation that their deficits will be covered by the surplus of the Imperial income. Consumption will diminish and expenses will rise. While the Minister of War saved seven millions last year by low prices, the enhanced prices of food and all materials are now calculated to amount for the army alone to twenty millions, not to speak of the increase of the military budget which is expected for next year. It is true that the States are to divide between themselves the income from the duties and tobacco exceeding 130 millions, but they will only partake of this surplus so far as it is not swallowed up by the matricular contributions. These remain, although the whole campaign was undertaken expressly to do away with them as an unjust mode of taxation.

The Liberal party has come out of the session discomfited and divided in itself. The right wing has seceded as a sort of

Adullamites, and, even as it is, it is not homogeneous; there remain the waverers of Bennigsen's colour, still longing for readmission to the Chancellor's favour. The Liberals have to thank themselves for their defeat; it is the result of those faults which we have exposed, and they will probably largely lose in the elections for the Prussian Reichstag which are taking place whilst we write. The Conservatives who will take their places unfortunately lack independence. The greater part of them think it their duty to support the Government; they feel uneasy when driven into opposition. Besides, the bulk of them belong to the Agrarians, who consented to the barter of agricultural for industrial protection. But even taking it for granted that the number of blind adherents of the Chancellor will be largely increased, he will not have overcome the real difficulties of his position. It is true that he is at present more powerful than ever; the Emperor, who is by no means blind to his disagreeable qualities, believes him to be indispensable for the prestige of the Empire, and thinks, too, after the attempts on his own life, that Bismarck alone can give him security for the rest of his days. So he leaves him to have his own way. The other German Governments are in abject terror of the Chancellor, and scarcely dare to murmur against his decrees, so that we may say Germany at present has no monarchical government, but is under the dictatorship of a grand vizier. He has certainly executed an important part of his deliberately framed plan to emancipate himself from the control of the Reichstag; the taxes are voted till repealed, and as the Federal Council must have a voice in their repeal, he can keep them as long as he pleases. If he could carry the rest of his plan of buying up the Prussian private railways, to settle the fares of all German railways by decree of the Federal Council, and to convoke the Reichstag only every second year, he would be practically absolute, for this intermittent parliamentary activity would lower the whole character of the Reichstag; it would lose interest, the ablest men would retire in disgust, and, set free in finance, he would only have to refrain from innovation in order to enjoy absolute power.

But to achieve this he must have a majority. He has always looked, not for a party which he was to lead, but for one that was simply to belong to him. He has frankly told the Liberals that, if they had continued to support him with the necessary *sacrificio dell' intelletto*, he would not have minded working with them as before. But, having thrown them over, he cannot govern with his blind supporters alone;

he depends for a majority upon the Centre party, which, clearly perceiving its power, will prove a much more troublesome ally than the Liberals, ever ready for compromise. He has sacrificed to them Dr. Falk, but this is no guarantee that the successor of that minister will put an end to the ecclesiastical struggle, which must, however, be the real end of the Centre party. Its leaders, in keeping to the logic of facts, may so far be right, that the contest may lose its bitterness; but they have obtained no promise of a repeal of the May laws, without which no real peace is possible. They must insist upon that repeal all the more as their constituents are far from being generally satisfied with the position they have taken. The Bavarian Ultramontane press particularly reproaches them with having broken their pledge not to consent to new taxation. Is it possible under such conditions that they should consent to other concessions which they have hitherto opposed, such as the purchase of the railways, the increase of the army, and the curtailing of parliamentary rights? If not, the union of the Conservatives with the Centre party will be at an end. On the other hand, will the pride of the Chancellor submit to acknowledge by the repeal of the Falk laws that his whole ecclesiastical policy has been one great mistake?

These are knotty questions, which will not easily be settled. In the meantime the new tariff, though it will give at first an artificial activity to certain industries, must soon show its mischievous effects. When the Zollverein was founded, Germany paid for her import of manufactures by the export of corn, timber, and wool; now she has to import these agricultural products, but she pays for it by the export of sugar, spirits, and manufactures. This export will diminish because the enhanced prices of raw materials and half-manufactured articles will make competition more difficult in foreign markets. The decrease of exports will diminish trade; the railways and the shipping interest will suffer besides, because the duties on corn and timber will withdraw the transit traffic of Austrian and Russian goods from the Baltic ports and from Southern Germany. The foreign trade of Germany, especially with the East, which was becoming considerable, will be driven out of the market by her untaxed rivals. The taxation of the first necessities of life and the increased taxation of other articles, such as coffee, tobacco, &c., will enhance the cost of living. The working classes will ask higher wages, but will not get them; for in the protected industries there will be an afflux of labour, which will make it cheap, and thus enable the manufacturers to appropriate the profits to themselves, and

those industries which suffer under the difficulties of a restricted market must rather endeavour to lower wages. Then people will see that the prescriptions of the quack doctors, who promised general prosperity, have made matters worse; that the attempt to revive a flagging trade by enabling the manufacturers to charge artificially high prices for their commodities is doomed to failure; that it is impossible to enrich a nation by means of what is virtually a tax imposed on the many for the benefit of the few. It will be seen that the compact of the Agrarians and of the manufacturers is hollow, and that good finances cannot flourish upon a vicious fiscal system, although it may help to relieve the exchequer for a time. With the disappointment discontent will increase, and will finally enforce a reversal of this deluded policy.

Whether it will be the lot of Prince Bismarck to outlive these consequences, and in what way he will meet them, we cannot say. But in looking back upon the eight years during which he has practically governed Germany, we may say that by his internal policy he has done his very best to throw into confusion the Empire which he has founded, and that, if he were now suddenly to disappear, he would leave chaos behind him. We certainly do not despair of Germany. She has passed through worse trials. She will outlive pessimism, materialism, social democracy, protectionism, and all those evil devices upon which, in time of trouble, ignorant men seize in order to find relief. But if we believe that the nation is still intrinsically healthy, and if we cannot subscribe to M. Renan's criticism, who judges Germany by an exclusively French standard, her present state, though transient, is serious, and she will have to pay a heavy price for having abandoned her fortunes to the arbitrament of one man, of whom a calm observer has said, '*Il a agrandi l'Allemagne, il a amoindri l'Allemand.*' He has founded a German Empire, but he has lowered the character and intelligence of the German nation.

- ART. II.—1. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Werke*. Kritisch durchgesehene Gesamtausgabe. Leipzig (in progress).
2. *The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence*. By EDWARD HOLMES. A New Edition, with Notes by EBENEZER PROUT. London: 1878.
3. *The Life of Mozart*. Translated from the German Work of Dr. LUDWIG NOHL, by Lady WALLACE. London: 1877.
4. *The Story of Mozart's Requiem*. By WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon. London: 1879.

IT is an instructive as well as a most interesting task to review occasionally our impressions in regard to the genius, the personality, and the place in his art, of a great poet in whatever form of imaginative production. The mere blind and unquestioning acceptance of the works of any man of genius, however eminent, on the faith of a reputation once established is not the best or most worthy, because not the most reasonable, form of homage; and even with those whose faith in the absolute greatness of their idol is too well founded to be shaken, a new light may be thrown on the subject by a reconsideration of the reasons of their faith, affecting not only our estimate of the individual artist, but the conditions of the art itself.

In regard to Mozart, an opportunity is afforded for such a review of his character as man and musician, not only by the publication in Germany of the new and first complete edition of his compositions, but by the re-issue, under good editorship and with careful revision, of the most complete and sensibly written musical biography in our language—not rich, certainly, in biographical works of that class. Indeed it may, perhaps, be said that Holmes's ‘Life of Mozart’ is the only good specimen of musical biography that we can boast of among works originally written in English. Slightly dry in style, it has nevertheless the advantage of having been the work of a good musician, who understood the real grounds on which the fame of Mozart rests, and the special qualities in which he was pre-eminent as a composer: and though the work of an enthusiastic admirer of its subject, it is nevertheless free from that sickly and sentimental effusion of adoration which is the bane of so much musical biography; indeed, in regard to Mozart's personal character, the writer was so far from partiality as to do injustice to his subject in some points, chiefly

through imperfect information and the misinterpretation of letters and documents which later researches have placed in a different light. The new edition of the Life differs in one point certainly from that of the Compositions which is being brought out at Leipzig. It is anything but an *édition de luxe*; and we could have wished that a book which is so agreeable an addition to a musical library should have been brought out anew in a form and setting more worthy of the occasion than is the thin closely printed one-volume octavo before us, not even embellished with a portrait of the composer. But the editing has been done by a very able and thorough musician, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, also an accomplished musical critic and a practised writer. He has corrected obvious errors in Holmes's book, and supplied information in his own notes in regard to musical and biographical points which have been more fully elucidated since the original publication, and in regard to one or two of which, more particularly the authorship of parts of the 'Requiem,' Holmes's conclusions have been placed entirely out of date by recent critical investigation. These, however, are but small portions of the whole work, the general accuracy of which has been rather confirmed than impugned by the results of subsequent research, though we may no doubt find some room for revisal of the judgments expressed or implied in regard to Mozart as man and musician, in considering his career from the point of view of the present day.

It is not worth while here to dwell on the extraordinary records of Mozart's precocity in music, which are familiar to most persons who have taken any interest in the history of the art. Extreme precocity of this kind has occasionally been displayed without being followed by any corresponding development of genius in more mature life; * and the fact of the early proficiency in *technique* which has not unfrequently been exhibited both by painters and musicians at an age when the intellectual meaning and scope of their art could hardly have been grasped at all, is very suggestive in regard to the dual nature of those forms of imaginative expression which involve great technical skill, in contemplating which we are drawn,

* Our own composer, Dr. Crotch, is an example. The stories told of his achievements at the age of four, if not so numerous, are nearly as extraordinary as anything that is related of Mozart; but, though some of his compositions are very beautiful, he never made his own style or developed sufficient individuality to remove him from the crowd of second-rate composers whose works hardly outlive their own age.

according to our mood or temperament, sometimes towards one element in the art, sometimes towards the other: now disposed to think with Voltaire that a difficulty overcome is always something, now disposed to share George Sand's indignant repudiation of such a view of art. That this precocity in *technique* is indicative not so much of the degree as of the nature of the genius of its possessor, is obvious in comparing Mozart with Beethoven. No such stories are told of the childhood of Beethoven; and we know that he conquered by hard and in one sense unwilling study that power of technical construction in counterpoint which he turned to such splendid account in the contrapuntal episodes that at once relieve and intensify the passionate expression of many of his greatest movements. But it is only in these episodes that Beethoven shows to advantage as a constructor in the strict forms of composition. His longer essays in fugue, such as the finale of the B flat Sonata, however astonishing when executed by a great player, are knotty, rugged, deficient in balance and continuity, when compared with similar productions by Bach or Mozart; and the judgment of his own pupil Moscheles, who said that he did not like Beethoven 'trying to be contrapuntal,' will be the ultimate verdict on these works when we have shaken off the influence of that false musical criticism which has for the present vitiated the public mind so much as to the scope and capabilities of the art. What young Beethoven acquired with difficulty and in a spirit of rebellion, Mozart seems, for anything we can ascertain to the contrary, to have possessed intuitively, or, at least, to have acquired by a process of assimilation as natural in his case as that by which children learn to talk. That he studied hard in one sense all his life, there can be no question; that is, he examined the scores of all other composers of note, and was acquainted with all that had been done in the art up to his own time; but he always spoke as slightly as did Beethoven of theory-books and exercises, and his remark when he heard Bach's motetts, 'That is 'something from which one can learn,' seems to imply that in general he was not conscious of having learned much from other composers. His early power over musical construction foreshadowed the career of a composer who has, perhaps, surpassed any other of the great musicians in the faculty of combining science with effect, of doing difficult things as if they were easy, and who always handled his materials as if he could do just what he liked with them. It is worth notice that as a child he displayed also a passion for and great aptitude in arithmetic, which for a time almost pushed music on

one side : not the only instance in which the metaphysical relation between harmony and numerical proportion has been illustrated by the union of a quick perception of both sciences in the same person. But this constructive intuition would not necessarily have given us Mozart ; it might only have resulted in another Albrechtsberger.

The mere account of the musical feats of the young Mozart derives, however, some additional interest and significance from the spirit and impulse under which they were done. We recognise not merely the presence of extraordinary musical gifts, but eager ambition and self-reliance, in the manner in which he flew at every sort of musical game so soon as it was presented to him ; in his childish attempt at a concerto, so difficult that his father said no one could play it ; in the readiness and courage with which, the first time the pedal board of an organ was shown and explained to him, he immediately would try it, and precluded standing on the pedals (on alternate feet it must be presumed), his legs being too short to reach them when seated. This kind of pluck, which he displayed throughout his life in his readiness on emergencies, was the more noteworthy in a child so delicately organised that the sound of a trumpet loudly blown caused him physical pain and prostration almost to fainting. But the traits of moral character which come out in these records of Mozart's childish and boyish years are of even more interest than those which illustrate his musical faculty, and are not without relation either to his future achievements. In the gay, witty, observant letters which he wrote to his sister and others during his Italian tour (at the age of thirteen and fourteen), we find that perception of humour and character which, in after years, was so conspicuous in ' Figaro ' and ' Don Juan.' But the moral aspect of the child's character, amid the influences to which it was subject, is really touchingly beautiful ; there has seldom been a nature, surely, more sweet and healthful than his, sent upon this earth. That a child who at his earliest years (after mere infancy) was literally turned into a travelling exhibition, was prematurely famous, fêted, caressed, raved about, kissed and dandled by empresses and queens, and treated almost as a royal prince, should have preserved not only during his childhood, but throughout his boyhood also, whilst the same kind of spoiling process was going on, the most perfect artlessness and freshness of child-like manners, remaining perfectly free from vanity and affectation, perfectly simple and unconventional in his feelings and behaviour, is certainly a very unusual evidence of a naturally charming and healthy disposition ;

all the more so since it is evident that the boy, with all his high spirits and fun, already showed that proper sense of the dignity of his art, and of the respect due to him as an artist, which remained with him through life, under, not unfrequently, very trying circumstances. Among stories illustrative of this simplicity there is none more pleasantly characteristic than that of the little fellow at the Court of Vienna, about to play a concerto, with the Emperor and the courtiers standing round him, but declining to begin till Wagenseil, the composer, had been sent for, as 'he understands the thing.' But the sweet and simple character of Mozart stands out the more by contrast with that of his father, a personage about whom there are some popular ideas to be set right. Holmes, not escaping that tendency to *couleur de rose* which is the biographer's disease, speaks with great respect of Leopold Mozart, and in Nohl's foolish and sentimental biography he is described as a worthy man who lived to see his one aim in life accomplished, the recognition of his son as the leading composer of his age. Yet both biographers give us ample materials for the conclusion that in reality Leopold Mozart was a mean soul—a typical specimen of paltry narrow-minded respectability of the most ordinary class; sour-tempered, pious, prudish, and time-serving. He began life as 'valet-musician' to the amiable Archbishop of Salzburg, and the valet and the musician seem to have been equally mixed in his nature. He did his best to ruin the character of his gifted child by making his boyhood a period of exhibition for his own glory and profit; while he himself, in the intervals of bowing and scraping to High Transparencies, calculated how the court dresses, &c., could be turned to account in an economical fashion. A bigoted Catholic, he found Lutherans 'wise and pious' who allowed him to give concerts in Lent; he becomes suddenly shocked at the impiety of London, and the bad bringing up of the children, when he finds there is no more money to be made there; he behaved in the most unfeeling manner to his son in regard to his marriage (a matter in which young Mozart showed really unselfish love and devotion), but he warned him, certainly, that 'it depends entirely on yourself whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honour and independence, and your family well provided for.' This can only be paralleled by Partridge's contrast between being killed next day in battle, and dying in your bed, 'a great many years hence, like a good Christian.' But enough of this moral and

musical hobby-horse, about whom posterity never need have been troubled, had he not been the father of his son.

We get many side lights on art and character, and the society of the times, from the pages of a biography in which Mozart's own letters are plentifully introduced. It was, indeed, the professed object of Holmes to arrange the Life so as to let Mozart, as he said in the preface, 'as far as possible tell his own story.' This is really and very successfully done throughout a great part of the book. The connecting links in regard to the facts of Mozart's life are supplied by the biographer, but the life and colour and reality in the narrative come from the composer's own gay, sparkling, and often good-naturedly satirical letters; the qualifying adverb is only fair, for even when most displeased with anyone he seems to have been incapable of anything that could be called spiteful feeling.

What strikes one in reading the letters that are most directly concerned with musical topics, is the constant impression we receive of the youth and freshness of the art at that period. No one had then thought of calling in question the existing forms of music; there was no doubt that the object of music was to give pleasure; no doubt that the forms which it had assumed were what they should be; no question that the extempore conduct of a fugue on a given subject, and in a strictly logical form, was one of the highest achievements and enjoyments possible to the musician and his hearers. Indeed there is something quite contagious in the account of the high spirits and healthy delight which Mozart seems to have taken himself in his intellectual exhibitions of this kind, while at the same time kindling even more vivacious appreciation in his listeners. Over and over again we come on the same kind of picture—the musician surrounded by a circle of excited hearers, giving vent to their delight and astonishment in various unconventional ways; Mozart himself, in the midst of all the concentration of the musical half of his nature upon his extempore composition, always cool and self-possessed enough to notice his hearers and describe their demeanour afterwards. At a musical party at Augsburg, after playing a violin concerto, some one had heard of Mozart's playing on the organ a few days before, and he was to be asked to play 'in the organ style.' This meant, of course, fugues. Some one present gave him a subject.

'I played upon it in a jocose style, and in the middle (the fugue was in G minor) I began in the major, but still playfully and in the same *tempo*; then came the subject reversed; and at last the thought struck me of giving a sportive character to the theme of the fugue.

I did not stop long considering, but did it at once, and it went as accurately as if cut out with a razor.'

No wonder that 'the dean was beside himself with pleasure.' Then came a difficult fugued sonata, which was to be played at sight, after a little deprecation on the part of Mozart, followed by the performance in such a style as to evoke from the irrepressible dean such expressions as 'rogue,' 'conjurer,' &c. In the same letter we have the account of a concert where Mozart, having played with two others his concerto for three pianos, added a sonata and another concerto.

'Then again alone a strict fugue in C minor; then a magnificent sonata in C major out of my head, and finished with a rondo. There was a prodigious hubbub and noise. Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment, and Demler laughed continually. This last is quite a curious man; when anything pleases him he laughs immoderately. He almost began to swear at me.'

At Mannheim, again, he plays the organ during mass 'for amusement;' to say truth, the music seems to have got quite the better of the worship.

'I was in my best humour. There is always a voluntary here in the place of the "Benedictus," so I took a phrase from the "Sanctus" and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces.'

'They' being the players in the chapel band. Mozart's frank description in these letters as to the effect of his performances has not a touch of vanity about it; nothing but the pleasant consciousness of power and a desire that those dear to him should sympathise in his enjoyment and his triumph. As to the abstract value to be attached to such exhibitions of spontaneous mastery over the most difficult and exacting forms of musical composition, readers in the present day will be less unanimous than Mozart's contemporaries. Extempore playing is now almost entirely at a discount; whether this is the result of a decline in musical constructive power, or whether it is owing to the modern view of the objects and scope of music, which assumes the necessity of a poetic basis or *raison d'être* for a composition, and therefore almost precludes the idea of music produced offhand and to order. The feeling of Mendelssohn on this point is more than once expressed in his letters; when he complains, for example, of people insisting on his extemporising after supper, when he was sure he had 'nothing in his head but benches and cold fowl.' But if the stricter forms of composition are out of vogue, and have given place to more purely emotional music, and if the science displayed by Mozart in his extempore fugues and fantasias

might be now thought a less important musical element than it then was, this fact does not in the least detract from the intellectual brilliancy of his achievements; the conditions of the art as then understood may or may not have been the highest and best, but the readiness, insight, and concentration, necessary for the extempore handling of musical form under those conditions, cannot from any point of view be called in question. As to the Mendelssohn criticism about extempore playing (which is quite in the spirit of the modern school), it is at least a fair question whether the higher capability or the higher genius is manifested by a musician who can only produce anything worth hearing when he is 'in the mood' and under suggestive circumstances, or by one who is always in the mood, and has sufficient wealth of ideas to draw upon always at the shortest notice and upon the slightest hint. We said it was 'at least a question,' out of deference to weak brethren; but our own conviction is that there is no question at all in the matter, and that the certainty and readiness with which Mozart could produce his best music (as it appears he could) whenever and wherever called upon, afford evidence of a richer and more robust genius than we detect in the fastidious sensitiveness of Mendelssohn, although it must be said that, at suitable times and places, no musician of our time could improvise with greater effect than Felix Mendelssohn himself. Beethoven, who is said to be the originator of the 'poetic basis' school of music, was almost as ready and as indifferent to circumstances in regard to extemporising as Mozart; the bass part of a quartett, 'tossed upside down on 'the desk' of the piano, was enough on one memorable occasion to give the hint for a performance which caused his popular rival to leave the room and avoid ever meeting him again where they could be brought into competition. While on the subject of pianoforte playing, it may be observed that the playing of both Mozart and Beethoven was remarked upon by their contemporaries for the unusual strength and brilliancy of the left hand, and that both composers gave evidence of the importance they attached to a good style of manipulation on the instrument. Mozart's references to the mechanical defects and clumsiness of some of the players of his day are frequent and characteristically satirical.

The light thrown upon musical Paris by Mozart's letters during his visit there as a young man in 1778, is amusing enough, considering the noise which had been made there by the Gluck-Piccini feud, started a year or two before; and the evidence which Mozart (who certainly seems to have hated the

place) furnishes in regard to the real state of musical culture in the French capital at that time is not without its bearing on the estimate to be formed of Gluck, who made his first marked success there. Mozart's opinions as to the French vocal school of the period are anything but flattering, and his experiences of the estimate in which music was held in French society come out in some very lively and sarcastic comments in various letters. His father wanted him to take every opportunity of waiting on and playing to great people; but, said young Mozart, what is the use of it? The people merely pay you compliments, and all is over. 'They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, "Ah! c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable; c'est étonnant;" and then, "Adieu."' We can fancy we hear the cold politeness of the final word. One of the best of Mozart's letters is that in which he describes his visit, through the introduction of Grimm, to the Duchesse de Bourbon; the cold room, the miserable piano, the lady sitting drawing surrounded by her friends, leaving him to play without taking the least apparent notice, till Mozart's patience gave way and he rose when he had half finished the 'Fischer Variations,'* and said he could do himself no justice on so poor an instrument; a piece of meek self-assertion which seems to have a little roused the Parisian lady, who persuaded him to resume his playing and sat by him attentively for the rest of the time, 'so that I forgot the cold and headache, and played as I am accustomed to play when I am in a good humour.'

There is a great deal to interest one, at a time when the *rationale* of stage music is so much discussed, in the accounts of the preparation of Mozart's first two operas of importance, 'Idomeneo' and 'Il Seraglio,' more especially in his own letters on the subject. The long letter to his father in regard to the production of the latter opera at Vienna is a curious mixture of really thoughtful criticism, sometimes quite modern in tone, with an easy content, in regard to other points, with things as they were. The versification of the libretto, he

* This was a set of variations of his own on a minuet by the oboe player, Fischer, and appears to have been one of Mozart's most favourite and frequently used show pieces for some years. There is much grace in some of the variations, but a more old-fashioned style about the whole than is the case with many of his pianoforte compositions. The style of the piece, considered as the show piece of the most brilliant pianist and greatest musician of his day, forms a curious commentary on the progress of pianoforte playing.

says, 'is none of the best, but it so luckily fell in with some
'of the musical ideas that were wandering about in my head
'that it could not but please me . . . and I know that in an
'opera the poetry must be the obedient daughter of the
'music.'

'Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable *libretti*? Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plan is well contrived and the words wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief. . . . Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme, on account of the rhyming, most injurious,' &c.

Here he is at all events more consistent than Wagner, who, while claiming the exemption of the music from the bonds of rhythm, has absolutely emphasised the rhythm of the words in his operas by the introduction of a prominent jingle of doggerel rhyme. Another passage in the same letter is so full of musical good sense and so generally applicable that it is worth while to quote it; he has been speaking of the air for Osmin in which the singer's anger is supposed to be represented as continually increasing towards the close of the piece.

'The audience will fancy, as the man's anger goes on increasing, that this must be the end of the air, but the *allegro assai*, in another time and key, will just then produce an excellent effect; for, as a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly loses himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. As, however, the passions, whether violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust, and music, even in the most terrific situations, never give pain to the ear, *but always delight it and remain music*, I have chosen no very distant key to F, the key of the air; though not the nearest related, D minor, yet the next in succession, A minor.'

This passage is an enunciation of general principle in regard to musical expression as true and as well worth bearing in mind as Hamlet's celebrated speech to the players in regard to passionate acting. Its application to much that is produced as music just at present it is hardly necessary to point out.

The marriage of the composer, which took place shortly after the production of the last-named opera, was, as before hinted, an event in which he appears more creditably than anyone else concerned. The lady's family were anything but an admirable set of people; and though she seems to have lived on affectionate terms with her husband (judging, at least, from his letters to her), she had incurred a deserved

rebuke from him for levity of conduct even before their marriage, and what regard she had to his memory after his death we shall see when we have to refer to the 'Requiem.' She was apparently a commonplace, rather vulgar-minded lass, with a pretty face and a good voice. It is probable that the domestic circumstances of the composer were not more comfortable or dignified than those of men of genius often are; though there is no evidence of anything like the utter disorder and chaos in which poor Beethoven was often to be found. But we find melancholy intimations of the increasing difficulty and embarrassment which came upon Mozart during the years of married life, increasingly so towards the close of his days. We find letters begging over and over again for the loan of money, generally accompanied by the explanation that it was but for the present that he was in difficulty, as his various works, either published or about to be published, must place him out of the reach of poverty shortly. That he had a very hard part to play is certain, at a time when musicians, even of the highest genius, were so dependent upon the capricious patronage of a very flighty aristocracy, thinking more of its own pleasure than of art, and when men of less independence and dignity of character (for as an artist, at least, Mozart always preserved these qualities) could get bread which was out of the reach of the higher and truer artist. At the same time it can hardly be questioned, on the evidence before us, that Mozart's difficulties in the latter years of his life arose a great deal from the defects of a character naturally gay, *insouciant*, and pleasure-loving; exactly the sort of character which makes a man a general favourite, but which a committee of the Charity Organisation Society would probably have reported as 'ineligible for assistance.' His power of application and of rapidity of work under occasional impulses was remarkable; witness the composition of the 'Don Giovanni' overture, and the brief space in which the three great symphonies were written; but it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. His fitful work could not keep pace with his liabilities; and every now and then he seems to have had pangs of conscience about his want of foresight and prudence, and pathetically promises in his later letters to his wife and others that if he can only get out of these present difficulties they shall never be in so wretched a condition of dependence again. In his earlier days he had written to his father that he would not consent to give lessons—let people who could only play the piano do that, he was meant for a higher place. It is touching to compare with this the postscript of one of his letters to

Puchberg in search of pecuniary aid—‘Endeavour to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons.’ And yet at this very time one of his pupils (Kelly) has left it on record that Mozart ‘would at any time rather play a game at billiards with him than give him a lesson.’ It is impossible to look harshly on the spectacle of a sensitive man of genius, involved in the sordid difficulties of scarcity of means which are so peculiarly irritating to a proud nature, taking refuge in any dissipation that would distract his mind and make him happy for the moment. He would in all probability have lived regularly enough if he had sooner enjoyed the income which the Kapellmeistership of St. Stephen’s would have procured him, and which it is sad to remember he only just lived to bequeath to Albrechtsberger.* But truth is truth, and one can hardly make a hero of a man who consoled himself under difficulties, which a more prudent way of life might have avoided, by punch and billiards and the society of such a low rascal as Schickaneder, the *impresario* adventurer, who (besides stealing his works) probably did the composer more harm in other ways than his best friends could undo. Pantomimes and ballets composed by himself, and in which he played a part, and the assumption of harlequinade characters at the carnival balls, were among the amusements of this period of the composer’s life; but in regard to another charge against his character, touched on lightly but with evident credence by Holmes, we may probably give Mozart at all events a very large benefit of doubt. One particular intrigue in which he was supposed by Holmes to have been implicated was fastened upon his memory by a misinterpretation, almost absurd in its perversity, of as innocent a begging-letter as was ever penned; and his latest letters to his wife show a spirit of earnest and simple affection which is, to say the least, very much out of keeping with the idea of libertinism and conjugal infidelity.

What concerns us most practically now in regard to Mozart, however, is that among all the failings of the latter part of his life he never allowed his art to sink under the pressure of circumstances; for even his concession to the whims and nonsense of Schickaneder in parts of ‘Die Zauberflöte’ was entirely a piece of good nature towards that scaramouch, who

* With his characteristic unselfishness, one of his last directions on his death-bed was that his decease might be kept secret for a time from everyone but Albrechtsberger, in order that the latter might have the best chance among candidates for the post which would then be vacant.

wanted something that would draw all classes and fill the coffers of the theatre; and the composer was none the better off for it. There is good reason to believe—and at all events some one among contemporary publishers told him—that he might have made much more by his compositions if he would have adopted a popular style and written music below his own mark, but which would have had a rapid sale. Considering how often this kind of shop-writing has been done by those who were under less temptation than Mozart, it is to his eternal credit that he never availed himself of this means of coining money, and that the compositions written under his period of greatest distress and anxiety are (excepting those parts of ‘Die Zauberflöte’ which, as just observed, were written with a special and perfectly unselfish motive) among his greatest and most elevated works. His immediate loss was to become our gain; and the grateful recognition of his high aims as an artist, under so many temptations and adverse influences, is but the barest justice to his memory.

Though we have not space to touch consecutively, even with the strictest regard to brevity, on all the points of interest in Mozart’s musical career, we are tempted to return for a moment to the subject of his operas, and to some of the circumstances of their production, which are vividly characteristic of the musical and social conditions of the times. The greatest of these we have not yet alluded to; but even in regard to ‘Idomeneo,’ a work somewhat *passé* now, it is interesting to notice that a state of excitement the production of the new opera drew the connoisseurs and musicians; in regard to the latter, we have one graphic expression from Mozart himself which seems to bring the scene before us at once—how, coming back with his friend Cannabich from the first rehearsal, Madame Cannabich met him at the door and embraced him with delight, and then he adds, ‘Ramm (oboe) and Lange (horn) came in half an hour,’ an expression which gives a very real idea of the kind of delight which the members of the orchestra seem to have taken in Mozart’s accompaniments, a kind of freshness of enjoyment in the art which hardly seems to be represented in these days, when music is philosophised over with such exceedingly long words and long faces. For the composer’s difficulties with his motley but mostly well-meaning group of singers on this occasion—how the first tenor could not have an air in one scene because ‘it is too thunder, and that will never be heard if Raff sings,’ and how he had to teach his ‘molto amato’ ‘castrato Del Prato’ the whole opera through—and his really interesting disquisitions upon the æsthetic arrangement of the

whole, we must refer the reader to Holmes's pages. 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' which, as regards finish and complete balance of style, is his dramatic masterpiece, considered as a whole (though there is no movement in it equal to the closing scene of 'Don Juan'), appears to have been a suggestion of the Emperor Joseph; and in the story, adapted from Beaumarchais, Mozart had the advantage of a book giving him situations and contrasts of character involving a great deal of real and piquant humour, very suggestive to a composer who had himself such a keen eye for the humorous side of life. What he did with it everyone knows now; but we are tempted to quote the little anecdote, old enough, but we suspect not familiar to everyone in these days, of the reception at rehearsal of one scene; our countryman Kelly *loquitur*:

'I remember Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who *sotto voce* was repeating, "Bravo! bravo, Benucci!" and when Benucci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage and those on the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo, bravo, maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra, I thought, would never have ceased applauding by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.'

It may be very foolish, but we confess we can never read this little incident, though familiar to us from childhood, without a thrill of excitement. What a piquant little bit of theatre history it is, and how graphically told; how we realise Mozart's personality as the 'little man in the cocked hat,' listening in ill-suppressed excitement to the admirable interpretation of his music, and sympathise with the outburst of enthusiasm at the close. Why, says the philosophical critic, who believes dramatic music to have a mission (with a large M), should we attach any importance to a mere piece of mock bravado sung by a butler to the page and the lady's maid? Why, it may be answered, should we read over and over again with fresh delight the talk and jokes of some careless revellers in a tavern? Because, when transmitted to us by Shakespeare, we find they represent in perfection one side of human character, in the shape of humour which we feel to be typical of its kind, and completely true to nature and to the

special persons and scenes represented; and what is true to nature and to human character always retains its hold on our interest. Mozart in this admirable scene has realised the perfection of humour, of that best and most subtle type of which it may be said that we hardly know whether to regard it as jest or earnest; whether to be inspired by the martial strain of the march movement at the close of Figaro's air, or to laugh at the oddly assorted trio as they march off to the measure of the tune. As a master of comedy Mozart stands in some parts of this opera almost on a level with Shakespeare; and just as Falstaff and Prince Hal fill a larger space in our literature than Milton's archangels, so we may predict that Mozart's butler and page and waiting-maid will outlast Wagner's gods and goddesses, and even the singing dragon.

'Don Giovanni,' which will always remain the most fascinating and typical effort of Mozart's dramatic genius, arose, like so many great works, almost out of an accident. The success of 'Figaro' at Prague, and the *furore* excited there by the presence and the pianoforte performances of the composer in that town, led him one day to say to the manager of the theatre there that, as the Bohemians understood him so well, he really thought he ought to write an opera on purpose for them. The manager wisely booked him on the spot, and he had recourse to the eccentric poet Da Ponte, who had fabricated the libretto of 'Figaro,' and who, for some reason, had just been taken with the old story of the libertine and the avenging statue, which seems to have seized on Mozart's fancy with the same fascination which it has had for so many thousands in so many generations. The stern Beethoven called it, indeed, a 'scandalous' subject, degrading to the art of music; but few will agree with him as to the subject, however weak we may think Da Ponte's libretto in detail. By its original projectors it was, in fact, propounded as an opera with a moral purpose—its second title was, 'Il Dissoluto punito;' but even apart from the moral and the avenging statue, there is in the mere figure of the reckless and daring libertine something with which one cannot but sympathise. It is worth while, in contrast with Beethoven's view of the subject (which may, it is true, have been expressed only in one of his 'moods'), to notice the way in which it impressed two such opposite men of intellect as Dr. Strauss and De Musset: the former has left on record the interest with which this opera always impressed him, as the spectacle of the ruin of a human character through the misuse of 'the most beautiful impulse of our nature;' the French poet, in a far wilder

strain of feeling, has expressed what so many will understand as to the fascination of the character, in some stanzas in his 'Namouna,' a poem not *virginibus puerisque* certainly, but well worth looking at in connexion with the subject. The circumstances of the composition of the opera seem as oddly out of keeping with its fame as the accidental nature of its origin. When Mozart set off for his second visit to Prague with the object of superintending the production of the new opera, not a note of the music was upon paper; and it is on record that most of it was written at his friend Dussek's, with whom he stayed, in the midst of noise and company, sometimes during games at bowls, in which the composer took his turn with the rest, and went on with his writing in the meantime.* Holmes notes that the original score is written on various kinds of paper, apparently the first that came to hand. The characteristic overture, so happily expressive of the contrasts of feeling and situation in the opera, was begun the midnight before the day of the first representation, the composer being kept awake by punch and his wife's conversation, and finishing the MS. for the copyists at seven in the morning. At night the audience were kept waiting three-quarters of an hour for the parts, and the overture was played without a rehearsal. The scrap way in which the music was written is amusingly illustrated by the story of Mozart bringing to the orchestra the drum and trumpet parts for the second finale, which he had written out on separate pieces of paper without reference to the rest of the score, trusting to his memory, only cautioning the players to be careful at one point, as he believed there were 'four bars either too few or too many.' The production of the opera is not without its stage anecdotes, one among others as to the characteristic way which Mozart took of teaching the Zerlina to put life into her part; she would not scream with sufficient energy in the ball-room scene, where she is assaulted by Don Giovanni, so the composer waited behind her till the right moment, and then laid hold of her so forcibly and suddenly that she shrieked in earnest, and was politely told 'that was the way to do it'—a story

* Mozart, in his interesting letter to 'Baron V——' about his own methods of composition, alludes to his power of composing in the midst of company, and even talking himself, though, as he says, 'only about fowls and geese, or Gretel and Bärbel, or some such matters.' Our own Jane Austen furnishes a parallel instance; her exquisitely finished novels were written in the general sitting room of the house, amidst the conversation of children and visitors.

which reminds one of Handel's autocratic dealings with his lady singers.

The production of '*Die Zauberflöte*' (to digress for a moment from '*Don Giovanni*') furnishes a more singular contrast of cause and effect than even its predecessor. Here was the greatest musician of his day consenting to set the silliest of stories in such a manner as to satisfy the ideas of a needy manager as to what would best fill all parts of the house, altering or rewriting whole movements to please this man, descending to something very like musical claptrap to catch the gallery, and consoling himself (for that was part of the stipulation) by lavishing on certain scenes some of his grandest and noblest music. The result is a medley such as never was made by a great musician, and which seems like a mingling of church services with excerpts from a pantomime. Still more curious is the interest which Mozart seems to have taken in this ill-judged venture, and one incident as related by himself is too characteristic of the childlike side of his nature to be omitted; it is in a letter to his wife, where he mentions having particularly enjoyed the opera one evening from a box close to the orchestra, and then—

'I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schickaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came I did nothing, when he waited and would not proceed. I guessed what he wanted, and played a chord. He then struck the bells and said, "Hold your tongue!" which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schickaneder did not play the bells himself.'

There is something almost grotesque in this musical joke, the whim of a moment of high spirits, coming down to us as a bit of biographical history; and it furnishes an amusing commentary on Nohl's remark that 'the strains of the "*Zauberflöte*" already breathed an elevation of soul scarcely in harmony with an earthly existence. His soul was entirely absorbed by heavenly things.' Poor Mozart! The composer's too good-natured compliance with the tastes of Papageno-Schickaneder revenged itself upon him, in going far to deprive his last opera of the place which the great things in it must have insured for it on the lyric stage, had they not been weighted by inferior music and a nonsensical libretto. It may be thought that the libretto does not stand alone in deserving this epithet, which might perhaps be applied pretty

safely to opera books generally, when considered in detail at all events.

But 'Don Giovanni' stands on a very different footing in this respect. The characters in it are essentially human and representative of typical elements in real life: the handsome libertine; the officious servant, too cowardly to be a thorough villain; the deserted wife; the high-born lady and her lovers; the peasant lovers, with their mixture of rustic affection for each other and respect for the great man—all these are characters which may exist and have existed; and though nothing could be more commonplace than their development in the text, Mozart's characterisation of them in music raises them to quite a different sphere, and gives to their play and contrast much of the importance and interest of Shakespearian drama. Then he was peculiarly fortunate in finding in the animated statue an element of the supernatural (so suitable to opera) which is nevertheless allied with human feeling and interest; it is not a dragon or a vague monster we care not for, it is the spirit of the murdered father who died in avenging the insult to his daughter. The intensely individualised feeling and dramatic power which are imparted to the various characters can hardly be too highly estimated: Elvira is perhaps the one exception; she is not made interesting, and her air of complaint against her lot (written for the third act, but now generally transferred to the first) is too equable in style and deficient in passion—too much like a mere show air. But in the music of the other personages what life-like variety of character painting there is: how impudent and swaggering is Leporello's first air; how mischievously impertinent that in which he recounts to Elvira the list of her husband's amours, where even the violins in the accompaniment seem to twitch at the lady's dress to compel her attention; how fresh and innocent the peasants' dance music, and how touching and how true to nature is Zerlina's part in that now hackneyed duet with her would-be seducer, fluttering like a captured bird at the plaintive phrase, '*presto non son più forte.*' And so we might go on noticing one passage after another in which human weakness and passion and humour are expressed to the life, till we come to the famous supper scene, where these various phases of feeling are so admirably drawn together and contrasted: the gay enjoyment of the voluptuary, the grotesque humour of the valet, the upbraiding of Elvira (who, however, is here again much weaker in expression than the other personages—she never seems to have interested the composer), the reckless defiance of Don Giovanni's final

hymn (as Baudelaire would have called it) to love and wine, and then the ghastly shadow which the coming spectre throws before him, so to speak, over the scene, the moment of fright and confusion, followed by the tremendous voice of the avenger and the conflict of will between him and his victim. One can hardly imagine that this scene can ever grow old or cease to thrill the listener; and be it observed once more that all this emphatic character painting which gives the interest to the opera is Mozart's, and his alone; the mere bald outline and commonplace language of the libretto would be nothing, would leave us perfectly cold; it is Mozart who warms it into life, and puts colour and passion and humour into it by his musical expression. Even the fooling of Leporello in the earlier part of the scene has its value in giving that sharp sense of contrast in which Shakespeare was such a master, and the effect of the conflict between Don Giovanni and the statue is greatly enhanced by that one trembling hurried exclamation of the valet, 'dite di nò, dite di uò,' the tenor of which is so admirably expressed in the very notes to which it is set. The more we think of all the varied human feeling portrayed in the work, the more astonished we are at the idea that the man who was capable of this should ever have been set down as a mere maker of 'tone-play.' Of his genius as an instrumental composer a word may be said separately, but in considering his two principal operas, and the last-named more especially, we feel that there is truth in Nohl's remark that Mozart shared with Shakespeare and other great poets those keen perceptions that penetrate to the groundwork of life ('jener Blick, der auf 'den Grund des Lebens schaut').

Which latter remark, we may say, is about the only good one we have stumbled upon in the work in question. Why this very weak book should have been translated into English, when we had such a far better biography of the composer in our own language, it is impossible to say; why Nohl should have written it he tells us, with perhaps more candour than he was himself aware of, in his preface, which amounts to saying, almost in so many words, that he was dissatisfied with Jahn for presenting only a correct life of Mozart in regard to facts, and that he wanted one with some sentiment in it, and set about to use Jahn's facts as the basis for his own sentiment. Certainly we have seldom turned over a book which so often provoked us to the utterance of that brief criticism on 'sentiments' which forms the parting salute to Joseph Surface on his final exit. As a specimen of the twaddle the author is capable of, after mentioning Leopold Mozart's advice to his

wife and daughter not to buy cheap clothes, as they were no real economy, and his consolatory reflection in regard to the masquerade dresses purchased in Italy, that they 'may be made use of for many purposes, especially for linings,' he proceeds in the next paragraph: 'It was only by such principles as these that this man could accomplish what all the world now thanks him for—the education of a Mozart.' In his preface he compares Mozart to Wagner, as the German master who first pointed out to the nation the prize that awaited her if she would remain true to her own individuality, and on page 37 he draws special attention to Mozart's strong wish to revisit Italy, and the important result which Italian music had upon his own work in developing the element of melody in it. The latter is quite true, but both statements could not be so. He relates that Mozart wrote his D minor Quartett while his wife was expecting her first *accouchement*, and observes that anyone can perceive (from the music) under what circumstances it was composed. His lucid reference to the history of the 'Requiem' is that as Mozart did not finish the work, and yet a complete score was sent to Count Walsegg, who had commissioned it, a violent controversy as to its genuineness arose (he does not say between whom), 'which was only put an end to by the discovery of the facts we have stated,' not a single fact bearing on the explanation of the mystery being stated at all, and the name of Süßmayer not even mentioned. The translation is in point of general style as good as the work was worth; it is, however, the translator who is responsible for the perpetual repetition of the foolish expression 'our maestro,' which occurs more often than we could count, sometimes twice or thrice on one page. The musical blunders of the translation are astounding. Mozart's most popular symphony is described as the 'symphony in E sharp,' an expression which ingeniously includes three mistakes in one word—as to the German key-nomenclature, as to the real key of the work, and as to the utter impossibility of such a key signature as 'E sharp' having been ever used by Mozart, or (we should hope) by anyone else. It is not a clerical error, for it is repeated twice, and in another place we find reference to the 'Quartett in D sharp,' which is Lady Wallace's way of translating 'D dur' (D major). It will interest historians of music to find that these extreme keys were in common use in Mozart's time. Even better than this is the translation of Sarti's sarcasm about the Quartett in C, where Sarti is made to say that 'only a pianist could be so ignorant as not to know the difference between D sharp and E sharp,'

which is not only nonsense in itself, but misses the very point of the sarcasm, which the translator evidently does not understand. What Sarti really said was that it was 'only a pianist who 'would confound D sharp and E flat' ('*Der dis und es nicht zu unterscheiden wisse*'), the implied taunt being that Mozart, as a piano player, took his ideas of harmony from the keyboard, where D sharp and E flat are represented by the same key, and not from the theory of music, in which they are different both in harmonic relation and in actual pitch. Sarti's apostrophe, which is given in the same paragraph, 'Could any-one do more to cause music to sound discordant?' is also translated wrong; what he said was, 'Could anyone do more 'to put professors out of tune?' in which there is special reference to the difficulties of correct intonation in string playing in such a passage: Nohl gives the sentence correctly. In short, we can only say that if Lady Wallace means to translate any more musical works she would do well to learn at least the rudiments of musical theory first; no one has any right to come before the public as translator of such a book without sufficient musical knowledge to keep clear of such absurd mistakes as these.

We referred incidentally just now to the history of the composition of the 'Requiem.' Upon this point Holmes's original work is as deficient as Nohl's, not from carelessness, but because the information now collected and published was not then so accessible, and probably Holmes's strong admiration for the work led him to underrate the weight of even that testimony which was accessible to him. This is not strange, since facts which have long been familiar to the musical world of Germany are still ignored and overlooked in England, where the 'Requiem' is performed without note or comment to indicate its real history,* and believed in with that unquestioning faith so characteristic of the English habit of mind in these matters, which dislikes the trouble of being disturbed in, or forced to reconsider the grounds of, its worship of any favourite idol. Those who care to put themselves in possession of the leading facts in this curious history can now easily do so by procuring Dr. Pole's little book, the result of much careful and painstaking investigation, the conclusions from which

* We may here protest also against the continued republication of a certain popular work as 'Mozart's Twelfth Mass,' though it has long been known that there is no external evidence to connect it with Mozart, and very strong internal evidence against his authorship of music mostly so shallow and unworthy of him.

are given in the most logical and clear manner, and embody perhaps the most extraordinary story ever heard of in connexion with a musical composition, and one which really has all the interest of a romance. Most people have heard of the strange and, as Mozart thought, mysterious manner in which the commission for the 'Requiem' was given to him by a messenger from an unknown person concerning whom he was forbidden to enquire—a circumstance which naturally made a sinister impression on the mind of the composer, ill in health and harassed as he was at the time. Probably comparatively few of our musical public, however, are aware even now of the prosaic issue of the story, and that it was merely the trick of an amateur pretender to genius who had a habit of passing off the compositions of others as his own. It is curious that Holmes does not seem to have known the name of this person (Count Walsegg), though it was known to many in Germany long before his book was written; he does not give it, as he would almost certainly have done had he known it. Mr. Prout adds an appendix to the Life, giving a sufficient *résumé* of the main facts of the story as now known. Dr. Pole has (very judiciously for the interest of his readers) arranged his story so as to unfold the facts in the order in which they came to light, keeping back the whole revelation till its actual place at the close of the story. We may just run over the main facts, referring the reader to Dr. Pole's pages for details and proofs. The mystification of which the 'Requiem' was destined to be the subject commences from the very earliest moment of its existence, for the opening movement is dated in Mozart's own writing '1792' (the year after his death). What happened after his death was briefly this: Mozart had not composed or at least written out any of the 'Requiem' farther than the first eight bars of the 'Lacrymosa,' and here was the widow in straitened circumstances, and a valuable musical property, for which part of the price had been paid, and the remainder might be confidently looked for from an evidently wealthy client (for he had voluntarily promised an increase of Mozart's original terms) lying incomplete. Accordingly she went to Herr Eybler, an able musician of the day, and obtained from him a signed undertaking to finish the 'Requiem,' 'begun by her late husband,' by the middle of the ensuing Lent, and to let no copy pass into other hands; this is dated December 21, 1791, about a fortnight after the composer's death; it was the latest of all the pieces of evidence that came to light, but we are giving the facts now in their actual order. In going to Eybler the widow was, in the first instance, neglecting the

wishes of her husband, almost whose last words on his death-bed were to charge his friend and pupil Süßmayer with the completion of the work. There is evidence that Eybler made some sort of attempt to fill in Mozart's outlines in the original score, but for whatever cause he fortunately abandoned the task, and Madame Mozart was compelled at last to fall back upon Süßmayer, the only man who really had some data to go upon in his knowledge of Mozart's intentions communicated by the composer himself. He accordingly filled in the instrumental portions of the movements of which Mozart had written only the voice parts with a few indications of the figures and instrumentation of the accompaniment (the first two movements alone having been entirely completed by Mozart); and his handwriting being naturally very like Mozart's, perhaps from the mere fact of his working with the great composer so much,* he had no difficulty in producing a very successful imitation of it. This score went off to Count Walsegg, who at once made a copy of it in his own writing, impudently heading it, 'Requiem composto dal Conte Walsegg,' and keeping the Mozart-Süßmayer score carefully locked up; the latter was sold with his other music, and is now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The widow, who had retained a copy, seems now to have considered how else she could further turn it to account, and sold MS. copies right and left, having already legally parted with her property in it to Count Walsegg. Holmes incidentally refers to the lady as being 'as unskilled as her husband in business;' but, though her letters are written in a vague shambling style worthy of Mrs. Tulliver, her eye to business seems to have been only too keen. She at last concluded to offer the work for publication to Breitkopf and Härtel, who, however, heard some rumour about Mozart not having finished the work, and wrote to Süßmayer, who replied in a letter both candid and modest, and which is highly creditable to him, though it is difficult to understand how he came to be silent for so long both before and after on the matter, unless the widow had some hold over him that we do not know of. He made the statement we have already made as to the portion of the work which was his, observing that he owed too much to Mozart to silently allow work of his own, which must be so inferior, to be given out as Mozart's, but that

* When Mozart went to Prague, to produce 'La Clemenza di Tito,' for instance, he took Süßmayer with him almost in the position of *collaborateur*, the latter being entrusted with all the recitative dialogue.

the composer had conversed with him on the development of the work, and communicated to him the principal features, and he trusted that in what he had done some traces of the great composer's never-to-be-forgotten teaching were apparent. Breitkopf and Härtel, apparently equally desirous to act honestly in the matter, published Süßmayer's letter in the 'Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung,' though they obviously did not give full credit to his claims. One result of the publication was that the titled charlatan who had secured the first score and had actually had it openly performed as his own in places not many miles from Vienna, forgot his prudence so far as to demand, through his legal agent, an explanation, complaining that he had been cheated in paying for Mozart, and apparently not getting him, and there was actually an interview between the Count's and the widow's agents, at which the portions due to Süßmayer were pointed out to the former, who professed himself content. After this the matter only excited occasional talk till 1825, when Gottfried Weber, an eminent musician and critic, having had his attention specially turned to Requiems in general and to Mozart's in particular, startled the musical world by an article in his journal (the 'Cæcilia'), in which the 'Requiem' was declared to be quite unworthy of Mozart, and the theory suggested that Süßmayer probably wrote all or nearly all of it, and that the whole had been an adroit attempt to acquire fame for his work under cover of Mozart's name. This gave rise to a storm of controversy in which nearly every eminent musician of the day took part, even up to Beethoven (the last person in the world to have formed a cool judgment on such a point), from whom there is extant a short, highly characteristic letter, quite ignoring the arguments either way, but bristling with personal *animus* against Weber, whom he had his reasons for disliking. It is impossible here to touch upon even the salient points of this extensive controversy, for further account of which we must refer the reader to Dr. Polc's pages; we may mention in passing the extraordinary fact of the publication, in 1828, of the new biography of Mozart, by Nissen, Madame Mozart's second husband, without the slightest reference to the controversy or to the questions as to the authenticity of the 'Requiem'; an omission which must, of course, have been intentional. The next step in the story, some time subsequent, was the announcement in the 'Musikalische Zeitung,' in 1839, of the discovery of the complete score in Mozart's own handwriting (this being the Mozart-Süßmayer score originally sent to Count Walsegg and carefully kept out

of sight by him during his lifetime), and the formation of a committee of musical experts to examine it. The majority of this committee were in favour of Mozart, on the evidence of the handwriting; the minority pointed out minute but important differences in certain notes and letters between the admittedly genuine and the suspected portions, which led to a search for other MSS. by Süssmayer, the collation of which, when found, showed the most extraordinary similarity to Mozart's handwriting, accompanied, however, by exactly the same minute differences observable in the suspected parts of the 'Requiem' score. The result was a last (almost hopeless) appeal to the widow, who now, in her old age, seemed to think there was nothing more to be gained by concealing the truth, and said, 'If the score is finished it is *not* by Mozart, for he 'did not finish it,' the remainder of her letter vaguely attesting the general correctness of Süssmayer's claims. This, with the circumstantial evidence, settled the matter.

Are we, then, to conclude that in listening to some of what have been among the favourite movements of Mozart's 'Requiem' we are hearing only the work of a composer of lower rank, none of whose admitted works have survived? Not necessarily. What we now know, as positively as written and circumstantial evidence can prove anything, is, which parts of the score Mozart actually *wrote* and which he did not, and these are distinguished from Süssmayer's by the letters 'M' and 'S' in the new Leipzig edition. But we are still left with the not only possible but probable conclusion that in parts which were entirely written by Süssmayer he was nevertheless working upon ideas which he had derived from Mozart. Mr. Macfarren, whose opinion is entitled to great deference, refuses credence altogether to the evidence, and observes *inter alia* that the first seventeen bars of the voice parts of the 'Lacrymosa' form a complete and connected idea, and must have been by the same hand. With all respect for so high an authority, we cannot discover any such necessary continuity as to invalidate the positive testimony that Mozart's work stopped at the eighth bar of the movement, where there is a half close. A good deal of the scepticism in regard to the subject has arisen from the notion that Süssmayer was a mere nonentity; but there is plenty of evidence that he was more than this. He wrote works which enjoyed high repute in their own day, and had lived in such close artistic relations with Mozart that he might well have caught some of the inspiration of the great composer. Our impression as to the later movements is that Süssmayer probably wrote the 'Sanctus'

with the recollection of Mozart's ideas or suggestions; * that the 'Benedictus' may have been entirely his in melody and design as well as execution—beautiful as it is, it differs perceptibly from Mozart's style and execution; but that the 'Agnus Dei,' so original, so unusual in treatment, and so reminding us, in the instrumental score, of the spirit of passages in 'Don Giovanni,' must have been Mozart's in idea, and that Süßmayer merely expanded it and put it into connected form. However these things may be, we have every reason to be glad that, as Mozart incontestably did not complete his last and in some respects most elevated work, its completion should (in accordance with his own wish) have fallen into the hands of the only person who had the data and the ability to complete it in a suitable spirit, and to render it the beautiful whole which it now is.

And what are we to say as to that brief but comprehensive judgment which Hiller the elder inscribed on his copy of the 'Requiem' score, and with which Dr. Pole concludes his interesting essay: 'Opus summum, viri summi'? In regard to the first half of the sentence the portions of the 'Requiem' which are unquestionably Mozart's may be held to bear it out, at all events in comparison with his other choral and vocal works; he has never elsewhere risen so high in grandeur and pathos of expression, combined with perfectly balanced musical form. The 'viri summi' we can hardly, however, accept *sans phrase*, though we should by no means share the opinion that many readers of the present day would no doubt be ready to express, that it is extravagant praise. Let us distinguish a little. There is no deceased composer concerning whom there are at present such different opinions expressed by professed musical critics, and such misapprehensions entertained by the less informed. We have on the one side such bombast as that with which Nohl concludes his book, describing Mozart as a man 'to whom it was given to link together the god-like with humanity, the mortal with the immortal,' and who, 'amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be 'the elevation of humanity:' a character which one hardly knows whether to laugh at or to sigh over, in comparison with the biography which it closes. On the other hand, we have

* What was that effect of the drums which the dying composer tried to indicate to Süßmayer? Might it not have been that very 'rush' of the drums on the four short notes, ending on a long one on the bar-accent, which is so fine a feature in the accompaniment of the 'Sanctus'?

the criticism of Wagner and his scribes, who regard Mozart as merely a necessary link in the development of an art at that time imperfect, a contriver of 'tone-play' in which beauty alone was aimed at without moral meaning; and we have the analyses of concert programmes in which Mozart is patted on the back, and his symphonies dismissed with a kind of 'Really, how very 'nice it is, after all!' and set down as quite inferior to Schubert; and then we have such nonsense as was introduced into a leading article on Moore in the 'Athenæum' the other day, in which Mozart was spoken of as a genius analogous to Tom Moore! Could anything more pathetically exemplify the hopeless fatuity of the average English literary mind in regard to music? For the benefit of such people, let it here be at least explained that this musician, whom they seem to regard as a writer of pretty songs, possessed a scientific power over musical materials and musical construction equalled only by that of Bach, and hardly surpassed by him; that his own interest and sympathy was always with the highest and severest forms of the art, his own favourite amusement the extemporising of fugues and 'fugued fantasias, his own favourite instrument the organ, upon which, though with no opportunity for acquiring great mechanical skill, he played so that musicians who remembered Bach's playing declared that they 'could have believed 'old Bach had risen from the grave;' and that as regards mastery over the higher forms of musical composition Schubert was a mere child in comparison with him. Nothing, in fact, is more characteristic of the slipshod and thoughtless musical criticism of the day in England, than the manner in which the ill-constructed and rambling rhapsodies which Schubert called 'symphonies' have been revived and put up as things worthy to be ranked with the works of the great masters of this highest and most ambitious form of instrumental music. The truth of the matter in regard to Mozart's standing among his great compeers may be said to be this: the judgment which has called him *vir summus* is justifiable in this respect, that he achieved a more complete balance of style, a more complete blending of qualities often supposed to be incompatible, a more complete perception of the relation of the means to the end, than any other great composer has habitually realised. Beethoven has exhibited the same completeness and balance of form and style in some of his works, but hardly in those which on general grounds would be considered his greatest or most characteristic productions. Mozart in his operas absolutely blent the elements of Italian melody and of German scientific construction into a form so complete

and apparently spontaneous that all sense of nationality is lost (as in the highest art it should be), and the style of the music seems a natural outgrowth of the conditions of abstract beauty and fitness in musical form. It is just this cosmopolitan character in his art which makes him obnoxious to the modern Teutonic school of musicians and critics, whose tone reminds one of the man whom Heine met at some gathering of his dear countrymen, who told him that 'at this German meeting must the German German speak.' In his three leading symphonies we find the same complete finish and balance of power, the same precise sense of proportion and scale, and of the relation of the means to the end. Even apart from this, two of these symphonies (the C and the G minor) contain things which not even Beethoven's highest efforts can be said to have surpassed as musical composition. It would be impossible to find anywhere in music more perfect beauty, without spot or stain, than in the slow movement of the Symphony in C, or a nobler and more calm serenity than breathes to us in that second subject of the first movement, where, after the pause of the whole orchestra, there breaks upon us that melody for the violins in octaves which seems to come fresh to us, every time we hear it, from some blissful region above the reach of all human sorrow and decay. And certainly, speaking relatively, we may say that no musician has ever achieved such passionate expression with so few notes and instruments as Mozart in the first movement of the G minor Symphony; no composer ever had more right to say, as he did in answer to the Emperor's criticism on one of his operas as having 'too many notes,' 'There are just as many notes, your majesty, as there ought to be;' no one ever achieved, on such a scale, the feat which he did in the *finale* of the Symphony in C, of producing a movement of the most complicated and scientific construction, in which nevertheless the idea of science and of complication is never present to the listener, and the whole sounds as spontaneous and unhampered in effect as if it were a mere outpouring of simple melody. Then what is the other side to all this? for we have hinted already that there is one. It is that Mozart's genius, as known to us in his published works, does fall under that limitation which is often found accompanying the most perfect artistic balance in painter, poet, and musician; exactly that kind of limitation which is so admirably described and analysed in Mr. Browning's poem, 'Andrea del Sarto.' Life is many-sided but imperfect, and a perfectly balanced art is apt to fall short in the intensity of expression which the representation of the most poignant and

passionate moments of human emotion demands. We do not say that Mozart never realises the highest intensity of emotion—there are moments when he reaches it, but they are, comparatively speaking, few. We hear his *andante* from the Symphony in C, and we see a face of the most calm and perfect beauty; we hear the *allegretto* of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and we are conscious of a passionate cry from the depths of the human heart. And if we compare them in their gayer moods, the *finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is to that of Mozart's in E flat as a bacchanalian orgy compared with a gay and merry *fête champêtre*. Mozart is the more perfect artist, but Beethoven is the more intense and passionate poet, and human nature has answered to his call. But even admitting this limitation in Mozart's power of emotional expression, we must make two very large allowances in regard to him. If we remember how many of his works were produced under very disadvantageous circumstances, and hampered by the imperfect capacities of his executants, and if we consider what is said of the effect of his extempore playing, we may well imagine that if we could have had crystallised for us what Mozart played on the organ and pianoforte when pleasing only himself and listeners of the highest order, we might find that he came closer to Beethoven on the pianoforte, and was more near surpassing Bach on the organ, than his engraved music gives us any adequate idea of; and if, secondly, we take into account the fact of his early death, that he had been all his life harassed and in difficulty, and if we bear in mind that he was steadily rising in his art up to his last moment, and that the portions of his last work which he completed are the highest and most serious in spirit of all that he ever wrote, we may be disposed to think that, could he have had the twenty years more of life which were allotted to Beethoven, with the competency and freedom from care which had been insured to him, unhappily, just too late, he might very possibly have earned the name not only of the most perfect, but the greatest of musical composers.

- ART. III.—1. *On the Theory of Compound Colours, and the Relations of the Colours to the Spectrum.* By J. CLERK MAXWELL, M.A. Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, Vol. CL. 1860.
2. *Manual of the Science of Colour.* By WILLIAM BENSON, Architect. London: 1871.
3. *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By H. HELMHOLTZ, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. ATKINSON, Ph.D., and Dr. PYE SMITH, B.A. London: 1873.
4. *Six Lectures on Light.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1873.
5. *Elementary Treatise on the Wave Theory of Light.* By H. LLOYD, D.D. London: 1876.
6. *Modern Chromatics, with Applications to Art and Industry.* By OGDEN N. ROOD, Professor of Physics in Columbia College. London: 1879.

THE series of effects which are distinguished as colour are certainly amongst the most beautiful of the visible attributes of Nature. The exquisite tints of the sunset sky, the many-hued arch of the rainbow, the gorgeous livery of the flowers, the variegated plumage of birds, the bright glimmer and sheen of insects, and the soft verdure of the valleys and hills, all rise up as a vivid panorama in the mind the instant the simple word ‘colour’ is suggested in the train of thought.

Everyone is familiar with the circumstance that the colours, with which natural objects are so brilliantly clothed, require sunshine or daylight to render them obvious to the eye. In the deepening twilight of evening they are toned down into fainter hues and less striking contrasts; in the moonlight they are dissolved into hueless shadows; in the darkness of night they are concealed altogether under the sable cloak that then covers all visible objects. From this it becomes at once plain that light is required to make colours perceptible. In the absence of light the most vivid colours fail to render their existence manifest to human eyes.

But science, which in the present day is always striving to penetrate beneath the outer appearances of things, is by no means satisfied to rest in this superficial apprehension of an obvious fact. It, with its deeper insight, is aware that light not only makes the bright and gay colours of natural objects apparent to the eye, but that it actually *paints these* with the

hues which are seen. The colours of natural objects are not merely covered up under the shadow of night; but they are actually, for the time, withdrawn or destroyed. Under the deep shadow of night there is no such thing on the face of Nature as the greenness of grass, or the crimson and scarlet, the azure and gold, of the flowers. Just as the tints of the sunset sky or the hues of the rainbow can be seen by close watching to be taken away from the clouds, or mist-screens, as the light is withdrawn, so in actual fact the colour is removed from the most vividly tinted objects on the surface of the earth as the light is shut off by the intervention of opaque substance. Colour, in reality, is an attribute of light, and in no sense a quality of the object in which it is manifested.

There is nothing particularly novel in this assertion of the fundamental canon of the philosophy of colour. The fact, so far, is well known to all educated and fairly intelligent people. But it is not as commonly understood that this familiar circumstance entails a series of consequences which are of a very marvellous character, which shed a new meaning upon many of the abstruse operations of Nature, and which, on that account, are of great interest. There is, perhaps, no branch of science in the present day that is more instinct with wonderful revelations than the one which deals with the effects of luminous vibration, and with the colour-painting of Nature.

Light, in itself, is essentially due to vibratory movement. It is a something which trembles, and whose tremblings are felt when these strike upon the keenly sensitive nerve-fibrils of the eye. Vision is a result of the propagation of these subtle tremblings to the sensorial tracts of the brain. What the substance is which vibrates in the first instance into light, science itself is not yet competent to explain. But scientific authorities conceive that it is a material entity of a thinness and lightness a myriad times surpassing the thinness and lightness of the rarest air-vacuum that has ever been produced by human agency; a medium so light and rare, indeed, that it is virtually without appreciable weight, for, if it possessed that attribute in any sensible degree, it would be gathered up into clustering agglomerations about the earth and its kindred world-associates in space, instead of being scattered evenly through the vast chasms that lie between. It spreads certainly from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars, if the so-called rays of light, which are seen sparkling from the stars and blazing from the sun, are tremulous impulses of material substance. The only designation which the ingenuity of science has been able to contrive for

this omnipresent agent is a word which it has borrowed from the language of ancient Greece. It is now spoken of as 'ether,' which to the old Greek philosophers was the name of the far-reaching azure of space seen where the transparent air mingles with the circumambient sky. It is also called the 'luminiferous ether,' because light is wafted or borne upon the wings of its vibrations.

As occurs in various other of the domains of scientific research, there are many particulars which are known concerning this impalpable entity, although its own actuality of existence is beyond the direct grasp of the senses. Thus it is well understood that the vibrations of this subtle agent, although endowed with an almost spiritual fleetness, have nevertheless a pace which can be measured and marked. The sun is, in round numbers, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, or in 495 seconds of time.* In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity one million times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air.

The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris, and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of Jupiter, and, whilst doing so, he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After one hundred returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the possible cause of this retardation and irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the entire period of this observed retardation, the planet itself had been getting further and further away from the earth as it swept on in its vast orbit, and that, if the indication of its position and behaviour had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that

* In exact figures at the rate of 187,878 miles a second, if the distance of the sun be taken at the recently reduced estimate of 93,000,000 miles. Under the old estimate of the distance of the sun the velocity of light was conceived to be 192,000 miles a second.

agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away, than when it was near. Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character established the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred sixteen minutes and a half later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet, than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required sixteen minutes and a half to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or eight minutes and a quarter to traverse the half of that breadth, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The vibrations of light, which make their presence felt by striking upon the nerve-structures of the eye, are as marvellous in the matter of size as they are in the matter of speed. A soap-bubble can be blown so thin that the film is not more than the $\frac{1}{57000}$ part of an inch in thickness. Experiment with a film of this character has shown that three or four such, placed together, would give depth enough for a single vibration of light. The German optician Nobert, by the exertion of almost inconceivable skill, rules lines upon glass, of which as many as 112,000 lie within the span of an inch. Such lines, again, have been experimentally shown to be a little further apart than the length of a luminous vibration. The shortest vibrations of light include at least two such lines in their excursion or amplitude. The finest light-vibrations which have been measured are not more than the $\frac{1}{57000}$ part of an inch in length. The line which follows here, — , represents the length of such a vibration magnified 10,000 times.

But if there are 57,000 vibrations of light in an inch, how many must there be in the 93,000,000 miles which intervene between the earth and sun! Fifty-seven thousand in an inch implies nearly 3,700,000,000 in a mile, or, in round numbers, 679,000,000,000,000 in 188,000 miles. As light travels 188,000 miles in a second, therefore 679 millions of millions of vibrations must pass any fixed point in the route every second, or, what comes to the same thing, must strike each second upon the eye at the end of the journey, to call up in it the sensation of vision. These numbers, as a matter of fact, far transcend man's powers of exact estimation. Millions of millions are quantities that the human mind is entirely incompetent to grasp in any definite sense; and this difficulty is materially enhanced when, as in this case, the millions of millions have to be conceived as succeeding each other in the brief interval which is concerned in the single beat of a seconds pen-

dulum. Nevertheless, it is substantially with such quantities that physical science has, of necessity, to deal when it undertakes to investigate the character of light. When a beam of clear sunshine flashes upon the human eye, shocks, as frequent and as minute as those which have been described, strike upon the nerve-structure of the organ.

Even this, however, does not exhaust the marvels of the subject. The nerves of the eye not only feel the vibrations of light, but they are conscious that in those vibrations there are differences of impulses that may be distinguished from each other. Sunshine not only consists of vibrations which are communicated as rapid shocks to the eye, but contains also within itself tremblings of different orders of intensity and different degrees of power, which, although mingled intimately together, can nevertheless be so sifted apart by appropriate management that each can be examined by itself.

The first clear demonstration of this compound and complicated nature of sunshine was accidentally made by Sir Isaac Newton, although he was not himself, at the time, aware of all that was implied in his discovery. Having admitted a beam of strong sunshine into a dark room through a small hole in the window-shutter, he placed a triangular bar, or prism, of glass in the path of the sunbeam, in order to note the bending of the beam out of its proper course by the influence of the prism. In doing this, however, he found, to his surprise, that the beam was not only bent out of its course, but that it was broken up also, or dispersed, into a lengthened streak of rainbow-like colours. Upon the white screen, which he had prepared to receive the spot of sunshine after it had traversed the prism, there was cast, not the round spot of clear light which he had looked for, but a lengthened-out ribbon of illumination, in which seven distinct colours, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, followed each other in close and rapid succession. From this beautiful experiment Sir Isaac Newton sagaciously inferred that white light, or sunlight, consists of seven different kinds of beams, all bound up together, but capable of being severed from each other. To the coloured band which he had thus produced upon the screen, he gave the name of the 'Prismatic Image,' or 'Spectrum,' the technical designation by which it has since continued to be known.

Sir Isaac Newton conceived that the different kinds of light, which he had sifted asunder in this way out of the sunbeam, were in reality the shocks of different kinds of particles which had been shot out of the sun. It is now held, however, that they are the results of different orders of vibrations of the

luminiferous ether, and not shocks from emitted particles. Thus it has been pretty well ascertained that the violet light of the spectrum is a nerve-sensation produced by vibrations which are the $\frac{1}{37000}$ part of an inch in length; the green light, a sensation produced by vibrations the $\frac{1}{47000}$ part of an inch; and the red light, a sensation produced by vibrations that are the $\frac{1}{39000}$ part. These different-lengthed vibrations all travel together with the same speed so long as their journey lies through the void chasms of space. They keep company with each other in passing from the sun to the earth. But they are, nevertheless, not endowed with the same intensity of moving force, so that, when they have to make their way through the somewhat impeding substance of glass, instead of through void space, they do not continue to travel at an equal pace, but part company, the stronger vibrations pushing on, and the weaker lagging behind, and being more and more turned aside out of their original course than those which possess the greater energy. In traversing the prism of glass, the relatively short and weak violet and blue vibrations move with less resolute impulse than the green and the yellow, which are of superior amplitude and force; and the green and yellow, in their turn, move with less than the still longer and stronger vibrations of the orange and red. The ultimate result is that the short and weak blue vibrations are thrown the most out of their original course to one end of the spectral band, whilst the longest and strongest red vibrations, with their more resolute impulse, make their way to the other end of the prismatic image. It is another consequence of the superior momental energy of the red vibrations that the red rays themselves are less separated and dispersed than the green and blue. The red space of the spectrum is narrower and brighter than the space which is occupied by the tints of blue.

The vibrations of light are manifestly sifted asunder in this way because the tremulous movements of the ether are embarrassed in their progress when they get entangled amidst the molecules of the glass. The minute particles of the vitreous substance impede the propagation of the vibrations that are passing amongst them, and they impede that propagation the most in the case of the vibrations that have the least vigour and force. There is, however, another way in which this sifting asunder of the different orders of vibrations is accomplished in the ordinary operations of nature, that even more strikingly illustrates this power of molecular interference, when the matter is properly understood.

When sunshine or daylight falls upon a piece of white paper, the paper appears to be white because all the vibrations which fall upon it are shot back or reflected to the eye. White light falls upon the paper, and white light is thrown from it to the organ of vision. The paper appears white because all the vibrations, both the long ones and the short ones, or, at least, an equal proportional quantity of all those vibrations, are sent back from its surface. If sunshine be allowed to fall upon black cloth instead of upon white paper, the chief part of the vibrations penetrates in a short distance amidst the particles and fibres of the cloth, and is extinguished there, in place of being returned to the eye. The cloth is black, instead of white, because these luminous vibrations are kept in it instead of being shot back. If all the vibrations were absolutely absorbed and destroyed, the black cloth would be as invisible as the black darkness of a starless and moonless night. The cloth is dimly seen because in reality a small quantity of the vibrations are thrown back from its outside surface before they get entangled within the constituent particles of the fabric, and so communicate to it a surface-sheen which just suffices to redeem it from invisibility. Blackness, when it is complete, is the same thing as invisibility. It communicates no light-vibrations to the eye, and consequently excites no sensation of vision in the organ.

But when sunlight falls upon such an object as the petals of a scarlet geranium, a more complicated operation ensues. The vibrations of shorter amplitude and inferior strength are received deep into the petal-substance of the flower, and are there held fast and quenched. But the longer and stronger vibrations, having also penetrated a certain distance in amidst the molecules, are first arrested, and then turned back without being destroyed. The flower, accordingly, is seen by their instrumentality, and by their instrumentality alone. It appears as if bathed by the vibrations which it returns; that is, by the red vibrations of light. The flower of the geranium looks red, because it returns the red vibrations to the eye. There is no other tint of colour amidst the red, because the green and blue vibrations of inferior strength are held back by the flower, and not forwarded on to the eye in the companionship of the red. When sunlight falls upon the flower of the violet, the vibrations of great and medium amplitude are extinguished in the substance of the flower, whilst those of shortest amplitude and lowest strength are shot back from its molecules to the eye, and so clothe its tissues with the tints of violet. The flower of the primrose, in a somewhat similar way, retains all the

vibrations but the yellow ones, and gives those back to the eye; and green leaves absorb and destroy all the vibrations but green, and send back those green ones to the eye. Such, then, is the process by which the painting of nature with colour is brought about. The luminiferous vibrations of different orders, which are contained in the sunlight, are sifted apart by the action of the material substances on which they fall, and some of the severed vibrations are retained and destroyed, whilst others are not so destroyed, but are started again upon a reflected progress. Which of the vibrations it is that are quenched, and which that are returned to the eye, depends upon the nature of the surface that is brought into communication with their tremulous movements. Some molecules drink in and retain one kind of vibrations, and others absorb and extinguish only those of a different character. But, under the shadow of night, there is no colour anywhere. There is then only that difference of molecular condition in opaque objects which enables them to deal in this sifting and discriminating way with the luminous vibrations when these are again supplied with the return of daylight.

In all cases, however, in which colour is produced in visible objects from the falling upon them of the vibrations of white light, such colour is due to the vibrations having made their way to some extent in amongst the particles of which such objects are composed. In order that the vibrations of one class may be severed from those of a different kind, and in order that some shall be extinguished, it is indispensable that the whole shall be brought into close quarters with the material molecules that are the effective agents in the process of interference. In all probability the vibrations penetrate at least ten or twelve times their own depths into the substance, when any material effect is produced, so that those which are returned have to pass twice through this extent of the influencing molecules. Of the vibrations which pass in, one part is more powerfully absorbed and more easily extinguished than the rest, and it is the part which is not so absorbed, but which is sent back again, which determines the colour that is discerned. Such portions of the vibrations as are thrown back from the actual surface, without having penetrated at all amidst the absorbing and refracting molecules, still bear the character of white light, because they have not been subjected to the sifting operation carried on by the molecules lying within, and, on this account, the colour of visible objects is in every case mingled with some uncoloured superficial reflection, or gloss. With very compact substances, such as metallic silver, the

light may be almost entirely reflected from the surface, without penetrating in amongst the particles at all. It then appears to the eye as the well-known colourless, but brilliant, metallic lustre.

There are many charming experiments contrived by scientific men to show that the explanation which has been here given is the correct interpretation of the colour-effects of nature. Some of these are very easily performed, and are of an instructive and interesting character. Thus, for instance, if the deep orange-coloured solution, which is made when bichromate of potash is dissolved in water, be poured into a dish, or bath, of black ebonite, and this be placed on the floor, no colour is seen in the liquid, because the black ebonite absorbs and destroys all the luminous vibrations which pass down to it through the liquid. No yellow light at all is returned to the eye. But if a white porcelain plate be slipped into the dish, the orange colour of the liquid immediately becomes visible, because then the orange vibrations, which are not destroyed by the liquid, are returned through it from the white plate, and so finally reach the eye. The liquid itself destroys all the vibrations but those which produce the orange impression. The black ebonite destroys the orange vibrations which the solution of bichromate of potash has spared. But the white plate reflects them instead. A somewhat similar experiment to this is exhibited by nature itself every day, when the sunlight, which falls upon the opaque surface of the earth, is reflected from it up into the air. The strong red vibrations make their way out through the air into space, and are dissipated there so as to be lost to human eyes. But the faint blue vibrations, having less penetrative impulse, and being unable to struggle through, are intercepted on their way by the minute particles of air and transparent vapour which lie in their path, and are turned back from them to the eye. They then are seen as the blueness of the overhanging vault of the sky. After sunset the vibrations, which pass up from the sun into the vapours and mists that float above the western horizon, do not make their way through these obstructive media as freely as the light-vibrations do through the clearer air of noontide, and, consequently, then even the strong orange and red lights are intercepted and turned back to the eye, and in that way the western sky gets clothed with the gorgeous hues which are so common in the early twilight.

The familiar effect produced by coloured fires is sufficient in itself, if rightly considered, to establish the doctrine of the nature of colour which has been here advanced. When illu-

mination is artificially produced by a monochromatic or one-coloured flame, no other tint appears in objects of any kind than the one which that particular flame is competent to confer. Red fire makes everything look red, and green fire makes everything look green. The most instructive, however, of the monochromatic lights is the one which contains only very faint yellow vibrations, such as is illustrated in a rude form in the snap-dragon of the Christmas season. This light, when properly prepared, is capable of producing a very startling and surprising effect. The best process for its production consists in heating over a spirit lamp, in a shallow iron dish, a mixture of equal parts of spirit of wine and water, into which some common salt has to be sprinkled when the dilute spirit begins to boil. The salt is then decomposed into chlorine and sodium, and, when the mixture is set on fire, the sodium tinges with a pale yellow hue the flame which rises out of the dish. If, in the absence of all other light, a group of brilliantly coloured objects, such as crimson, blue, and green articles of apparel, and gaily tinted flowers, be brought within the illumination of this flame, it is found that all the colours have disappeared, and that nothing remains but dingy neutral-tint shades of greater or less intensity. Everything appears of a ghastly and quite colourless hue. The faces of people around assume a bloodless cadaverous aspect, because every red tint in the skin is destroyed. This experiment, when carefully and skilfully exhibited, is, on the whole, the best practical illustration that can be given of the fact that colour is an attribute of light, and not a quality of visible objects.

In the early experiments with the prism it was conceived that three only of the seven prismatic tints, namely red, yellow, and blue, were primary colours, and it was held that the other four colours were merely secondary minglings of these primary ones with each other. As early as the year 1792, Christian Ernst Wünsch of Leipzig, however, ascertained that not red, yellow, and blue, but red, green, and violet, are the primary colours of the spectrum. The experimental proof of this view is the fact that none of these colours, red, green, and violet, as they are found in the spectrum, can be broken up or resolved into other tints. If pure green, pure red, or pure violet light is passed through the prism, it comes out exactly what it goes in. Each of these colours must therefore consist of luminous vibrations which are all of the same fixed and definite length. In the paper contributed to the Royal Society in 1860, Professor Clerk Maxwell gave an account of an apparatus which he had devised for the experimental examination

of the colour-rays of the solar spectrum, and he therein states that in his experiments he found the true and pure centre of green light very definitely fixed at a spot which was about one-fourth of the length of the spectrum from one of its extremities, but that he could not as satisfactorily fix the position of the pure red and blue rays. In reference to the blue, indeed, there is some difference of opinion amongst scientific authorities whether the true centre of the undecomposable vibration is to be found in the blue or in the violet portion of the least refrangible end of the spectrum. Professor Maxwell inclined to think that blue had the best claim to the distinction. But Dr. Young always awarded it to violet, and the majority of recent experimentalists support the views of Dr. Young. In the most exact of recent treatises on the composition of light, red, green, and violet are spoken of as the primitive and undecomposable colours. Yellow is unquestionably a compound and not a primitive colour, as it has so long been conceived to be. Dr. Young appears to have been quite aware of this. But the beautiful experiments of Professor Clerk Maxwell disposed finally of the pretensions of yellow. He found that in every case orange and yellow vibrations in the spectrum were equivalent to mixtures of green and red. When yellow light is passed through the prism, red and green rays emerge from the opposite side, and when, on the other hand, red and green lights are intimately mingled by optical contrivances, they invariably present themselves as yellow.

All the other secondary colours also can be produced in a similar way by mingling together the primary ones, if light itself, and not artificial pigments, be used. Orange is composed of red and green, indigo of violet and green. Both yellow and indigo, and yellow and blue produce white when they are mixed together, because the yellow contains red and green in itself. The popular notion that yellow and blue produce green is a fallacy due to the circumstance that coloured pigments, and not pure luminous vibrations, are employed in the artist's formation of green. The colours in artificial pigments are never pure. When blue and yellow *pigments* are mixed together, the one absorbs and extinguishes all the yellow, orange, and red, and the other all the violet, indigo, and blue. Green, being thus the only colour whose vibrations neither extinguishes, is the only one which survives, and which is transmitted to the eye when blue and yellow pigments are mixed together.

The impurity of pigments as media of colour is very well illustrated in another way. If the three primary colours of

the spectrum are brought together in due proportion by an optical contrivance, such as passing them back from a concave mirror, a spot of pure white light is the result. But if a round disc of cardboard be painted with the same colours, in the same proportions, in separate segments, and be then rapidly whirled round a central pivot or pin, so that the several colours are confused together in the eye by the whirling, the cardboard appears, not white, but of a tolerably deep shade of neutral tint. However brilliant the hues upon the cardboard may be made, these still contain particles which absorb and extinguish some of the vibrations of each of the several colours, so that the proper proportions for the composition of pure white light do not remain. This whirling table of cardboard is, however, capable of being turned to very interesting philosophic use. Discs, of the four colours, red, yellow, green, and blue, and also of white and black, are in the first instance prepared in such a way that, by means of a slit cut in each straight from the centre to the circumference, two or three can be slipped over each other so as to show any desired combination of different proportions of colours on the circular board. A second set of discs of exactly the same kind, but of only half the breadth of the larger ones, are also provided. When the inner discs are properly arranged, there then appears a small central circular space of one series of colours, surrounded by a broad rim of a different series; and, when the circular board is whirled round, the tints produced by the inner circle and the outer zone under any given adjustment can be compared, and the segments can be from time to time modified in either or both, until the two are found to match. By this piece of apparatus it can be readily shown that altogether different combinations may be made to produce the same result. Thus, for instance, if the outer rim consist of 23 parts of green, 44 parts of yellow, and 99 of blue, and the inner circle of 118 parts of black and 48 parts of white, when the table is whirled, the central circle and the circumferential band are both found to wear precisely the same shade of neutral tint. In order to produce these effects, the disc must, however, be made to revolve as rapidly as sixteen times in a second; otherwise the different chromatic elements are not combined in a single impression upon the nerves of the eye. The disc must move so fast that the impression of the following colour falls upon the eye before that of the preceding one has passed away. Such rapid revolution is easily produced by the employment of multiplying wheels to drive the disc. By this apparatus it can be demonstrated that proper proportions of blue and green

match with black, white, and red. Red and green form a drab which matches with black, white, and yellow. The three primary colours, red, blue, and green, can, by proper apportionment and management, be made to match with any hue that can be conceived.

There is one particular ground upon which the promotion of green to the dignified position of a primary and undecomposable colour, in the place of yellow, should be contemplated with special satisfaction. Green is obviously the great central colour of nature itself. It is the tint by which by far the larger part of the surface of the earth is covered. This greenness which is so characteristic an attribute of vegetation is due to the formation of a particular principle in the living plant to which the appropriate name of 'leaf-green,' or 'chlorophyl,' has been given. This colouring principle is prepared upon the largest scale by the co-operation of light and of the living vegetable structure. It is produced by the destructive resolution of carbonic acid, the gaseous food of plants, into its elements, and by the appropriation of the carbon derived from that source as the base of a more elaborate process of manufacture. It is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen, but with these two predominant constituents there are mingled in relatively small apportionments of nitrogen and oxygen. The green product is, however, only perfected in the presence of sunlight, and that is why vegetation becomes so intensely green in the strong sunshine of summer, and why green plants become blanched when they are made to vegetate in darkness. The exact proportion of the four essential elements which are used in the fabrication of chlorophyl is not ascertained with absolute certainty, but the chemists conceive that there is something like 18 atoms of carbon and 18 of hydrogen with 2 atoms of nitrogen and 3 of oxygen apportioned to each molecule. When the chlorophyl has been formed out of these elements in the transparent spaces of living leaves, it is moulded into the shape of a series of little grains, and these grains are then packed away close together in the interior cavities of the vegetable structure. As daylight falls upon the membranes of living plants, its vibrations penetrate in through the outer transparent films of the structure, until they reach the chlorophyl-granules within, and then all the vibrations but the green are absorbed, to be employed in the carbon-fixing work, and to be quenched and destroyed in the service to which they are thus put. But the green vibrations, not being so used, are returned back through the outer transparent films to impress the sensation of greenness upon the eye.

Only those plants, however, which perform the proper carbon-fixing work of vegetable life, acquire the attribute of greenness. Such plants as feed parasitically upon already prepared organised matters, instead of fixing carbon for themselves, have no power to fabricate chlorophyl, and are, therefore, of a brown colour instead of being green. Most fungous plants are of this character.

At the approach of autumn the greenness of the leaves begins to change into yellow and brown, and even, in some cases, into red. This change is simultaneous with the failure of the tissues to elaborate chlorophyl. Carbon is insufficiently appropriated and imperfectly fixed, and an excessive amount of oxygen is mingled in with the compound that is formed. In other words, the great base of vegetative colour, the leaf-green, is oxidised. In the case of red and yellow flowers, the colour of the petals results from a process that is of a somewhat analogous character. Chlorophyl is first organised in the young petals, and then this chlorophyl is changed into red colouring matter by the oxidation of the green granules.

The blue pigment of vegetable structures, which is more rarely met with in connexion with leaves, but which is not at all uncommon in their floral modifications, appears to be due to the production of another kind of modification in the chlorophyl. Instead of being unduly oxidised, all traces of oxygen are removed from the granules, and a small quantity of iodine and increased quantities of carbon are supplied to them in its place. Chemists refer the blue colouring principle of flowers to a distinct compound, which they have named cyanine, and which contains in every one of its own constituent molecules 28 atoms of carbon, 25 of hydrogen, 1 of iodine, and 1 of nitrogen. In all probability, therefore, the great diversity in the colour of flowers is due to a mere modification of the chlorophyl-granules which are primarily deposited in their cells; yellow and orange hues being produced when the green chlorophyl is oxidised, and blue and violet ones when it is additionally carbonised and iodised instead. The Swiss botanist De Candolle, who gave much attention to this interesting subject, classed all the flowers of the oxidised series as belonging to what he termed the xanthic group, and all those of the deoxidised or carbonised series as belonging to the cyanic group; and he further showed that plants which are proper to these different groups, as a general rule, only change the colour of their flowers through the tints of their own particular series, although both can pass on to red as the extreme

limit of departure from the primary type. The red of the xanthic series, however, is of a brilliant scarlet hue, whilst the red of the cyanic series is of a violet tint. White, in the case of flowers, is in every instance a very diluted tint of some kind of colour. Some whites belong to the xanthic, and some to the cyanic, group of colours. This is at once made apparent when the petals of white flowers are infused in spirits of wine. The tincture in this way produced invariably gives indication of some kind of colour. Rose-colour in flowers is simply a variety of red, and consequently may belong to either of the two series. The true roses incline to the yellow tints of the xanthic type, whilst the rose-coloured hydrangeas are as obviously allied to the blue group. Marigolds, ranunculuses, potentillas, evening primroses, and tulips, as well as roses, are all illustrations of the xanthic group, in which the green chlorophyl tends to change in the flowers through yellow and orange to red. Blue flowers are almost unknown amongst these genera. The geranium, phlox, campanula, hyacinth, and anagallis, on the other hand, are instances of plants in which the variation of the flower is through blue and violet to red, but in which yellows are scarcely ever seen.

From the explanation which has here been given of the nature of the colouring matter of flowers, it will be inferred that the great characteristic function of leaves, the fixation of carbon and the exhalation of oxygen from their pores, can hardly be looked for in the petals of flowers. With the change of the chlorophyl, either by oxidation or by an excessive abundance of carbon, the normal process of elaboration disappears. In all brightly coloured flowers oxygen is absorbed instead of being exhaled, and in some instances with such avidity that there is actually a rise of temperature in the flower on account of the combustive process which is carried on in its petals.

In the recently discovered process for the manufacture of aniline dyes, the chemist in some measure follows out a suggestion which has been furnished to him by nature. These dyes are all primarily derived from a compound of hydrogen and carbon originally built up by the elaborating power of vegetable life. The base of them all is the liquid familiarly known as benzine, which is itself procured from coal-gas-tar by distillation at a low temperature. The coal-gas-tar is obviously, in the first instance, a product of the vegetable life which was present in the chlorophyl-containing plants whose tissues were ultimately converted into coal. The benzine extracted from the gas-tar is converted into aniline by the mere addition of

one atom of hydrogen and one of nitrogen to the six atoms of carbon and six of hydrogen which compose each of its molecules.*

The person who seems to have first conceived a definite idea of the vibratory nature of light was Robert Hooke, the Gresham Professor of Geometry in London in 1664. He published in that year a book called 'Micrographia,' in which he speaks of light as consisting of a 'quick, short, vibratory 'motion' propagated through a homogeneous medium. The notion, generally adopted before his time, was one which had been originally taught by the French philosopher René Descartes, of Touraine, and which was to the effect that light was caused by the emission of small ball-like particles from luminous bodies. According to the views of Descartes, colour was due to the alternating rotatory movement of these spheroidal particles. The Dutch philosopher Huyghens, known honourably amongst scientific men as the first constructor of telescopes of large dimensions, reproduced and improved Hooke's idea in a treatise upon the nature of light, which was published in Leyden in 1690. In this book he referred many of the best-known effects of reflection, refraction, and double refraction to the instrumentality of undulation. Sir Isaac Newton himself seems to have been in some measure inclined at this time to look upon the vibratory theory with favour, although he subsequently adopted the notion of the emission of material particles. The ultimate establishment of the undulatory theory as an accepted doctrine of science was, however, mainly due to the labours of Dr. Thomas Young, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1801, because by its means he satisfactorily explained all the complicated and beautiful phenomena of the colours of thin plates and of polarisation, and traced most of these effects to the interferences produced when vibrations of different lengths and velocities coincide with or pass each other. He very ingeniously and strikingly compared these results with the interferences well known to be produced in the case of sound-vibrations propagated through the air. Two French engineer officers, Auguste Fresnel and Étienne-Louis Malus, not long afterwards signally confirmed and extended the conclusions of Dr. Young by the skilful application

* In the preparation of the aniline dyes, benzine is first treated with strong nitric acid, and turned into a compound designated nitro-benzine. This is then acted upon by iron filings, acetic acid, and steam, and is in that way converted into the aniline which is afterwards transformed by appropriate chemical manipulations into the various dye-stuffs.

of mathematical processes. In his comprehensive 'History of the Inductive Sciences' Dr. Whewell, in alluding to the part which was played by these distinguished investigators in the advancement of this branch of human knowledge, speaks of Huyghens and Hooke as having performed the same service for optical science that Copernicus rendered for astronomy, of Malus and Sir David Brewster as having been the representatives of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and of Fresnel and Young as having occupied a similar place to Newton in his own department of research. As in the case of gravity, however, the new doctrine advocated by these great authorities seems to have been ultimately accepted by scientific men, not because the assumed agency had been brought within the actual reach of sensual demonstration, but because a very complicated and elaborate series of physical effects could be explained by its instrumentality without a single failure or flaw. Wave-lengths and wave-interferences are now dealt with by mathematical formulæ, in reasoning upon luminous effects, with the same precision and certainty as the movements and position of the heavenly bodies, and it is in this sense that the undulatory theory of light stands firmly by the side of the theory of gravitation.

It is worthy of a passing notice that, in his very interesting series of popular lectures on scientific subjects, which were not long since introduced to the English public under the auspices of Professor Tyndall, one of the most competent authorities on matters of physical science, Professor Helmholtz, of the University of Berlin, confirms Dr. Whewell's estimate of the labours of Dr. Young in the following remarkable words :—

'The theory of colours, with all these marvellous and complicated relations, was a riddle which Goethe in vain attempted to solve; nor were the physicists and physiologists more successful. I include myself in the number, for I long toiled at the task without getting any nearer to my object, until I at last discovered that a wonderfully simple solution had been discovered at the beginning of this century, and had been in print ever since for anyone to read who chose. This solution was found and published by Dr. Young. . . : He was one of the most acute men who ever lived, but had the misfortune to be too far in advance of his contemporaries. They looked on him with astonishment, but could not follow his bold speculations, and thus a mass of his most important thoughts remained buried and forgotten in the Transactions of the Royal Society, until a later generation, by slow degrees, arrived at the rediscovery of his discoveries, and came to appreciate the force of his arguments and the accuracy of his conclusions.'

One of the perplexities to which Professor Helmholtz here

alludes was the consideration that no mechanical impulse can be procured from the rays of light. The calculation had been made that if the molecule of light weighed a single grain, its momentum, at its ascertained rate of travelling, would be equal to that of a 150-pound cannon ball, moving with the speed of 1,000 feet in the second; and although it could be assumed that the luminous molecule might be of many million times less weight than one grain, it had also to be borne in mind that its impulse could be increased many million times by concentrating the action of many rays in the focus of a large lens. Still the most delicate experiments reveal no trace of impulse.

Another of the difficulties which had to be faced in the emission-theory of Descartes was the extreme improbability that the emission of luminiferous molecules could be the same for all sources. Laplace had pointed out that with a fixed star, two hundred and fifty times the mass of the sun, the momentum of the luminous molecules would be actually destroyed by the preponderant attraction of the body itself. The molecules would be held back by gravity, and retained, instead of being launched forth upon their light-producing excursion. Uniformity of velocity, from whatever source, is, on the other hand, a simple and natural result of the undulatory theory; because, in it, the velocity depends not on the character of the exciting cause, but on the elasticity and density of the medium through which the vibrations are propagated. If these be uniform, as they obviously must be in an imponderable ether of extreme tenuity, the velocities of propagation would necessarily be identical for all sources, as they unquestionably are in actual fact. The chief objection which Newton urged against the undulatory theory was that, in an elastic medium, waves ought to be propagated in all directions, and should have the power of turning round corners and getting behind bodies that stand in their path, as waves of sound do; whereas in the case of light there is shadow behind opaque bodies that stand in the direct advance of luminous vibrations. Young answered this objection by assuming the probability of the ethereal medium being so constituted that the lateral play of the vibrations is present, although degraded rapidly and soon quenched; and it was one of the triumphs of his theory that he was able to show these lateral vibrations in the form of fringes of colour at the edges of shadows. He considered these shadow-fringes to be the expiring efforts of the lateral vibrations to get round the opaque objects that intervene in their path.

It, however, it be true that differences of colour depend upon diversities in the length and frequency of the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, it must also be true that the nervous structure of the organ of vision has been so fashioned as to be capable of discriminating between the different orders of impulses which fall upon it. The visual nerves must in some way be able to tell whether it is 39,000, or 47,000, or 57,000 shocks which strike upon them in the second. How this essential result has been provided for in the minute organisation of the eye has not been yet absolutely demonstrated. But Dr. Young's own conception of the matter was that there are different nerves in the eye prepared for the reception and transmission of the different primary colours, and that the nerve-fibrils, which are responsive to the vibrations of one primitive colour, are insensible to the vibrations of the other two. According to this idea, there are nerve-fibrils which can vibrate responsively to shocks of the frequency of 57,000 in the second, but which cannot be made to thrill with shocks that are not more frequent than 39,000 in the second. There are blue-nerves, so to speak, which are insensible to green and red vibrations; green-nerves which are insensible to red and blue thrills; and red-nerves which are proof against the vibratory movements of blue and green. When a blue impression falls upon the retina, the nerve-fibrils which are in harmony with their movements are made to thrill; but the red and green nerve-fibrils remain impassive and at rest. The blue-nerves then pass on the tremulous impulses which they have received to the brain, and the brain, taking note of the particular service of nerves by which the impressions have come in, records the sensation as a blue one.

Microscopic anatomists have not been able to discern anything in the structural arrangements of the nerve-fibrils of the eye which corresponds with this notion of Dr. Young's. But the suggestion has, nevertheless, the strong recommendation that it satisfactorily accounts for various physiological facts. Thus it is a well-known circumstance that the eye soon becomes fatigued by the continued impression of one kind of colour, although remaining keenly sensible at the same time to luminous vibrations of a different character. Such a result would obviously be a very natural consequence if different nerve-routes were employed for the transmission of the vibrations of different colours. Those nerves only which were thrown into vibratory movement would then be wearied by the effort. And, yet again, there is a peculiar defect in the vision of some people, which is characterised as colour-blind-

ness, and which manifests itself principally in the eye being incapable of discriminating red colours. Scarlet geraniums cannot be distinguished from the green leaves of the plant, or cherries from the foliage of the tree, excepting by their form; the red-hot coals of a fire look green. The green and red lights of railway signals appear to be merely different shades of the same colour. Occasionally scarlet and green both look like some tint of yellow. People who suffer from this visual defect in reality have only two primary colours in their repertory instead of three. With the revolving colour-table, white and red appear to them to match exactly with green and blue, although, in ordinary eyes, the one combination would be perceived as rose colour, and the other as deep blue. It is, however, a curious fact that colour-blind people are not themselves conscious of the defect unless it is demonstrated to them by direct experiment, because they have no means of telling what the effects are that are produced on other eyes. The crucial test of the defect is that red and green appear to be the same colour when placed side by side. Dr. Young's explanation of colour-blindness was simply to the effect that the nerve-fibrils adapted to the transmission of red vibrations were absent altogether in the eyes of persons who suffered from the incapacity. He conceived that such eyes were furnished with the nerve-fibrils which dealt with blue and green light, but that they were destitute of those which responded to the red vibrations.*

Helmholtz, who is one of the highest living authorities in relation to this subject, obviously regards this ingenious suggestion of Dr. Young with marked favour. He says in reference to it:—

‘Dr. Young supposes that there are in the eye three kinds of nerve-fibres, the first of which, when irritated in any way, produces the sensation of red, the second the sensation of green, and the third that of violet. He further assumes that the first are excited most strongly by the waves of ether of greatest length; the second, which are sensitive to green light, by the waves of the middle length; while those which convey the impressions of violet are acted upon only by the shortest vibrations of ether. Accordingly on the red end of the spectrum the excitation of those fibres, which are sensitive to that colour, predomi-

* It appears from some recent experiments of physiologists that all eyes are deficient in nerve-fibrils, capable of transmitting the red vibrations of light, at the outer portions of the retina; and that the red-blind eye is simply one in which the full perfection of the organ has not been duly developed in the central tract that is employed for the most delicate and refined processes of vision.

nates; hence the appearance of that part as red. Further on there is added an impression upon the fibres sensitive to green light, and thus results the mixed sensation of yellow. In the middle of the spectrum the nerves sensitive to green become much more excited than the other two kinds, and accordingly green is the predominant impression. As soon as this becomes mixed with violet the result is the colour known as blue; while at the most highly refracted end of the spectrum the impression produced on the fibres which are sensitive to violet light overcomes every other. . . . The difference of the sensation of colour depends on whether one or the other kind of nervous fibres are more strongly affected. When all are equally excited, the result is the sensation of white light.'

Whatever may be the fact as to the arrangement of the minute nerve-structure of the eye in this particular, there is no doubt that the alternation of the impressions of different colours upon the organ is a source of very marked pleasure. It is always agreeable to have the impression of one kind of primary colour accompanied or followed by the impression of those complementary tints which would combine with that primary to constitute white illumination. The effect of any given primary colour upon the eye is deepened and rendered more vigorous when associated with its complementary tints. It is also dulled when associated with other distinct impressions of the same colour; and the colour itself is darkened in the presence of associated brighter tints of the same hue. Every impression of a primary colour is agreeable to the eye. But the association of two primary colours together is more pleasing than the impression of one isolated one; and the association of three is more pleasant than the coincident presence of two. The most pleasant impression of all is, probably, that which calls up the sensation of white illumination, in which all the three primary colours are united together in one coincident effect. It has indeed been looked upon as a remarkable peculiarity of the action of light, that, although some impressions of colour are more pleasing than others, there is no impression amongst them that is actually painful in itself. This is held by some authorities to indicate that there is no such thing as a positive colour-discord. It rarely happens, in the production of colour-effects, that only one order of vibrations is impressed upon the eye at a time. The simple sensations are probably never excited in absolute purity, but are at all times more or less mingled together in a greater or less degree. Two or more different kinds of vibration impinge upon the eye either together or in rapid succession, and so combine for the production of a compound effect. In the excitation of the sensation of yellow, for instance, vibrations of green and

red coexist, and are transmitted each by their own order of nerves, and so reach the brain, at the extremities of those nerves, as a compound impression. The yellow is pure when the green and the red luminous vibrations are combined in equal intensity. But it inclines to a green hue when the green vibrations are stronger than the red, and to a reddish hue when the red vibrations are predominant over the green. In the spectrum itself, however, it appears that vibrations of all orders of length between the $\frac{1}{59000}$ and the $\frac{1}{57000}$ of an inch are found. The band of coloured light is continuous from end to end without any break, and each separate part is formed by vibrations which differ in length from those immediately to the right or to the left, and which therefore are bent from their original path by the action of the prism in a corresponding degree. The recent invention of the spectroscope, which enables the spectral image to be dispersed to an enormous length beyond that which could be reached with the rude prism of Newton, and which further enables that image to be scrutinised through its entire extent by powerful magnifying glasses, has definitely proved that this is the case. The vibrations of the pure white beam are seen by this instrument to be scattered by the instrumentality of its prisms through the entire range of the prismatic image without interruption anywhere, unless when, as in the case of the sun, there are narrow gaps, or black lines, at fixed points of the coloured band, caused by vapour-screens so placed in front of the primary source of illumination as to be able to intercept vibrations of a certain order of length and intensity as they attempt to pass through. The spectroscope, indeed, seems to intimate that the spectrum is composed of an infinitely great variety of definite colours instead of only three, each one being but very little different in its order of succession and in its degree of refrangibility from the rest, although an absolute and sharp separation of any one from the rest is impossible on account of some overlapping of the different orders of vibrations at their contiguous edges. There can scarcely be a doubt now entertained that there are vibrations, in all intermediate stages of force and frequency, between the red and violet ends of the spectrum—vibrations that increase with quite imperceptible stages of frequency from the 39,000 vibrations in a second of the red end of the spectrum up to the 57,000 in a second of the violet extremity. The views of scientific men, regarding the composition of white light and regarding the nature and seat of the primary and undecomposable colours, may in all probability have on this account to be modified

before long to bring them into a more rigid accordance with the rapidly advancing discoveries of this recent marvel of experimental research. But such modifications will assuredly be in the direction of extension and refinement of the theory of Dr. Young, rather than in that of superseding it in any fundamental or essential particular. It would be idle and rash to attempt to speculate, at the present time, upon the course which these further extensions of discovery are most likely to take. They may run in the direction of the multiplication of the primary colours from the orthodox standard of three; or in the direction of some new code of wave-interferences, which will as effectually account for the even dispersion of intervening tints through the largely lengthened spectrum without such radical change. But in either case it may be anticipated that they will certainly prove additional supports, rather than elements of downfall, for the noble structure which Dr. Young and his successors have raised.

In the 'Modern Chromatics' of Professor Ogden Rood, which has been just added to Messrs. Kegan Paul's valuable international series of scientific books, the colour theory of Dr. Young has been unreservedly and unconditionally adopted by the author, who, as a distinguished professor of physics in Columbia College, United States, must be accepted as a competent authority on the branch of science of which he treats. In this interesting book Professor Rood deals briefly and succinctly with what may be termed the scientific *rationale* of this subject. But the chief value of his work is to be attributed to the fact that he is, himself, an accomplished artist, as well as an authoritative expounder of science. He accordingly dwells most fully upon the artist's side of the question. Much the larger part of his pages is occupied by such matters as the mixture and the complementary effects of colours, the influences of luminosity, the principles of contrast and gradation, and the specific requirements and differences of decorative art and painting. The author lays down three primary conditions, which he designates the 'constants' of colour. These constants are purity, luminosity, and hue. The purity of colour essentially depends upon its freedom from adulteration with white light. When white light is added to a pure elementary colour, the chromatic purity is diminished, although the luminous intensity is increased. The *colour* is made *paler* in the same degree that the brightness of the light is augmented. The colour element is pushed into the background. Luminosity, on the other hand, is measured and appraised by the intensity of the nerve-impressions, whatever that may be. To produce what is

technically termed full saturation with colour, that colour must be both luminous and pure. Hue, again, is the quality which is determined by the wave-length of the vibratory impression. Aubert, the author of the 'Physiology of the Retina' (*Physiologie der Netzhaut*), in which he has examined the sensitiveness of the eye to these different chromatic conditions, states that the eye can discriminate the addition of the $\frac{1}{360}$ part of the white light which happens to be mingled with colour, and that the alteration of luminosity to the extent of the $\frac{1}{180}$ part of its entire amount can be discerned. He also points out that as one thousand distinguishable hues are recognised in the solar spectrum by powerful spectroscopes, and as these hues are all capable of being modified many times by successive additions of white light, the eye must be capable of distinguishing certainly not less than two millions of distinct tints. The purity and the hue of colour are determined by comparing it with corresponding tints in the luminous spectrum of sunshine. The luminosity is most conveniently measured by contrasting the colour with white and black segments in the revolving colour discs, and marking the relative proportions of white and black which serve to produce a similar intensity of impression. Thus, if a red outer zone requires one part of white and three parts of black in the inner circle to constitute a match, the luminosity of the red colour is 25 per cent. of that of white paper.

Professor Rood, from elaborate investigations of this character, has formed an estimate of the relative value of the colour-constituents of white light. The proportions which he gives for 1,000 parts of white sunlight are:—

	Parts.		Parts.
Red	54	Yellowish green	121
Orange red	110	Green and blue green	134
Orange	80	Cyan blue	32
Orange yellow	114	Blue	40
Yellow	54	Ultramarine and blue violet	20
Greenish yellow	206	Violet	5

From this examination he infers that the total luminosity of the warm colours of the artist is three times as great as that of the cold ones.

The physiological effects of contrasted colours are interestingly described by Professor Rood. The fundamental experiment upon which he builds his explanations is simply the snatching suddenly away a small patch of bright green paper from the face of a sheet of grey cardboard after it has been

steadfastly looked at for a little while. A faint image of a rose-red colour immediately appears in the place which was previously occupied by the green patch. This rose-coloured spectre, or ghost, is due to the fact that the green-feeling nerves of the retina of the eye have become fatigued and dulled by the contemplation of the patch, so that when it is snatched away they cease to be sensitive to the green light which issues from the grey cardboard, although they can still take due cognisance of the red and violet constituents that are associated in it with the green. A somewhat analogous effect is produced in visual perceptions by the mere close contiguity of strongly contrasted colours. Each interferes with, and to some extent modifies, the impression which is made by its next-door neighbour. This is well shown if two strips of paper, one coloured with ultramarine and the other with cyan blue, be placed in close contact, side by side, whilst two precisely similar strips are laid a short distance off, and with an interval of two or three inches between them. The tints of the contiguous strips appear distinctly different from those of the more remote ones, although they are in reality identical. The colour of each of the first pair of strips is changed exactly as it would be if it were mixed with some pigment of a complementary tint. If, again, a grey pattern is traced upon a green ground, the tracery always acquires a reddish hue. Professor Rood repeats an anecdote in illustration of this curious effect of contrast which was first told by Chevreul, and which furnishes a very amusing illustration of this peculiarity. Upon a certain occasion red and blue fabrics were given to a manufacturer, with instructions that they were to be ornamented with black patterns. When, however, the work was returned, it seemed as if green patterns had been put upon the red stuff, and copper-coloured ones upon the blue. In consequence, however, of a complaint of the imperfect performance of the instructions having been made, Chevreul was appealed to, and he covered the coloured grounds in such a way that the pattern only was exposed to the eye, when it was at once seen that the tracery was black in both instances, and that the apparent difference was an optical illusion dependent upon contrast. There is one beautiful experiment described by Professor Rood which is not perhaps so generally known as it deserves to be, although it is very easily performed. A ray of white daylight having been allowed to pass through a hole in a window-shutter into an otherwise darkened room, a wooden rod is so interposed in its path that a shadow is cast by it upon a sheet of white cardboard. A candle is then lighted, and so placed that a second

shadow of the rod is thrown by it a couple of inches or so away from the first one. The candlelight shadow then appears to be blue, instead of white, in consequence of the influence of contrast with the orange-yellow light which illuminates all the rest of the cardboard.

This power of contiguous colours to modify the specific impression which each makes upon the eye is one of the difficulties which landscape painters have to study and meet. If an artist paints the colours which he thinks he sees, his picture is pretty sure to be wide of the mark which has been aimed at. The colours of natural objects are of a very much lower intensity than the tints which they suggest. Distant fields, for instance, are commonly clothed with a grey containing only a faint tinge of green, when they seem to the eye to be intensely green. The true colours of the different parts of a landscape can only be correctly appreciated when each is dissociated from its companionship with the rest; and Ruskin has suggested that this discrimination of tint can be most conveniently made by examining each separate part of a view through a small square aperture cut in white cardboard, and held at arm's length from the eye. The colours used in the composition of a picture require to be so selected and grouped that they help each other both by the influence of sympathy and contrast. Professor Rood remarks that what an artist has to do is to seize upon colour-melodies as they occur in nature, and to reproduce them upon canvas with such modifications as his own instincts impel him to make. The great distinction which he draws between painting and the management of colour in the decorative arts is that in the first colour is subordinate to form, whilst in the second it is more important than form. In painting, colour has to be used as a means of accomplishing an end; whereas in decoration it is itself the end. A painting is a representation of an absent beautiful object, but an ornamented surface is the beautiful object itself. It is on this account that the realistic representation of natural objects is unfitted for decorative art.

In 'Modern Chromatics' attention is drawn to a physiological reason for certain effects of contrast in artists' work, which is worthy of notice. When light falls upon the nerves of the eye, it produces a sensation which remains for a short interval after the exciting cause has ceased to act. This after-sensation is identical in all respects with the primary one, with the exception that it grows gradually more and more faint until it fades quite away. When, however, this after-image has finally disappeared, there springs suddenly up in its place

a secondary image of an altogether different character, and of a tint that is complementary to that of the primary impression. Thus the immediate after-image of a red sensation is red; but the spectral image which follows when the red impression has faded away is greenish-blue, the tint that is complementary to red. These negative, or complementary, after-images necessarily exert an important influence in modifying the character of chromatic perceptions. The positive after-images have also a specific operation of their own where moving objects are concerned. The appearances characterising water in motion depend upon them to a considerable extent. The images perceived are really made up of an unconscious combination of successive pictures left upon the nerves. The elongated streaks noticed in waves of the sea dancing in sunlight are really not streaks, but successions of round images of the sun lengthened out in consequence of their motion. Instantaneous photographs, for this reason, are by no means such true transcripts of nature as they pretend to be. The visual image of waves breaking upon the beach is quite a distinct thing from the instantaneous photograph of the same objects. The visual image is made up of different views rapidly succeeding each other, and fusing themselves together into one compound impression in the eye. But the photographic image is a single hard transcript of *one* of the series of successive pictures. Professor Rood states, in reference to the duration of a visual impression upon the retina of the eye, that it lasts with undiminished force for the forty-eighth part of a second, but that its total duration with decreasing strength is for a much longer time, probably being as much as a third part of a second in many instances. A white spot near the edge of a black disc revolving forty-eight times in the second produces the effect of a continuous white ring near the circumference of the disc. But the luminosity of the ring is necessarily more feeble than that of the white spot, because the light of the spot is scattered over the comparatively larger surface of the ring when the disc is caused to revolve.

It has generally been conceived that the yellow tints of the solar spectrum have the highest degree of luminosity. Some quite recent researches, by Dr. Draper, of the United States, made indeed whilst this article has been passing through the press, have, however, seemed to indicate that this is not the case, and that all the colours of the spectrum are equally luminous. The experiment upon which this conclusion is based consists in so arranging a single-prism spectroscope that a bright light can be *reflected* from the first surface of the prism into the field of view of the telescope by which the spectrum is

viewed. The bright light then overlaps the whole of the spectrum. If in this state of matters the reflected light is gradually reduced, either by lowering the flame of the lamp from which it proceeds, or by removing this further from the instrument, it at length may be made so faint as to be barely visible. If then the size of the flame is slowly increased, it will be found that the colours of the spectrum are gradually and successively extinguished by the augmenting glare, beginning with the violet end and finishing with the red. When, however, the prism is removed, and a diffraction-grating substituted in its place, the whole of the spectrum is quenched simultaneously when the reflected light is brought up to the requisite degree of intensity, instead of disappearing piecemeal, colour after colour. This curious result of the substitution of the chromatic spectrum of the diffraction-grating for that of the prism has been substantially confirmed by Mr. Browning, of London, who is at the present time engaged with a further experimental investigation of the phenomenon.

ART. IV.—1. *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon.*

By JAMES SPEDDING. London: 1861–74. •

2. *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.*

Extracted from the Edition of his Occasional Writings by JAMES SPEDDING. London: 1878.

3. *Bacon and Essex: a Sketch of Bacon's earlier Life.* By EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D. London: 1877.

4. *Bacon's Essays*; with Introduction, Notes, and Index. By EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D. London: 1878.

5. *Bacon's Novum Organum.* Edited by THOMAS FOWLER, M.A. Oxford: 1878.

IT is now twenty-two years since the publication of the first two volumes of Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works gave occasion to the appearance in this Journal of an article which has since been correctly attributed to the late Dr. Whewell. No Englishman of his generation, it will readily be admitted, was better qualified duly to appraise the merits and defects of the author of the '*Novum Organum*,' than the author of the '*Novum Organum Renovatum*.' As a man of science, with the results of above two centuries of experience before him, he was singularly fitted to discriminate between the genuine triumphs of the inductive method and the soaring visions of its sanguine legislator; as a man of letters, he was

not unworthy to appreciate the great Chancellor's majestic imagination, pregnant wit, and unrivalled felicity of expression. In both capacities he welcomed the labours of Mr. Spedding and his coadjutors, by which a conspicuous gap in our national literature has at length been successfully filled.

Our present task, if less considerable than that undertaken by the late Master of Trinity, is not without interest and importance. We cannot, however, approach Mr. Spedding's latest publication without feeling that some apology is due to him for the unavoidable delay of this notice. Nevertheless we believe that an apparent neglect, which is a virtual compliment, is seldom bitterly resented; and the fact that our purpose of criticising Mr. Spedding's '*Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*' has been retarded, but not frustrated, during a considerable lapse of time, is, if rightly understood, a higher tribute to the value of his work than the most liberally apportioned meed of praise. A book which, in these days of groaning library-shelves, holds its own for full five years amidst the rapids of publication, must be considered to have found sure standing-ground; and an existence of half a decade may, at the rate we live now, be taken to be a fair earnest of immortality.

Mr. Spedding, in his own career, presents a singular contrast to the hero in whose service he has sacrificed the commonplace, though not ignoble, ambitions of public life. Bacon's whole practice was an acted satire upon his youthful profession of the moderation of his '*civil ends*,' as compared with the vastness of his '*contemplative ends*.'* Mr. Spedding, on the contrary, by an example rare in our times, when the vulgar solicitations of immediate enjoyment all but universally prevail over the loftier enticements of distant fame or worthy purpose, has devoted the best energies of his life, and surrendered no mean prospects of official promotion, to an enterprise fruitful only in labour, and in the applause due to a task well done. The minute industry of the grammarians of Alexandria, the unwearied patience of the commentators of Göttingen and Halle, have been brought by him to bear on every scrap of paper probably or possibly illustrative of Baconian philosophy or history. Much that is valuable has thus been rescued from oblivion; and if some fragments of the salvage might have perished unlamented, no one is entitled to grumble, who holds in his hands the remedy of rejection.

Mr. Spedding uses no reticence with his readers; he places before them, fully and faithfully, the results of his investiga-

* Letter to Burleigh. Spedding, '*Life*,' vol. i. p. 108.

tions, even when the evidence he produces is entirely at variance with the inferences he draws. With M. Casimir Périer, Bacon might exclaim: '*Je me moque bien de mes amis quand j'ai raison; c'est quand j'ai tort qu'il faut qu'ils me soutiennent.*' His reputation is, indeed, on some points secure against attack, while on too many others it is, unhappily, incapable of defence. Mr. Spedding cannot be accused either of unscrupulous partisanship or of uncandid extenuation; but the close communion with a powerful mind in which his thoughts have been held during the greater part of a lifetime has produced its natural effect. He has not only familiarised his intellect with the Baconian mode of thought, and his ear with the Baconian turn of phrase, but he has also, in all good faith, identified his judgment with the Baconian tricks of conscience. To a considerable extent, the great philosopher succeeded in imposing upon himself; but he has far more completely succeeded in imposing upon his partial biographer. His long years of patient study have resulted in an intimacy highly advantageous to his editorial efficiency, but fatal to his judicial independence. We are thus, on many points, compelled to differ with him; and in the following pages we propose, as briefly as may be, to explain the grounds on which we do so.

The main facts of the life of Francis Bacon are too familiar to need recapitulation here. His father destined him for the service of the State, not for the practice of the law, and the natural bent of his genius impelled him rather to guide the destinies of a nation than to rule the decisions of a court. There was probably no period of his life when he would not gladly have exchanged the great seal for the white staff, nor did he, until the very close of his career, entirely relinquish the hope of treading in the steps, and eclipsing the reputation, of his uncle Burleigh and his cousin Salisbury. His father's premature death (February 20, 1579) was not only his first misfortune; it was also his first, though by no means his last, stroke of ill-luck. Sir Nicholas Bacon left three sons by his first wife, and two by his second. All were amply provided for except Francis, the youngest, to purchase an estate for whom he had set apart a considerable sum of money. The illness which abruptly terminated his life surprised him, however, while the arrangements for carrying this purpose into effect were still incomplete, and the portion destined for one was divided between five.

Pecuniary embarrassments thus, by no fault of his, met the young aspirant at the outset of his career, and accompanied him, through his own culpable negligence, to its close. He

was in debt as a student at Gray's Inn; he was still more deeply in debt when Chancellor at York House and Gorham-bury. His liabilities grew with his revenues; they harassed him in prosperity; they overwhelmed him in disgrace. This fact is of prime importance in estimating Bacon's character and conduct. Want of money was, in truth, the normal condition of his life, and the principal cause of his fall. His liberty of action was continually hampered by financial difficulties. In the beginning of his life he could not afford to be independent; in the end of his life he could not afford to be pure. The saying that the true history of a nation is the history of its budgets, may occasionally find an application to individuals. Thus a complete narrative of Bacon's dealings with his creditors would probably form an instructive commentary on his public career.

Mr. Spedding looks upon his habit of borrowing as an accidental, though unfortunate, result of his early necessities. But when an effect is permanent, we are apt to suspect that the cause is inherent. And the cause of this effect is not difficult to find. Bacon was naturally extravagant. He had expensive tastes, and he had an open hand. While he was still at Gray's Inn, with little practice and less patrimony, his mother, Lady Ann Bacon, entered her maternal protest against the 'superfluous horses' kept by him and his brother Anthony; and she warns both her sons to 'look to their expenses in time,' 'and oversee those they trust how trustily,' telling them plainly that 'it hath been long commonly observed that both their 'servants are full of money.'* Indeed, she does not spare vituperative epithets in giving them her mind as to the character of their dependents. She complains bitterly, in her abrupt, vehement fashion, that Francis, who was a 'towardly 'young gentleman' until 'led in a train' by 'profane, costly 'followers,' 'hath nourished most sinful, proud villains wilfully;' and 'sees manifestly' that 'he is robbed and spoiled 'wittingly' by the riotous Welshmen who 'swarm ill-favouredly' around him. Another letter ends with the quaint lamentation: 'Alas, what excess of bucks at Gray's Inn; and 'to feast it so on the Sabbath! God forgive and have mercy 'upon England!'+

In Francis Bacon's later years, the same profusion reigned with less restraint, and with worse results. He was liberal even to ostentation. He loved the pageantry of his rank. He

* Hepworth Dixon, 'Personal History of Lord Bacon,' Appendix.

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 364, note.

was said to have spent 10,000*l.* on Verulam House alone. At Gorhambury he was surrounded with the splendour of a court. His retinue at York House resembled that of a royal personage in our days. His gentlemen-in-waiting, secretaries, ushers, and yeomen, fed and fattened on him. One of his favourite servants bought land in Somersetshire valued at 1,000*l.* a year. Several of his followers, we are told by John Aubrey,* kept racehorses, and drove in their carriages. This enormous waste led, by an easy road, to corruption; and thus his own example aptly illustrated the truth of the shrewd saying with which he opens one of his essays: †—‘Costly followers are not to be liked; lest, while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.’

His latest biographer evidently considers extravagance a very venial fault in comparison with avarice, and it is undoubtedly a less repulsive one. But although not so degrading to the character, it is equally fatal to the principles. A spendthrift is usually selfish, and he is not unfrequently dishonest. His respect for other people's property is rarely greater than his care for his own. He can hardly fail to be as unscrupulous in getting as he is reckless in spending. If we are to judge by the ethical standard of the ‘Divine Comedy,’ prodigality and avarice should be ranked as strictly co-ordinate vices. In the ‘Inferno’ *mal dare* incurs an identical penalty with *mal tener*; and in the ‘Purgatorio’ the poet Statius expiates his extravagance with precisely the same sufferings by which Hugh Capet purges his covetousness.

In Bacon's case we may easily find extenuating circumstances. He was not willingly unmindful of the rights of others. He did not seek gain by extortion or oppression. What he gained, he spent, not in vulgar indulgence, but in the gratification of liberal tastes and elegant fancies. Unthrift thus amounted in him to a weakness rather than to a vice. But the weaknesses of great men are often more fatal to them than their vices. And he mounted too high to stand secure while his pedestal was undermined.

When Francis Bacon returned to England in the spring of 1580, after an attendance of three years on the English Embassy to the court of France, he was, as Sir Amias Paulet described him to the queen, a youth ‘of great hope, endued with many good and singular parts.’ He was then in his twentieth year, having been born January 22, 1561. At that

* ‘Lives of Eminent Men,’ vol. ii.

† ‘Of Followers and Friends.’ Abbott's ed., vol. ii. p. 65.

early period he was already the depositary of a great idea, and he had conceived in his soul a twofold ambition. The first was, to found the empire of man in nature; the second, to establish his own fortune in the State. He 'believed himself 'born for the service of mankind.' He had 'taken all knowledge to be his province.' He discovered in his being 'a kind of familiarity and relationship with truth.' He cherished the hope of 'kindling a light in nature,' and thus becoming 'the propagator of man's empire over the universe, the champion of liberty, the conqueror and subduer of necessities.'*

These magnanimous aspirations, however, did not hold exclusive sway over his mind. They represented the loftiest, but by no means the strongest, impulses of his character. It is true that he coloured his more vulgar designs to himself and others by holding forth the strength and countenance which the possession of high place would lend to his schemes of scientific reform. But the colouring faded with time, leaving the philosopher's ambition to show in its nakedness as no whit less ignoble than the hungry cravings of the common herd of courtiers and place-hunters. Indeed, Bacon himself eventually confessed openly, what he must long have been secretly conscious of—that he had been unfaithful to the momentous trust which he believed to have been committed to him. Why he thus declined from his better self, and deliberately chose the lower part, becomes intelligible enough to all who are willing to confront the real facts of his life and character, but must for ever remain an enigma to those who persist in investing him with a fictitious halo of impeccability. This is, in the words of the proverb, *nodum in scirpo querere*.

Although by nature a scholar rather than a courtier, Bacon was by training a courtier rather than a scholar. Thus, if he had something of the scholar's contempt for courtiers, he had still more of the courtier's contempt for scholars. To become a 'sorry book-maker,' or even a 'pioneer in the mine of truth,' he treated to the last as a *pis-aller*; while at the same time he did not disguise from himself or others his deep-lying conviction that he had missed his genuine vocation in exchanging a contemplative for an active life. In sending to Sir Thomas Bodley a copy of the 'Advancement of Learning,' he wrote the following words, the substance of which was frequently repeated by him in varied connexions:—

'I think no man may more truly say with the Psalmist *Multum*

* 'Of the Interpretation of Nature,' Proem. Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 84.

incola fuit anima mea, than myself. For I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one that led the rest; that, knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes: for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind.*

This contradiction between his theory and his practice was most certainly due neither to inconstancy of judgment, nor to infirmity of will. His mind was extraordinarily tenacious of its ideas. Supple as he was in action, he was inflexible in thought. His opinions on most points were formed early, and they never underwent any material change. They could neither be supplanted by the varied experience of his life, nor uprooted by its tempests. He thought at sixty as he thought at twenty, only with the fulness and precision of increased knowledge. Nor was he a man who drifted through life doing what he did not will, and willing what he did not do. It is true that he had many good intentions, and formed many resolutions, which he failed to carry into effect. These, however, were but as coloured fringes to the central image of his life. His career, in the main, was the outcome of set purpose, and his set purposes were singularly persistent. The inconsistency to be accounted for was not then the result of those negative qualities which count for so much in the lives of ordinary men; and we must therefore seek in some positive principle the hidden mainspring of his conduct. We believe this is to be found in two closely allied instincts of his mind—his craving for action, and his craving for praise. He was conscious of the possession of great and varied powers, and he desired, and was determined, if possible, to secure for them, not only the fullest exercise, but, still more, the fullest recognition. His ambition was boundless, because his capacity was vast. The gigantic task which he set himself in the 'Great Instauration' still left half his faculties unemployed. One of the chief lessons taught to most men by advancing years is that they must renounce in order to achieve. There is a homely Spanish adage, *No se puede repicar y andar en la procesion*. But Bacon's whole life was an effort—and, on the whole, a marvellously successful effort—to 'ring the bell'† at the same

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 253.

† 'I shall content myself to awake better spirits, like a bell-ringer, 'which is first up to call others to church.'—Bacon to Cecil. 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 251. 'Ego enim buccinator tantum.'—De Aug. iv. 1.

time that he 'walked in the procession.' He would neither abandon philosophy for politics, nor politics for philosophy. But the reform of the sciences was relegated to his occasional or enforced leisure, while his most anxious and elaborate care was devoted to the futile task of teaching statesmanship to a wrong-headed pedant, and of currying favour with an insolent minion.

The most profound and persistent motive, however, of his public activity was his peculiar form of pride. It is a trite moral common-place to say that real genius is modest. We believe the saying to be as untrue as it is trite. The possessors of great gifts are but too commonly lifted into arrogance by the consciousness of them. We need not stop to enquire why this is so. The reasons are obvious to those who will take the trouble to consider the fundamental qualities of human nature.

Bacon's pride was indeed of no ordinary type. It was so deep-seated, and, in a certain sense, so rational, that it persuaded him to be modest, and permitted him to be mean. He assured Burghley in his early days that 'arrogancy and overweening were far from his nature;' and the inflation of the fool and the coxcomb was at all times unknown to him. The vain man asks an alms of admiration which he more than half suspects he does not deserve. The proud man demands a tribute of praise which he knows to be his due. Bacon's desire to shine, if not without a tinge of the former quality, was, doubtless, mainly inspired by the latter. He felt that in his own thoughts he commanded a kingdom, and he believed himself secure of lasting fame. But the distant shimmer of prospective applause served only to quicken his craving for the present splendour of vulgar praise. He was not content to live obscure in order to die famous, but was resolved to win the transient homage of the living, as well as the enduring admiration of posterity. This we believe to have been, consciously or unconsciously, the guiding principle which led him consistently to prefer the service of the crown to the service of science, and the turmoil of political existence to the tranquillity of studious retirement.

In the eighth book of his treatise '*De Augmentis Scientiarum*,' Bacon lays down a formal rule for the 'architecture of fortune.'

'The handling hereof,' he says, 'concerns learning greatly, both in honour and substance; in honour principally, that pragmatistical men may not imagine that learning is like a lark which can mount and sing, and please itself, and nothing else; but may know that it rather

partakes of the nature of a hawk, which can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon its prey at pleasure.' *

The 'seven precepts' which follow, for teaching the art of getting on in the world, may be thus summarised:—Have a steady purpose, a quick wit, and a cold heart. How he reduced precept to practice we shall now in part see.

Bacon's relations with the Earl of Essex have been fixed on by common consent as a crucial instance with regard to his character. At this point in his career sentiment and self-interest came, for the first and last time, abruptly into collision; while popular attention has been attracted to his conduct, and popular interest in it heightened, by the tragical element conspicuous in this episode of his life. Those who feel compelled to bestow undeserved esteem where they have already bestowed deserved admiration,† believe, that if they can succeed in clearing him in this matter, they need not despair of making out a plausible case for him in those that remain. Nor is their position in all respects ill-chosen. Bacon's guilt was unquestionably exaggerated by the clamour of public indignation. And the pendulum of opinion swings easily from one extreme to the other of its arc of vibration. Further, some circumstances of the transaction still remain in sufficient obscurity to justify discussion. Lastly, a species of apology can be made out for Bacon by liberally blackening Essex, and this line of argument presents innumerable facilities. It has in its favour not only the accomplished fact of a crime, but also all the worst and some of the best qualities of a singularly inconsistent and unstable character.

The scene of the ill-starred friendship between these two men opens in the year 1588, and opens, characteristically enough, with a suit, which the young earl is urging on behalf of the needy barrister. The star of Essex's fortune was already well above the horizon. Popular expectation pointed to him as the man destined to succeed to more than the fulness of Leicester's favour, and, unless he strangely belied his promise, to deserve it better. His virtues were already full-blown; his vices were still in the bud. But his virtues were equally calculated with his vices to contribute to a brilliant rise and a calamitous downfall. His candour and chivalrous daring won for him the affection of the queen; to retain it he

* 'Works,' vol. v. p. 79. Spedding's edition.

† 'Sa valeur morale est restée un triste problème pour ceux qui voudraient de tout point estimer ce qu'ils admirent.'—Ch de Rémusat, 'Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps,' p. 4.

would have needed the aid of dissimulation and subserviency. He was unfit to be a courtier; he became instead a conspirator. In the poisoned atmosphere of the court, his impetuosity degenerated into violence, his emulation into overweening intolerance, his youthful ardour into unbridled and fatal rashness. All this, however, was as yet hidden in the future, and was certainly unforeseen by Bacon.

He 'applied himself,' he tells us, to the Earl of Essex, because he held him 'at that time to be the fittest instrument 'to do good to the State; '* and we may fairly add, culminated by subsequent events, because he held him also to be the 'fittest instrument' to advance the fortunes of Francis Bacon. Essex, on his side, who was a scholar before he became a soldier, was irresistibly attracted by the splendid qualities of the future philosopher. In the last letter which he addressed to him, written after Bacon had already appeared as counsel against him, he says: 'You have believed that I have been 'kind to you, and you may believe that I cannot be other, 'either upon humour or mine own election; '† and his entire correspondence bears witness to the enthusiastic affection lavished by him on a dependent whom he would have blushed to treat otherwise than as a friend. 'I cannot tell,' Anthony Bacon writes to his mother, 'in what terms to acknowledge 'the desert of the earl's unspeakable kindness to us both, but 'namely to him' (Francis), 'now at a pinch, which by God's 'help shortly will appear by good effects. Surely, madam, I 'must needs confess the earl declareth himself more like a 'father than a friend unto him; and doubt not, but if that he, 'that should be first' (Burghley), 'do but second the earl, 'those gifts that God hath bestowed on my brother shall lie 'no longer fallow.' ‡

The 'pinch' here spoken of was the canvass for the place of Attorney-General, which Essex was at that time urging on behalf of his friend with more ardour than success. The vacancy was caused by the death of the Master of the Rolls, February 4, 1593. Sir Thomas Egerton was then Attorney, Sir Edward Coke Solicitor-General. The former was, without cavil, designated for the Rolls, and the latter would have seemed his natural successor in the Attorney-Generalship. But here Essex interposed his candidate. The prescriptive

* 'Apology in certain Imputations concerning the Earl of Essex.' 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 143.

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 192.

‡ Birch, 'Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,' vol. i. p. 122.

right which now in great measure regulates the promotion of the law officers of the Crown, was not then established, so that the claims of the two aspirants were open to consideration on their respective merits. And thus began the long rivalry between Bacon and Coke, which lasted, with many strange alternations of fortune, during the greater part of their lives. They were competitors in law and in love: they were foes at the Council Board, in Parliament, and on the Bench. But though each in turn enjoyed the poor satisfaction of contributing to the downfall of the other, the final triumph must be adjudged to him who survived his rival to frame the Petition of Right.

The first obstacle in the way of Bacon's promotion was a remarkable speech delivered by him in Parliament on March 7, 1593. The question before the House was that of Supply. The Government had made the unprecedented demand of a triple subsidy to be raised in three years. Bacon pleaded for a term of six, and an extension to four years was eventually agreed upon. This trifling opposition on his part deeply offended the queen. She denied him his accustomed privilege of access to her presence; and her resentment was, in all probability, fostered while recent, and revived when languishing, by those whose interest it was to exclude from court a man of transcendent abilities and unsurpassed *finesse*. The letter by which he endeavoured to recover Elizabeth's good graces, and set himself once more on the highway to preferment, was a masterpiece of policy, and very nearly achieved its purpose. He assures her Majesty that although he had sought her service in order that he might have the means of repairing his error, 'if any of his friends now press the matter, his spirit is not with them.' For his 'mind turneth upon other wheels than those of profit.' Finally, he wishes her Majesty 'served answerable to herself. *Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.*' *

The whole tenor of his correspondence with the queen is a remarkable tribute to the soundness of her understanding, and contrasts strongly with the fulsome tone of his letters to James I. By her favourites Elizabeth chose to be addressed as a weak-witted woman, but by her ministers as a strong-headed man; and Bacon was an adept in the accomplished letter-writer's art of suiting his style to his correspondents.

Mr. Spedding lays great stress on his supposed independence at this juncture. He points triumphantly not only to the patriotic motives which he presumes to have inspired his speech,

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 240.

but to the studiously guarded phrases with which he excused it. The truth, as we apprehend it, is this. Bacon's action in the Parliament of 1593 was the result, not of a passing fit of patriotism, but of a fixed policy, which he was frequently obliged to postpone, but never relinquished. He was, we believe, the first English statesman to conceive the idea of strengthening his influence with the Crown by gaining the confidence of the Commons, and of governing the country, not in despite, but with the aid of Parliament. To this, the most honourable feature in his public life, we shall recur farther on; here we only desire to make his conduct intelligible. He plainly miscalculated the effect of his move. He expected that the larger scope of his policy would have been penetrated by the sagacity of Elizabeth. He found instead that he had put a highly servicable weapon into the hands of his opponents. To have offered an abject apology would have been to calumniate his own motives, and to forfeit the respect of his sovereign. He therefore stood upon his loyal intentions, and intimated that the offence would not be repeated. He was as good as his word. During the remaining years of that reign, he was a servile supporter of the Government. Under a Tudor prince, the attempt to initiate a parliamentary policy was indeed premature; we shall see how it fared under a Stuart.

In the meantime, Essex was not idle. 'The earl,' Anthony Bacon wrote on April 16, 'hath been twice very earnest with her Majesty touching my brother;' and on July 18, from Twickenham, 'Our most honourable and kind friend the Earl of Essex was here yesterday three hours, and hath most friendly and freely promised to set up, as they say, his whole rest of favour and credit for my brother's preferment before Mr. Cooke.'

On August 24, the young earl himself wrote to Francis Bacon:—

'Sir,—I spake with the queen yesterday and on Wednesday. On Wednesday she cut me off short; she being come newly home and making haste to her supper. Yesterday I had a full audience, but with little better success than before. . . . Her humour is yet to delay. I am now going to her again; and what I cannot effect at once, I will look to do *sæpe cadendo*.*'

A month later, he 'found the queen so wayward that he thought it no fit time to deal with her in any suit;' but October 13, he tells Anthony Bacon:—

'She was content to hear me plead at large for your brother, but

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 254.

condemned my judgment in thinking him fittest to be Attorney, whom his own uncle' (Burghley) 'did name but to a second place; and said that the sole exception against Mr. Cooke was stronger against your brother, which was youth.* To the first I answered that it was rather the humour of my lord to have a man obnoxious' (i.e. subservient) 'to him; and to the second, that the comparison held not good; for if they were both of one standing, yet herself knew there was such a difference in the worthiness of the persons, as if Mr. Cooke's head and beard were grown grey with age it would not counterpoise his other disadvantages.†

Although the received opinion as to Robert Cecil's secret hostility to his cousin's pretensions has lately been called in question,‡ we are unable to find any valid grounds for scepticism on the subject. It is true that he wrote an effusive letter to Sir Thomas Egerton thanking him for some service rendered to his kinsman.§ But Egerton was Bacon's special friend, and it has never been denied that Cecil sought to maintain the appearance of goodwill towards his struggling relative. 'Truly his speech was all kindly outward, and did desire 'to have me think so of him,' wrote Lady Bacon on one occasion; and the intimate correspondence of the whole family betrays their deep distrust both of Burghley and of his son. There seems no reason to doubt that the statement made by Bacon in later life, that 'in the times of the Cecils, father and 'son, able men, were, by design and of purpose, suppressed,' conveyed his deliberate opinion; and there is much reason to believe that it expressed the substantial truth.

Notwithstanding his assurance to the queen that 'his spirit 'was not with' those who urged his suit, Bacon's share in the canvass was by no means a passive one. He pleaded with Burghley; he invoked and remonstrated with Cecil; he stimulated Essex. Towards Easter it began to be clear that his cause was hopeless; and on April 10, 1594, Coke received his patent as Attorney-General. 'I cannot but conclude 'with myself,' Bacon writes, 'that no man ever received a 'more exquisite disgrace.' In one paragraph of the same letter he threatens to retire to Cambridge, there to spend his life 'in studies and contemplations;' and in the next recommends

* Coke was Bacon's senior by nine years in age, and four in standing at the Bar.

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 269.

‡ By the writer of an article in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1876, entitled 'Hatfield House,' and, with some hesitation, by Mr. Spedding.

§ Birch, vol. i. p. 165.

to the earl his claims for the lower place of Solicitor-General, adding, 'The objections to my competitors your lordship knoweth partly. I pray spare them not.'

This second suit dragged on with the same vicissitudes of promise and discouragement as the first, and ended, like the first, in disappointment. Thomas Fleming, a man in every respect Bacon's inferior, was named Solicitor-General in November 1595. The queen began (in Essex's words) by 'going from a denial to a delay,' and ended by going from a delay to a denial. 'My conceit is,' wrote Bacon to his brother, 'that I am the least part of mine own matter. But what the secret of it is, *oculus aquilæ non penetravit*.' The truth seems to be that Elizabeth refused the place to Bacon, well knowing him to be the best man, out of a deliberate design to mortify Essex. His persistence roused her obstinacy. His vehemence irritated her temper. As he grew passionate for his friend, she grew passionate against him. 'Upon me,' Essex had said, 'the labour must lie of his establishment, and upon me the disgrace must light of his being refused.' And the queen had early declared her determination to break the froward spirit of her favourite, and bring him under her yoke by timely humiliation.

We may add that Mr. Spedding's imputation to Essex of selfish and vainglorious motives in seeking Bacon's promotion finds a complete refutation in a letter from him to Cecil, printed from the Hatfield MSS., by Dr. Abbott, in the valuable essay, the title of which we have prefixed to this article. The earl's court favour was, when he wrote, suffering one of its periodical eclipses; but his zeal for his friend's interests rendered him indifferent, provided they throve, whether they were advanced by himself or by the leader of the opposite faction.

'I write this,' he says, 'to desire you to solicit the queen for Mr. Francis Bacon, whom not only lawyers, but men of all professions and degrees, do think the only fit and worthy man to be Solicitor. . . . I heard him yesterday handle the great question of perpetuities so far above all that I ever heard come out of a lawyer's mouth as, without private respect of love or friendship, I should grieve in my soul that her Majesty should not have use of him. . . . Therefore, Sir Robert, let us all, who have in this world nothing so much recommended as the honour and greatness of the queen, plead for him. For the world shall know both the queen's manner to choose the worthiest, and, knowing none worthy to be compared unto him, will say it is our fault, by whom her Majesty should be truly informed.' *

Everybody has read of Essex's generosity to his discomfited

* 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 44.

follower when the long chase for office was at last baffled—how he came to his lodge in Twickenham Park, and said: ‘Master Bacon, the queen hath denied me yon place for you, and hath placed another; you have spent your time and your thoughts in my matters: I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune.’ Whereupon he enfeoffed him of land which he sold afterwards for 1,800*l.*, and ‘thought was more worth.’* It is true that Essex, with characteristic delicacy, represented this gift in the light of payment for past services; but we are not therefore to conclude that such services had hitherto received no material recompense. On the contrary, Anthony Bacon speaks of the ‘deep arrearages’ under which, as early as 1592, his brother lay towards the earl; and it is in itself extremely improbable that a generous patron would, during many years, have availed himself, gratis, of the wits of a needy client.

The death of Lord Keeper Puckering, April 30, 1596, and the promotion of Egerton to his place, once more stirred Bacon’s hopes of professional advancement; but this time he used the intercession of Essex with more reserve, desiring his brother to represent the suit for the Rolls as ‘a thing carried wholly without my knowledge, between my lord and yourself.’ The office remaining long vacant gave occasion in the following year to an attempted intrigue on the part of Bacon, which, even to Mr. Spedding, seems ‘questionable,’ and which we are compelled to stigmatise as in the highest degree discreditable. In 1589, Burghley had obtained for his nephew the reversion of a clerkship in the Star Chamber, eventually worth 2,000*l.* a year. In this case, however, as in many others, his fortunes were slow in ripening. The actual occupant declined to be shuffled off the scene for the benefit of the reformer of philosophy, and the place remained for nineteen years, in Bacon’s witty phrase, ‘like another man’s ground reaching upon my house, which may mend my prospect, but it doth not fill my barn.’ Questions, however, began to be raised as to the legality of certain fees appertaining to the office, and in November 1597, the holder, William Mill, was tried in the Star Chamber for corruption. While these questions were pending, Bacon was not ashamed to make an offer to Egerton (on whom, as Lord Keeper, their decision virtually devolved), of surrendering to his son, in exchange for the Mastership of the Rolls, his interest in an office which it was at that moment in Egerton’s power to bring into actual possession; hinting, not obscurely,

* Bacon’s ‘Apology.’ ‘Life,’ vol. iii. p. 144.

that the public interest required an example to be made of Mill. The negotiation, however, miscarried; Mill was acquitted, and Bacon remained unplaced.

About the same time he made an effort of a different kind to extricate himself from the pecuniary embarrassments which became year by year more pressing. 'Certain cross winds,' he writes to the earl, 'having blown contrary *in genere politico*, I am in thought to attempt a fortune *in genere œconomico*.' Sir William Hatton, the nephew and heir of Elizabeth's 'dancing Chancellor,' died March 12, 1597, leaving a widow young enough, perhaps, to excite the philosopher's interest, and certainly wealthy enough to mend his means. Essex, as usual, pleaded ardently for his friend; but 'certain cross winds' again 'blew contrary;' for, on November 7, 1598 (as Chamberlain tells us), 'the queen's attorney' (Coke) 'married the Lady Hatton, to the great admiration of all men, that, after so many large and likely offers, she should decline to a man of his quality.' *

Symptoms of alienation on Bacon's part from Essex, and of increased obsequiousness to the Cecils, begin henceforth to show themselves. In racing language, he prepared to 'hedge.' The blame of this 'discontinuance of privateness,' he laid, in after times, on Essex; but his correspondence contains unmistakable indications that it proceeded from himself. It was, indeed, clear that the earl was no skilful architect either of his own or of any other person's fortune, and the interests of philosophy required the author of 'The Greatest Birth of Time' † to seek a patron elsewhere. He had experienced the futility of his protection even in the height of his favour, and he was too clear-sighted not to perceive that his favour rested on a precarious foundation. Bacon knew Elizabeth intimately, and had sounded her nature to its depths. He knew that she loved Essex; but he knew also that no affection of which she was capable could for an instant stand in competition with her love of sovereign power. Her young favourite had always been a popular idol; the brilliant success of his Cadiz expedition in 1596 made him, in addition, a military hero. Thenceforward his chief danger lay—as Bacon earnestly warned him ‡—in the

* 'Letters of John Chamberlain,' p. 29. Published by the Camden Society.

† 'Temporis Partus Maximus,' a youthful Essay, dating from 1585, of which Cuffe said, 'A wise man would not have written it, a fool could not have written it.'

‡ 'Letter of Advice to Essex.' 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 40.

jealousy of the queen. To 'a lady of her Majesty's apprehension,' he wisely said, a popular reputation 'combined with a military dependence' formed a 'dangerous image.' '*Quid igitur agendum est?*' For the first, 'quench it *verbis* and not *rebus*.' For the second, 'keep it in substance, but abolish it in shows to the queen.' If the earl had been less candid and more constant, he might have profited by the sagacious counsel of his astute dependent; but, unluckily for himself, 'he carried'—as his secretary, Henry Cuffe, was wont to complain—'his love and his hatred always in his brow,'* and, when he attempted dissimulation, was the first to turn traitor upon his own artifices.

The crisis which Bacon had anticipated was not slow in coming. In the summer of 1598, the Court being at Greenwich, the queen and Essex quarrelled furiously at the council-table over the nomination of a deputy to Ireland. It is significant of the estimation in which the post was held, that he was set upon getting rid of Sir George Carew, one of his principal opponents, by despatching him thither;

'yet could not' (we quote from Camden) 'by all his persuasions draw her to it; quite forgetting himself, and neglecting his duty, he uncivilly turned his back upon her, as it were in contempt, and gave her a scornful look. She, not enduring such behaviour, gave him a box on the ear, and bade him get him gone and be hanged. He presently laid his hand on his sword; and the Lord Admiral stepping between, he swore a great oath that he neither could nor would put up so great an affront and indignity, neither would he have taken it at King Henry the Eighth his hands; and in a great passion withdrew himself presently from the Court.'†

The news of a terrible reverse to the English arms in Ireland recalled the angry earl to his senses, and in September he was nominally restored to favour. 'Yet, hereupon,' remarks Camden, 'his friends began shrewdly to fear his ruin, who had observed that Fortune is seldom reconciled to her foster-children whom she hath once forsaken, and princes more seldom to those whom they have before offended.'

The question of the day was now the reconquest of Ireland; for to that point tyranny had combined with anarchy to conduct the affairs of the island. The destruction of Sir Henry Bagnall's army gave the signal for a general rising, and the rebel Tyrone virtually reigned from Lough Foyle to the Blackwater. Public expectation pointed to Essex as the fittest

* 'History of the Princess Elizabeth,' by William Camden, p. 624.

† Ibid. p. 556.

man to meet the danger, and on March 12, 1599, after long and stormy debates, he was named Deputy, and entrusted with the command of a nominally powerful army. A letter from him to his intimate friend the Earl of Southampton,* gives a graphic picture of his sentiments in undertaking the enterprise. He went, not altogether unwillingly, yet full of misgivings; divided between his love of military glory and his apprehension of the straits to which either success or failure could hardly fail to reduce him; exasperated by the queen's continued ill-humour, and exasperating it still further by his petulance and obstinacy; well aware of the advantage which his rivals at court would derive from his absence, yet ready to play their game with his eyes open. They, on their part, knowing 'that 'there is no more easy way to overthrow a man grown popular 'than by thrusting him forward upon a business which he is 'unable and unfit for,' perfidiously 'spurred him forward who 'was running before;' 'and that they might entangle the 'heedless and uncircumspect earl in their close-laid nets, they 'set spies upon him to observe his actions, take notice of his 'speeches, and to make all things to be more and worse than 'they were.' †

His campaign failed lamentably; but the attempt to prove that it was conducted with disloyal intentions will not bear serious investigation. It failed from the same causes which had already led to repeated disasters in the same field—disaffection amongst the troops, incompetency in the generals, difficulties of country and climate. The parsimony of the queen compelled her soldiers to serve without pay for at least eighty days, the cost of clothing, provisions, and ammunition being deducted from their daily pittance; ‡ the Irish not only inspired their enemies with respect by their native prowess, but struck them with terror by their supposed command of supernatural agencies; § the season was, even for Ireland, an extraordinarily wet one; Essex was ill-advised, spent with illness, and sorely disturbed in mind. Finally, neglecting the queen's prohibition, he left his post, appeared suddenly at Nonsuch one morning in September as her Majesty was completing her toilet, and was, before night, committed to custody for contempt of the royal injunction.

Investigations followed, rather for the purpose of appeasing

* Published by Dr. Abbott, 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 110.

† Camden, pp. 568–9.

‡ 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 121.

§ Harrington, 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. ii. p. 24.

popular discontent than of satisfying public justice. First, a simple declaration was made in the Star Chamber, November 29, of the causes moving the queen to displeasure against the earl. This was succeeded, June 5, 1600, by a more solemn proceeding before an irregularly constituted court at York House, where Essex was confined. 'My lord,' wrote Sir Gilly Meyrick, one of the earl's partisans, 'was charged by the serjeant, attorney, the solicitor, and Mr. Bacon—who was very idle, and, I hope, will have the reward of that honour in the end.'* One incident of the trial is worth notice as demonstrating the spuriousness of a document relied on by Mr. Spedding as the one irrefragable proof of Essex's treachery in the field. This memorandum, published in the 'Winwood Memorials' under the title 'Tyrone's Propositions,' purports to represent the terms which Essex came over from Ireland to submit to the queen, and, if we could believe it to be genuine, we should, with Mr. Spedding, hold him guilty of having been willing to treat with Tyrone on the basis of a virtual abrogation of English sovereignty in Ireland. The following circumstance, however, sufficiently disposes of it. The first five articles of the so-called 'Propositions' related to the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Ireland. Now this concession, however just and wise it may seem to us, was at that time far more offensive to popular prejudice than the really objectionable clauses of the treaty, and Coke accordingly, with his usual virulence, urged against the prisoner a charge of 'toleration.' But what was the earl's reply? Toleration, he said, 'had been mentioned by Tyrone, but never yielded by him; to whom he had plainly said, Hang thee up, thou carest for religion as much as my horse!'† Whercupon Secretary Cecil, who knew the truth, and saw that the attorney had gone too far, came forward to clear the earl of having yielded to that 'foul condition, though, by reason of Tyrone's vaunting afterwards, it might have some show of probability.'‡ The proceedings, which had been instituted far more for the justification of the queen than for the incrimination of Essex, ended with a nominal sentence, and the earl was, some weeks later, released from restraint.

But although officially exonerated from all suspicion of disloyalty, he had by this time forfeited his claim to an untarnished reputation. During his imprisonment he had sanctioned

* 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 174.

† Devereux, 'Lives of the Earls of Essex,' vol. ii. p. 105.

‡ 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 171.

an undoubtedly treasonable scheme for declaring the succession of the King of Scots with the aid of the Irish army; and when the prudence of Mountjoy, the new viceroy, compelled the abandonment of this project, his thoughts began to turn towards the reckless enterprise which eventually cost him his life. In truth, he had wellnigh lost the power of governing either his passions or his projects. The difficulties of his situation had completely overthrown not only his physical, but his mental health. At times his life was despaired of. At times his mind seemed on the brink of ruin. 'The Earl of Essex hath been somewhat crazy this week,'* we hear, on February 28, from John Chamberlain, the indefatigable newswriter of the period. 'The man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea,'† writes Sir John Harrington, the witty godson of the queen. Elizabeth's insulting refusal to renew his monopoly of sweet wines—his sole hope of retrieving an estate burdened with debts largely incurred in the service of the Crown—turned the scale towards treason. His abortive insurrection of February 8, 1601, was—in Fouché's cynical phrase—'worse than a crime, a blunder,' and it incurred the speedy retribution which not unfrequently misses a crime, but invariably overtakes a blunder.

We now come to Bacon's share in these transactions. It is far from our intention to try his conduct by the romantic standard of a school-girl's first friendship. We do not expect from him the devotion of a Damon, or the fidelity of a Kent. Supereminent virtues do not, indeed, come within the ordinary range of history. They are so rare as to win applause rather than awake expectation. There are, it is true, occasions when, if a man will not rise to generosity, he must stoop to baseness; but this was hardly one of them. We shall simply enquire whether Bacon's action in this matter was that of a man of the world who was also a man of honour. We confess that the provisions of no code with which we are acquainted are sufficiently liberal to cover his proceedings; and we believe that the popular condemnation of his conduct was, in the main, grounded on a tolerably fair estimate of his character.

We have, then, three grave charges to bring against him. First, that he was virtually a suitor for the office of counsel against his benefactor; next, that, after sentence was passed, he failed to intercede with the queen for his life; lastly, that he lent himself to the perversions of fact and falsifications of

* 'Letters of John Chamberlain,' p. 69.

† 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. i. p. 179. Quoted by Mr. Spedding, vol. ii. p. 293.

evidence contained in the official 'Declaration touching the Treasons of the Earl of Essex.' As regards the first count of our indictment, it is material to observe that Bacon's relation to the Crown at that time was not only anomalous, but unprecedented. He was the first of that numerous class of barristers who now, under very different conditions, don, with their silk gowns, the title of Queen's Counsel. At the very time that she held him on the verge of beggary by refusing him office, Elizabeth, who was an adept in the art of securing the gratuitous services of her subjects, began to employ him in Crown cases. He held no patent, he received no fee, but came by degrees to occupy a recognised position amongst the 'Learned Counsel,' while his official duties were regulated exclusively by the discretion or caprice of the queen. We do not deny that the royal commands would have been paramount to any private obligation, although, under somewhat similar circumstances, Yelverton subsequently declined to appear against Somerset, and Whitelocke successfully pleaded for exemption from the duty of accusing Laud; but there is no evidence that Elizabeth intended to place Bacon in the dilemma in which they found themselves. On the contrary, his chief uneasiness seems to have been caused by the prospect of his services remaining unclaimed. We quote his own account of the matter from his 'Apology,' published in 1604, when the friends of Essex were once more in the ascendant, and it was his interest to set himself right with them. A short time before the York House prosecution, he informs us, it was notified to him 'that her Majesty was not yet resolved whether she would have him forborne in the business or no.'

'And hereupon,' he continues, 'might arise that other sinister and untrue speech that I hear is raised of me, how I was a suitor to be used against my Lord of Essex at that time; for it is very true that I, that knew well what had passed between the queen and me, and what occasion I had given her both of distaste and distrust in crossing her disposition by standing steadfastly for my Lord of Essex, and suspecting it also to be a stratagem arising from some particular emulation' (the professional jealousy of Coke), 'I writ to her two or three words of compliment, signifying to her Majesty, that if she would be pleased to spare me in my lord of Essex cause, out of the consideration she took of my obligation towards him, I should reckon it for one of her highest favours; but otherwise desiring her Majesty to think that I knew the degrees of duties, and that no particular obligation whatsoever to any subject could supplant or weaken that entireness of duty that I did owe and bear to her and her service.'

It is clear that in the above words he strives to extenuate,

but does not attempt to repel, the charge of having offered his services for the prosecution of the earl, and that the 'two or three words of compliment' were designed for the effect they actually produced—that of baffling the stratagem of his rival, and procuring for himself the opportunity of distinction in a conspicuous cause. Moreover, not satisfied with the insignificant part assigned to him, 'because it was considered how he stood tied to my lord of Essex,' he went out of his way to bring forward a piece of evidence eminently calculated to revive the queen's smouldering resentment. This was a letter written by Essex to Egerton shortly after the scene at Greenwich, filled with passionate complaints of the queen's injustice and severity. Bacon admits that 'in the delivery he did handle his part not tenderly,' but pleads his intention 'to uphold himself in credit and strength with the queen, the better to be able to do my lord good offices afterwards'—an excuse which sounds like irony, looking at the upshot. It is true that he subsequently made some assiduous and doubtless well-meant efforts to reinstate Essex in court favour, and 'was never,' he tells us, 'better welcome to the queen, nor more made of, than when he spake fullest and boldest for him;' but when the clouds gathered again, and his own credit seemed in peril with his friend's, he 'determined to meddle no more in the matter, seeing that it would overthrow himself, and do my lord of Essex no good.'

This resolution he carried out unflinchingly. Not only he denounced him at his final trial as a hypocrite and dissembler as well as a traitor, comparing him to Cain, Judas, Pisistratus, and—worse than all, in the jealous apprehension of Elizabeth—to Guise; but, having the opportunity at a private interview with the queen before his execution (and this brings us to the second of our charges against him), he 'durst not deal directly for my lord as matters then stood.' Some vague hints of extenuation which he professes to have urged, we may dismiss as idle; the fact remains, that when an earnest word might have saved the life of a man towards whom he acknowledged deep obligations, he failed to speak that word. Here at least he could put forward no plea of superior service; he had done his duty, and more than his duty; he had earned, by his supererogatory zeal, the right to be heard as a suppliant; but he did not dare to run the gauntlet of a woman's frown in at least attempting to deliver from the scaffold the friend whom he had helped to condemn.

The case of Essex was eminently one in which justice, while it was not outraged by rigour, would have been adorned by

clemency. Although technically guilty of high treason, he was in all probability innocent of any essentially treasonable purpose. That he ever dreamt of supplanting his sovereign on the throne was a lie which the government was not ashamed to invent, but was afraid to confront him with.

‘One thing sticks much in men’s minds,’ writes Chamberlain (Mr. Spedding, in citing the letter, omits this passage), ‘that whereas divers preachers were commanded, the Sunday before, to deliver to the people among his other treasons, that he had complotted with Tyrone, and was reconciled to the Pope’ (‘the Pope’ was a mere sop to the Cerberus of the Paul’s Cross congregation), ‘and whereas Mr. Attorney, at Tom Leigh’s arraignment, averred the same combining with Tyrone, and that he had practised, by the means of seminary priests, with the Pope and King of Spain, to be King of England—there was no such matter mentioned at his arraignment, and yet there was time enough for it, from nine o’clock in the morning till almost seven at night.’ *

What Essex attempted to effect by means of a convulsion in the State, would be accomplished at the present day through the agency of a vote in Parliament. He sought, by dangerous and unjustifiable means, to remove from the queen advisers whose policy he believed to be not only hostile to himself, but prejudicial to the realm. When, raising the cry that his life was in danger, and the country sold to Spain, he flung himself, delirious with excitement, upon the city with a handful of half-armed followers, his patriotic fears were no doubt magnified by disappointed ambition. But that they were neither feigned, nor altogether unfounded, is proved by the fact, recently brought to light by Mr. Gardiner,† that Cecil’s name is prominent on the list of Spanish pensioners; while a letter written by Raleigh,‡ then high in court favour, shortly before Essex’s death, exhibits him in the light of a rancorous and unscrupulous foe to the unhappy young earl.

Elizabeth’s final obduracy towards Essex has always been a problem to historians, and the famous story of the ring is doubtless rather a testimony to their perplexity than a record of actual fact. There is evidence that the sentence was not carried into effect without some hesitation on her part. Camden expressly tells us that she sent contradictory commands re-

* Letters of John Chamberlain, p. 105.

† ‘History of England,’ 1603–1616, Appendix III. In 1605, the pension received by Salisbury (Cecil) from Spain was raised from 4,000 to 6,000 crowns. It does not appear at what date it began to be paid.

‡ Murdin, ‘Burghley Papers,’ p. 812.

specting its execution, which was postponed from Saturday, February 21, when it would, in the ordinary course, have taken place, to the following Wednesday.* According to Raleigh, Essex's saying that the queen 'had become as 'crooked in mind as in person,' cost him his head; and we can hardly doubt that the outraged affection of a woman aided the jealous alarm of a sovereign to bring about his untimely end.

It is at least certain that she never, after his death, recovered her former equanimity and high spirit. Sir John Harrington, an unimpeachable witness, gives a deplorable account of the condition in which he found her on several subsequent occasions.

'She is quite disfavoured and unattired,' he says, 'and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. . . . I must not say much even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs hath overcome all her Highness' sweet temper. She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage.'

Shortly before her death, he writes to his 'Sweet Mall':—

'Not many days since I was bidden to her presence: I blest the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone. I replied with reverence, that I had seen him with the Lord Deputy; she looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, "Oh, now it mindeth me that you was *one* who saw this man *elsewhere*," and hereat she dropt a tear, and smote her bosom; she held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips, but in sooth her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling.' †

She died March 24, 1603, of hopeless melancholy. 'Her physicians said she had a body of firm and perfect constitution 'likely to have lived many years.' ‡

There is a singular circumstance connected with Bacon's relations to Elizabeth on one side, and Essex on the other, which seems to us to deserve somewhat more attention than it has hitherto received. From the time that Essex was first

* Another possible motive for this postponement might be found in the anxiety of the government to develope to the utmost Essex's penitent disposition to confess all the details and reveal all the accomplices of his crime. Nevertheless, although his confession was probably elicited under their directions, they ventured to publish only a mutilated fragment of it.

† 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. ii. p. 78.

‡ Quoted from Harl. MSS. by Mr. Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 55.

committed to custody at York House, public rumour (as we learn from his 'Apology') fixed on Bacon as the secret agent in his disgrace with the queen. The clamour on the subject was so loud and persistent that the cautious Cecil (whose conduct towards Essex was marked throughout by extreme moderation) remonstrated with him on his supposed treachery; and his life was even threatened—as he took care to inform the queen—by some of the earl's violent partisans. This is strange enough; but what follows seems, at first sight, still more inexplicable. The rumours in question proceeded (as Bacon gives us plainly to understand) from no less an authority than Elizabeth herself! We find ourselves, then, in presence of the following dilemma: either they were true, and Bacon's character was blacker than it has ever been painted, or they were false, and the deliberate invention of the queen. We incline to the latter alternative. No conceivable motive could have urged Bacon to play such a dangerous game. By doing so he would probably have rendered himself odious to his royal mistress; he would certainly have made himself obnoxious to a powerful party which might at any moment become predominant in the State. It would have been a piece of gratuitous villany; and gratuitous villany was as foreign to his nature as gratuitous heroism.

On the other hand, the love of popularity was, with Elizabeth, a passion second only to her love of power. Essex had, by his contumacy, insulted the one; he now, by his misfortunes, threatened the other. Bacon warned her that her 'proceeding toward my lord was a thing towards the people very implausible; and therefore wished her majesty, howsoever she did, yet to discharge herself of it, and to lay it upon others.' She took his advice. She 'discharged herself of it,' and 'laid it' upon the shoulders of her astute counsellor. It may be remarked that this view of her conduct is entirely in accordance with her known character; and her treatment of Bacon in this matter bears a striking analogy to her treatment of Davison in the case of the Queen of Scots. It is also noticeable that Bacon's court favour seems to have ceased with the execution of Essex. After the proceedings relating to the trial had terminated, we have no further narratives of 'accesses' or interviews—no further records of letters or new year's gifts. There was, in his favourite phrase, *altum silentium* between him and Elizabeth.

We shall now, in a few words, advert to the publication by which the Government endeavoured to justify to the people of England their proceedings towards the Earl of Essex. The

queen having, with her usual discernment, 'taken a liking to 'the pen' of Francis Bacon, the task was committed to him. We doubt whether there is a second instance in history of such powers having been prostituted to such a purpose. The treason of Essex was patent; but the people persisted in believing that their favourite had, by undue severity, been driven into that treason. What was wanted was a plausible excuse for the rigour previously exercised towards him, and this was found in the charge of collusion with Tyrone—a charge indignantly refuted by the earl in his lifetime, and revived, with dastardly caution, only when he was no longer at hand to defend himself. Even if, in the case of the misstatements requisite for the support of this assertion, we admit Bacon's plea, that he wrote from instructions, there remains a still graver charge which can be brought home to him personally—that of mutilating and garbling the evidence professedly 'taken word for word out of 'the originals.' The production of witnesses in court being considered dangerous to the Crown, sworn depositions were substituted for *viva voce* examinations. These depositions were obtained under circumstances which rendered them utterly untrustworthy. But of these depositions so procured the accused did not get the full benefit. Only such portions of them were read as suited the purposes of the prosecution. We find the original documents still preserved in the State Paper Office, adorned with such marginal notes as 'Read not this;' '*Cave!*' '*Hucusque!*' &c.* These 'directions to the reader' form an enduring record of the official zeal and the judicial iniquity of those times.

To the 'Declaration touching the Treasons of the Earl of 'Essex' were appended, 'for the better warranting and verifying of the narration,' 'the very confessions and testimonies 'themselves, word for word, taken out of the originals.' By using a somewhat wide interpretation, we might construe this to mean that such portions of the evidence were published as had been proved on the trial. But the late Mr. Jardine, in examining the originals of these confessions, made the singular discovery that, besides the 'directions' of the Attorney-General, several passages were marked, in Bacon's handwriting, with the letters '*om*' (omit); and on turning to the printed 'Declaration,' all the passages thus indicated were found, in fact, to be absent.† Some of the phrases thus omitted give a hearsay character to the evidence; many show want of concert and

* Jardine, 'Criminal Trials,' Introduction, p. 28.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 332, note.

premeditation among the conspirators; the great majority tend in some way to invalidate the official narrative. In more than one instance, sentences are distorted into a darker signification than they originally bore. The evidence, thus mutilated by Coke and garbled by Bacon, was given to the public with the Government 'Declaration,' and contributed, no doubt, to give a delusive air of plausibility to the story therein contained.

Mr. Spedding's defence of Bacon against this grave accusation can assuredly satisfy no candid enquirer. 'It falls,' he tells us, 'into four divisions,' which we give in his own words:—

'First, it is by no means certain that the marks in question were made in reference to the Declaration at all. Secondly, it is quite possible that the passages in question had been omitted at the trial. Thirdly, whether the omission were right or wrong, there is no ground for imputing it to Bacon personally. Fourthly, the passages omitted do not in any one particular tend to soften the evidence against Essex as explained in the narrative part, or to modify in any way the history of the case, as far as it concerned him.' *

This sounds well; but it is in truth as flimsy a structure as Don Quixote's pasteboard morion, and needs to be as tenderly handled. Indeed, it required all Mr. Spedding's large faith in his hero to enable him gravely to put on paper so hollow an apology. He doubts that the marks were made with a view to the 'Declaration,' because several passages '*not* so marked' are nevertheless omitted in the appendix, and because 'similar marks are found in other papers of which no part is printed there.' We meet his negative with an affirmative. *All* the passages indicated for suppression by Bacon were, in point of fact, suppressed in the 'Declaration,' which in its narrative shows the clearest 'evidence of design,' as regards the phrases made away with. It is then futile to doubt or deny the purpose of such manipulation.

Mr. Spedding next suggests that the passages so marked *may* (our readers will notice the hypothetical character of the argument), by an afterthought, have been suppressed by Coke at the trial. To this we reply that many pieces of evidence which did not come into existence until after the trial—as, for instance, the confessions of Essex and Blunt—were, nevertheless, garbled in the 'Declaration.' We might add, that the professional dishonesty of one man would scarcely excuse the official falsehood of another; but we prefer keeping to the ground which Mr. Spedding himself has chosen. He next denies *in toto* Bacon's responsibility, on the plea that he *may*

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 242.

have merely written down the directions of the Council. But we read that on March 16 'twenty-five papers concerning ' the Earl of Essex's treasons were delivered to Mr. Francis ' Bacon for her Majesty's service ;'—to Mr. Francis Bacon personally and privately, not to the Council. Finally, Mr. Spedding expresses in general terms his (doubtless sincere) conviction 'that the narrative put forth by the Government ' was meant to be, and was by its authors believed to be, a ' narrative strictly and scrupulously veracious.' We believe we should be nearer to the truth in affirming it, with Lord Clarendon, to be 'a pestilent libel.' It is not, however, matter of belief, it is matter of fact. To give one example. The assertion contained in the 'Declaration' that Essex's unlucky expedition to Munster was 'never advertised over hither' until it was past, is flatly contradicted by Cecil's private correspondence, which proves that he not only knew, but approved of, that incident of the campaign before it took place. And this instance is by no means a solitary one.* As regards Mr. Spedding's belief in the indifferent character of the particulars suppressed, we can only say that it is peculiar. We have little doubt that no dispassionate reader can agree with him, and we are fully convinced that his opinion was not shared by the authors of the 'Declaration.'

His general advocacy of Bacon's cause is an excellent example of that *à priori* reasoning which, driven from the realm of physical science, frequently finds a shelter under the less rigorous *régime* of biography or history. Starting with the assumption that Bacon's motives were invariably pure and his ends lofty, he painfully endeavours to make the facts fit into the framework thus provided for them. By admitting much that is inadmissible, and overlooking all that is inconvenient, he has executed, to his own satisfaction, his task of rehabilitation. But he would have been a better advocate if he had been a less honest historian, and circumstances which his candour did not allow him to suppress tell heavily against his argument. Believing that Essex's crime is Bacon's apology, he allows himself to forget that the worst features in the earl's case rested on proof insufficient, at the present day, to convict a

* The best commentary on the 'Declaration' is the fact, related by Chamberlain, that, a year after the execution of Essex, it was anxiously debated in the English Council whether Tyrone was to be received on the identical conditions the entertainment of which had been imputed as a crime to that unhappy nobleman. Chamberlain to Carleton, February 28, 1602.

street Arab of filching a pocket-handkerchief; and that private ambition, not public duty, induced Bacon to solicit the office of accuser, which his biographer conveniently assumes him to have reluctantly accepted.

We learn with satisfaction that the labours of the pliant advocate were in this case rewarded, although 'not in the proportion he hoped.' Twelve hundred pounds were assigned to him out of the fines paid into the Treasury by the confederates of Essex, which enabled him to redeem Twickenham Park, partially to satisfy his creditors, and thus enter upon a career of comparative prosperity. Add to this that, by his brother's death in May 1601, he inherited the remnant of his estates, including Gorhambury. Anthony Bacon did not long survive his beloved patron the Earl of Essex. The cruel shock of his tragical end seems to have overthrown a constitution long undermined by disease. His character formed a curious contrast with that of Francis Bacon. According to his own estimate, he was a man 'by imperfection of nature not only careless of himself, but incapable of what was best for himself.' His simple and affectionate disposition was swayed by two predominant instincts—devotion to Essex, and love of his brother. He frequently offered to surrender his own considerable claims on the Government in consideration of his brother's advancement, and was always willing to add to the heavy burden of his own debts in order to relieve his necessities. Thus it is not without indignation that we find Francis disowning his brother's actions under Elizabeth, and claiming the credit of them under James; while we read, almost with a sense of shame, his letter to the queen of March 12, 1599, in which, after informing her Majesty that, owing to his increasing difficulties, 'he fears his brother will endeavour to put away Gorhambury,' he begs her assistance to 'get it into his own hands;' 'where I do figure to myself,' he adds, 'that one day I may have the honour and comfort to bid your Majesty welcome, and to trim and dress the grounds for your Majesty's solace.' *

Bacon, like many others, founded great hopes on the new reign. 'I assure you,' he wrote to a Scottish physician, 'Galen doth not set down greater variety of pulses than do vent here in men's hearts.' 'He found himself,' he said, 'as one awaked out of sleep;' and cherished the fallacious opinion that 'the canvassing world was gone, and the deserving world had come.' In awaiting, however, the happy time when

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 165.

merit should be able to dispense with intrigue, he did not neglect any possible expedient for impressing a 'good conceit' of himself on the new king. Sir Robert Cecil—created, May 4, 1605, Earl of Salisbury—was now, as he professed, 'the personage in the State whom he loved most,' and he was unquestionably the fittest to advance his interests. He seems, however, to have been more willing to extend to his cousin the petty patronage which kept him long dependent, than the efficacious help which would have made him rapidly great. He recruited his finances by procuring for him a small pension in recognition of his brother's services, and a still smaller stipend in acknowledgment of his position as King's Counsel; he soothed his vanity by obtaining for him the 'divulged' and almost prostituted title of knighthood; he defended him against unruly creditors, and recommended him to his future mother-in-law—a 'little violent lady,' as Chamberlain calls her, who from a 'city widow' had become Lady Dorothy Packington. Of Alice Barnham, the alderman's daughter, whom Francis Bacon made his wife in 1606, we know that she was then 'a handsome maiden to his liking,' with no despicable fortune, and that she became, shortly before his death, the object of his unexplained displeasure; the intervening twenty years, however, seem to have been a neutral tract as regards emotions.

At length, after standing, as he said, 'next the door,' during the best part of his life, and suffering 'continual disgraces' by 'every new man coming above him,' he was, June 25, 1607, raised to the long-coveted Solicitor's place. This 'mending of his fortune' was quickly followed by the falling in of his reversionary office in the Star Chamber, so that he was able to estimate his annual income at nearly 5,000*l.* with the drawback of 4,481*l.* of debts. In the fulness of his new prosperity, he sat down, one memorable day in the long vacation of 1608, to commit to paper his confidential instructions to himself for the regulation of his conduct in his altered circumstances. The result of five days' cogitation has been preserved, and forms what he called a 'Commentarius Solutus, like a merchant's waste book, where to enter all manner of remembrance of matter, form, business, study, touching myself, service, others, without any manner of restraint.' This remarkable relic is by far the most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Bacon's character which Mr. Spedding's industry has brought to light. Its revelations are absolutely trustworthy, because meant for the author's eye alone; and the author was far too practical to pose for effect when he himself was the sole spec-

tator. We proceed, with as little comment as possible, to place before our readers some short extracts from its contents.

' July 25.—To set on foot and maintain access with his Majesty.*

' To attend some time his repasts and to fall into a course of familiar discourse.

' To find means to win a conceit, not open but private, of being affectionate and assured to the Scotch, and fit to succeed Salisbury in his manage in that kind.

' To have ever in readiness matter to minister talk with every of the great counsellors *respectivè*, both to induce familiarity and for countenance in public place.

' To win credit comparate to the Attorney,† in being more short, round, and resolute. (All this is nothing except there is more.)

' To have in mind and use the Attorney's weakness. The example of Fuller's book. . . . The coldest examiner; weak in Gunter's cause, weak with the judges in the Lady Arabella's cause. Too full of cases and distinctions. Nibbling solemnly, he distinguisheth, but apprehends not.

' Insinuate myself to become privy to my lord of Salisbury's estate.

' To correspond with Salisbury in a habit of natural but noways perilous boldness, and in vivacity, invention, care to cast and enterprise (but with due caution), for this manner I judge both in his nature freeth the stands, and in his ends pleaseth him best, and promiseth most use of me.'

Several pages of memoranda follow regarding his philosophical schemes—the 'drawing in' of great people with full purses to the cause of the 'Great Instauration,' the foundation of lectureships and libraries, the institution of experiments, the 'laying for a place to command wits and pens.' He reminds himself to 'discourse scornfully of the philosophy of 'the Grccians,' and to 'take a greater confidence and authority 'in discourses of this nature, *tanquam sui certus et de alto despiciens*.'

Farther on, intermixed with hints of a parliamentary policy, and allusions to his lofty project for the foundation of a great 'Monarchy in the West,' we find such entries as the following:—

' Succeed Salisbury, and amuse the king and prince with pastime and glory.

' It is like Salisbury hath some further intention upwards: To win him to the point of policy. *Surdis modis, cave aliter*.

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iv. p. 40. We have adopted Mr. Spedding's careful interpretation of the numerous abbreviations found in the original manuscript.

† Sir Henry Hobart, who succeeded Coke as Attorney-General, July 1606.

‘At Council-table chiefly to make good my lord of Salisbury’s motions and speeches, and for the rest sometimes one, sometimes another; chiefly his that is most earnest and in affection.

‘Applying myself to be inward with my Lady Dorset, per Champners *ad utilit. testam.*’ (Mr. Spedding suggests that this legacy-hunting may have been pursued in the interests of science. We gladly accept the plea for what it is worth.)

‘To furnish my lord of Salisbury with ornaments for public speeches.

‘To make him think how he should be revered by a Lord Chancellor if I were; princelike.’

Finally, under the heading ‘Hubbard’s Disadvantage’—

‘all his faults observ’d,
Set in a note-book, learn’d and conn’d by rote’---

we find a number of jottings, of which the following may serve as specimens:—

‘Better at shift than at drift.

‘No power with the judge.

‘He will alter a thing, but not mend.

‘Sociable save in profit.

‘I never knew any of so good a speech with a worse pen.’ &c.

It is a relief to be able to add that we meet with no evidence of any direct attempt on the part of Bacon to hinder the course of his colleague’s uniformly prosperous career.

Whoever would know Francis Bacon must study the ‘Commentarius Solutus.’ The secret of the littleness that flawed his greatness, and of the greatness that half redeemed his littleness, is there. In it he has lent us the key to the inner chamber of his mind. We enter, and find ourselves, not indeed in a Bluebeard’s closet, ghastly with the flagrant evidences of crime, but in a decorous place of business, neatly stored with inventories of his rival’s weaknesses, with hints how to promote splendid projects by contemptible means, and with practical memoranda of all the abject arts of the flatterer and courtier.

We have reserved one entry for separate consideration, as leading to a subject on which we would gladly bestow more than a passing notice. But the same poet who calls time ‘irreparable’ stigmatises space as ‘iniquitous,’ and we, like him, must submit to its restrictions. The entry in question runs as follows:—

‘To think of matters against next Parliament for satisfaction of king and people in my particular; otherwise with respect *ad policy è gemino.*’

The policy *à gemino*, according to Mr. Spedding, was some device, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, for meeting the pressing want of the time, by filling the exchequer and at the same time appeasing popular discontent; while the first clause of the sentence exposes, in our view, the guiding motive of Bacon's entire parliamentary career. He was probably the only politician of that day who fully and steadily discerned the growing importance in the State of the House of Commons. Burleigh would gladly have governed without Parliament; a session was to Salisbury an evil only to be encountered for the sake of the subsidy which was its concomitant good; even Coke acted rather in the unruly temper of a demagogue than in the far-seeing spirit of a statesman; Bacon alone read aright the signs of the times. The summoning of the great national council was, he emphatically declared, 'the cause of causes'—*summa summarum*—a measure equally essential to the dignity of the king and to the welfare of the kingdom. He admonished an impatient and arbitrary sovereign of the necessity of guiding and 'rectifying that body of Parliament-men which is *cardo rerum*;'* and earnestly deprecated the system, just then coming ominously into vogue, by which poverty was made (as mathematicians say) a function of prerogative, and the necessities of the Crown became the recognised engine for extorting redress for the grievances of the people.

Amongst the men of his time, Bacon was, both by natural gifts and by long experience, the best qualified to lead the Commons towards harmonious action with the executive. He was an active member of the last six Parliaments of Elizabeth, and the first two of James. During full thirty years his voice was heard in every great debate, his name was conspicuous on almost every committee-list. He was intimately acquainted with the temper of the assembly of which he formed a part. To the ready tact of the practised debater he added the crafty logic of the lawyer, and the persuasive accents of the orator. Ben Jonson has left us, amongst his 'Explorata or Discoveries,' a striking record of the impression produced by his discourses on the minds of his hearers.

'There happened in my time,' he writes, 'one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but con-

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. v. p. 243.

sisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.'

The influence thus conferred by genius was strengthened by diligence. From the day he took his seat for Melcombe in the Parliament of 1584, to the abrupt dissolution of the Parliament of 1614, Bacon strained every nerve to obtain influence with the House of Commons. But this was not the whole of his endeavour. The task which he proposed to himself was one which demanded far more delicate handling than that of securing sway over a deliberative assembly. Had he merely

'Enfcoff'd himself to popularity,'

he might have earned reputation as a patriot, but he could never have wielded power as a minister. 'Popular men,' he warned the king with regard to Coke, 'are no fit mounters for your majesty's saddle.' And with the hopes of promotion which were so dear to him, he must also have surrendered the prospect (by no means indifferent) of leading his country towards union at home and greatness abroad. For Francis Bacon was no common trimmer. Genius is never wholly apostate from its transcendental creed. *Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.* For him the narrow horizons of ordinary men widened and brightened, admitting into the background of his mind a flood of visionary light which it is not given to all to see. The misfortune was, that he allowed the foreground to be occupied by objects unworthy in themselves, and still more unworthy by contrast with the higher aims which they were suffered to obscure.

Bacon's singular political tact was shown by the success with which he played his double game of conciliating both the Crown and the Commons. Once only, in his memorable subsidy speech of 1593, he went too far; but he never again transgressed the line which his failure on that occasion enabled him to trace more clearly. On crucial points, such as we should now call 'Cabinet questions,' he ever afterwards supported the executive; while on neutral subjects he, with equal steadiness, took the popular side. It was part of his deliberate policy to keep always on hand some useful or plausible measures which should tend to make him acceptable to the House as well as important to the administration, and might at the same time, like the golden apples in the race of Atalanta (to borrow a favourite simile of his own), serve to distract the representatives

of the people from the perilous goal of constitutional reform. These, then, were the 'matters for satisfaction of king and 'Parliament in my particular,' adverted to in the above-quoted entry; and it is characteristic of the man that his 'particular' aims should have taken precedence of public interests.

It cannot but occasion surprise to find that such dainty tactics were acted on with constancy and success during a long series of years. In 1612, when looking to succeed Salisbury as Secretary of State, Bacon was able to boast to the king that, although well known as 'a perfect and peremptory royalist,' he was 'never one hour out of credit with the Lower 'House.' In 1615, when suing to succeed Ellesmere as Chancellor, one of the chief recommendations which he put forward on his own behalf was, that 'he had always been gracious in 'the Lower House,' and had 'some interest in the gentlemen 'of England.' Thus his parliamentary position was diligently earned and sedulously urged by him as a qualification for office. He thrust himself into the hands of the king as an instrument cunningly devised to meet the true exigency of the time. Unhappily the master whom he served was incapable of discerning the worth or purpose of so fine a tool. Bacon showed his usual insight when he wrote of James, after a first interview, that 'his Majesty rather asked counsel of the time past 'than of the time to come.' Of the time present he felt indeed the stress, but without divining the purport. The House of Commons appeared to him, not as the representatives of a great nation advancing irresistibly towards self-consciousness and self-government, but as an insolent and ungovernable body, endowed with an anomalous power in the State, who 'by 'their behaviour' (as he wrote to his Council after the dissolution of 1610), 'have perilled and annoyed our health, wounded 'our reputation, emboldened all ill-natured people, encroached 'upon many of our privileges, and plagued our purse with their 'delays.' *

His estimate of the adroit counsellor who was content to purchase power with degradation, and dignities with indignities,† was of a corresponding character. What was despicable in him he esteemed; what was estimable he despised. He assimilated his flattery, accepted his servility, dismissed his highest thoughts with a complacent jest, and neglected him without remorse in his adversity. His service was as the refiner's

* Murrin, 'Burghley Papers,' p. 813.

† 'By indignities men come to dignities.' Bacon's essay 'Of Great 'Place,' Abbott's ed., vol. i. p. 34.

furnace, to separate the pure metal from the ore. But the dross was selected for use and honour, while the true gold was flung aside as worthless. It is not then wonderful that Bacon's comprehensive schemes were sacrificed to his purpose of maintaining, at all hazards, his place and his favour at court. The *gloria in obsequio* which, adopting the words of Sejanus to Tiberius,* he offered to the king as the price of his elevation to the woolsack, was literally exacted. In his attempt to exaggerate the prerogative, he was perhaps not deliberately dishonest. He combined at all times, with his larger ideas of the functions of Parliament, a high notion of the authority of the Crown. But his opinions on most points closely followed his interests, and on some were hardly more than their corollaries. It would thus be wholly vain to attempt, in his case, to separate honest conviction from interested persuasion.

We cannot agree with Mr. Spedding in holding Bacon guiltless as regards the many disgraceful transactions in which he was a zealous agent, and which have made the reign of James I. a period of English history not to be recalled without shame by any honest Englishman. He must bear his full share of responsibility for the judicial murder of Raleigh, the persecution of Peacham, the degradation of Coke—as well as for the deliberate conspiracy against the independence of the bench, of which the degradation of Coke was the most conspicuous overt act—for the traffic in peerages, and the corruption of justice. Our national conscience has always, in a special manner, revolted against the sacrifice, at the dictation of a foreign power, of a man elevated by that very sacrifice to the position of a national hero. Sir Walter Raleigh was, it is most true, more gallant than scrupulous, and we should be sorry to see his views of international duty accepted in our own day. But no casuistry can make his execution on an obsolete sentence square with that inborn sense of justice which is happily superior to argument; and no apology, however skilfully devised, can excuse Bacon for lending the highest legal sanction to that execution. By attempting, in the official Declaration, to justify that which admitted of no justification, he identified himself still more closely with an odious proceeding, and again incurs the obloquy due to servile compliance with tyrannical power.

If, in the case of Peacham, he divides with others the odium of having countenanced the infliction of torture on a helpless old man, there is another, and, if possible, a still more revolting instance, in which the guilt and shame of deliberate cruelty

* Rémusat, 'Bacon, sa Vie,' &c., p. 78.

rest primarily with him. The judicial infliction of torture, although unscrupulously practised under both Elizabeth and James, was recognised as a proceeding that would hardly bear the light, and was sedulously kept, as it were, *intra domesticos parietes*, apart from the ordinary course of justice. It marks the growing degradation of the bench that two instances should have occurred during the reign of James I., in which the warrant for the infliction of torture was directed to a common-law judge.* The last of these instances was that of Peacock.

Peacock was a schoolmaster and minister of the University of Cambridge, who found in the excitement inspired by the *cause célèbre* of the day that slight impulse which was wanting to upset the unstable equilibrium of his wits. In a crazy fit he boasted of having by sorcery infatuated the king's judgment in the case, then pending, of the Lakes and the Countess of Exeter; and on this preposterous charge he was committed, in February 1620, to the Tower. Chamberlain describes him as 'a very busy-brained fellow;' Camden informs us that public opinion was divided as to whether he should be set down as an impostor or a madman.† Bacon saw in his ravings a symptom of a dark and dangerous conspiracy. We could not have a more striking proof of how deeply he was infected with the suspicions inseparable from the evil exercise of power, than in his spontaneous proposal to subject this miserable man to the horrors of the rack and the manacles. 'If it may not be done otherwise,' he wrote to the king, 'it is fit Peacock be put to torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did.'‡ The result of this inhuman suggestion followed in due course. 'On Tuesday,' Chamberlain writes, February 22, 'he was hanged up by the wrists; and though he were very impatient of the torture, and swooned once or twice, yet I cannot learn that they have wrung any great matter out of him.'§ That Peacock was one of the latest victims in England of this barbarous mode of procedure is more satisfactory to remember than that Bacon was one of its last advocates. In Felton's case, eight years later, it was, by the unanimous decision of the judges, pronounced illegal, and in 1640 the torture-chamber of the Tower echoed for the last time the groans of an obscure sufferer.

There is no need to spend many words on the catastrophe of

* Jardine, 'A Reading on the Use of Torture.'

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. vii. pp. 28-9.

‡ Ibid. p. 77.

§ Ibid. p. 79.

Bacon's fall. It seems probable that the paradox in which he expressed his own verdict on his judicial character rested on a considerable foundation of truth. 'I was the justest judge,' he wrote, 'that was in England these fifty years. But it was 'the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred 'years.' This amounts to an assertion that his judgments were upright, coupled with an admission that his hands were not clean. Now we are not in a position to test with any approach to accuracy the truth of the first of these statements. For there existed at that time no recognised mode of appeal against the decisions of a Chancellor, and decrees, however unjust, necessarily passed, in the majority of cases, unchallenged. We do know, however, from a passage in Sir Matthew Hale's treatise on 'The Jurisdiction of the Lords' 'House,' that the discredit thrown upon chancery decrees by Bacon's misconduct was a powerful incentive to the definitive establishment, after the middle of that century, of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and thus some portion of the benefit which his genius had failed to confer upon his country, accrued to it from his disgrace.

Even, however, if it could be shown that his decisions were in every instance technically correct, we deny that such a discovery would materially affect the historical aspect of his case. The enquiry is of a purely secondary nature, and we must protest against its elevation by his mistaken apologists into a position of primary importance. The essence of corruption lies in the acceptance of a bribe, not in the delivery of an equivalent for it; and justice that is bought and sold has all the bitterness and much of the wrong of injustice.

No man ever understood the judicial functions more clearly, or expounded them more pithily, than Bacon. The 'lines and 'portraits of a good judge,'* which he drew on delivering his patent to Justice Hutton, deserve to be borne in mind not only for their wit, but for their wisdom. And yet more than one of his precepts reads like a satire on his own conduct. 'Keep your hands clean, and the hands of your servants that 'are about you,'† was his emphatic warning to Sir James Whitelocke within a few hours of pronouncing a decree in Lady Wharton's favour, in consideration of which he had received a purse containing 100*l.*, with a promise of 200*l.* more.‡ 'Fly all bribery and corruption,' he continued,

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. vi. p. 202.

† Ibid. vol. vii. p. 103.

‡ Gardiner, 'Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage,' vol. i. p. 444.

‘and preserve your integrity, not respecting any in course of justice; for what avails it if you should be incorrupt, and yet should be partial and a respecter of persons?’ For ‘bribes come but now and then; but if a man be affectionate or a time or a turn server, that will come every day.’ This, while he was himself submitting the procedure of his court to the audacious dictation of Buckingham, and encouraging his scandalous interference with the substance as well as with the forms of justice! But, as Montaigne says, *autre chose le presche que le prescheur*.

His conduct as a judge was in truth of a piece with the rest of his career. His whole life might be described, in his own quaint phrase, as a ‘policy *à gemino*.’ He aspired to be at once a great philosopher and a great statesman. He intrigued for court favour at the same time that he laboured for parliamentary reputation. He sought to augment the prerogative of the Crown while he enlarged the influence of the Commons. He would willingly have paid to Essex a decent tribute of gratitude, while presenting to Elizabeth a profitable oblation of subserviency. He desired to be a just judge without declining the unlawful gains offered to him by the facilities of his office, and without imperilling his place by resisting the unwarrantable pretensions of an arrogant favourite. He had great ends, but they were so wrapped up and entangled in petty ones as to prove for the most part abortive. He acted on the precept of Tacitus, *Uteriora mirari, præsentia sequi*; but acted on it, not so as to ennoble minor duties by subordination to a higher purpose, but so as to invest the sordid present with the delusive light of a visionary future. The end, in his theory, justified the means; but in his practice it was superseded by them. His fatal error was that he did not know how to sacrifice what was little to what was great—that he placed first what should have come last, and last what should have come first. That he did so much was due to the splendour of his intellect; that he did not do more was owing to his moral deficiencies.

Not the least instructive portion of Bacon’s life is that comprised in the five years of his adversity. We discover with a certain involuntary surprise that his ambition survived his degradation, and that the man who one day rode high on the chariot of success was the same, and no other, than he who the next rolled in the dust of disgrace. He was as sanguine, as diligent, as fertile in resource, as indefatigable in suing. His first thought was to break his fall, his second to rise from it. As we read his piteous appeals to Buckingham and his

master, we hardly know whether to despise his insensibility to reproach, or to admire his constancy in misfortune. By his assiduous efforts to retrieve the position which he had forfeited, he deserved the praise accorded by the Senate to Varro after the battle of Cannæ, 'that he had not despaired of the Republic.' But for his fortune no Metaurus was in store. In place of the 'honour without leisure,' which he would fain have recalled, there was thrust upon him, sorely against his will, 'leisure without honour ;' * and posterity has no cause to complain of the exchange. His leisure brought forth the 'De Augmentis,' the 'History of Henry the Seventh,' and the 'Historia Vitæ et Mortis.' His honours had been attained by the 'winding stair' of servility, and conducted him to the precipice of corruption.

Dr. Abbott, in the introduction to his excellent edition of Bacon's 'Essays,' draws a comparison between the moral code of Machiavelli and that implied, rather than contained, in those admirable productions—giving the preference, somewhat unexpectedly, over the cold-blooded selfishness of the English philosopher, to the public-spirited villanies of the Italian politician. It would be as easy to point a contrast as to discover an analogy between these two notable personages. Both, it is true, were alike statesmen and men of letters ; but one earned by his services to his country the respect of his contemporaries, and by his literary achievements the execration of posterity ; while the other ended his public life under a cloud of shame, and with his pen won a reputation as yet undimmed by

'The long sweep of time
'That so foreshortens greatness.'

Machiavelli and Bacon had, however, in common a quality which we may call the 'dualism of genius'—the power of reconciling in themselves two separate and, it would at first sight seem, inconsistent lives, and bringing them to dwell in harmony under the roof of a single consciousness. Machiavelli, playing at *morra* with the clodhoppers of San Casciano, and wrangling in a tavern over a *soldo*, was not more different from Machiavelli, clad in the 'curule' robes of his nobility, and holding converse, through the awful serenity of the Italian night, with the heroes and sages of antiquity, than Bacon, turning aside from the 'morigeration' of the great, and the annotation of his colleague's 'disadvantage,' to the contempla-

tion of that rising light of scientific truth which, in his magnificent dream, was to herald the espousals of the Mind with the Universe, and the 'restitution to humanity of its rightful 'empire over nature.'* It is not difficult to see that in this anomaly is to be found the cause of the contradictory judgments which have been formed upon Bacon's character. It revolts our sense of fitness to be compelled to believe that the man whose mind kindled to pure rapture in its love of truth and knowledge, should have been capable of entertaining a mean thought or harbouring a base design. We would fain exclude from our view one set or the other of his opposing qualities, and thus make it possible to regard him with unmixed contempt or unqualified admiration. But he himself teaches us that 'the subtlety of nature surpasses, in 'divers ways, the subtlety both of the intellect and of the 'senses,'† and the human mind is assuredly not less baffling in its complexities than the physical world. Bacon was, indeed, no model philosopher; but his lofty aspirations were not therefore the hypocritical mask of a knave or an impostor. It is true that he was a self-seeker; but it is no less true that he was an enthusiast. He was profoundly convinced that the general welfare of humanity was largely involved in his private fortunes, and that what in another might have been stigmatised as baseness was in him a somewhat uncommon kind of philanthropy. We cannot, indeed, extend to him the amnesty that he extended to himself; but in lamenting the failings which kept him from rising higher, we should not lose sight of the virtues which prevented his sinking lower. We cannot forget that he had a cold heart and a poor spirit; but we must also remember that his morals were blameless, his temper placable and genial, and that he never lost that recognition of a higher good, which, if not virtue itself, is at least the raw material of virtue.

We have abstained, out of deference to Mr. Spedding's protest, from using the anomalous title *Lord Bacon*, although we could allege in its justification the high authority of the great Verulam himself.‡ The latest and best of Bacon's numerous biographers is indeed well entitled to give the law on a point of historical etiquette; and we would willingly testify our gratitude for the inestimable services rendered by him to literature, more fully than by imitating his example in so slight a

* 'Novum Organum,' lib. i. Aph. 129.

† Ibid. lib. i. Aph. 10.

‡ 'Apophthegms,' Works, vol. vii. p. 178.

matter. We have now explained our differences with Mr. Spedding, and entered our protest against what we conceive to be a partial view of the character of the extraordinary man portrayed by him. It only remains for us to express our unqualified approval of the general plan of his work, and of the admirable manner in which that plan has been carried out in every detail of its execution. No doubt there are many readers whose courage quails before seven considerable volumes; but even for these weaker spirits some provision has been made. A convenient abridgment of the book has recently been published with the author's sanction in America, and reprinted for circulation in this country, which, though it cannot supersede the original work, may usefully supplement it.

We are glad to take this opportunity of bestowing a word of hearty commendation on one of the most important of recent contributions to Baconian literature. Mr. Fowler's edition of the '*Novum Organum*' is not only excellent in its relation to present needs, but may serve, through the copious and varied knowledge displayed in the notes with which it is enriched, as a landmark to future times of the point reached by the soberer sort of scientific thought in the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

We do not know how better to describe the relation of Bacon's masterpiece to modern science than by comparing it to a ruined palace which stands on the shore of Posilippo. The building was designed on a stately plan, but was never finished. It is beautiful in its desolation, and venerable in its neglect. The blue sea splashes night and day upon its foundations, and the hill above is populous with smiling villas; but the lady for whose solace it was destined never gladdened it with her presence. Thus the '*Novum Organum*' was planned, in the magnificence of its author's hopes, on a scale too vast for completion. It survives, the mighty monument of a splendid failure. The thoughts of all ages find an echo there, and the imagination is kindled by the majesty of its proportions. But science has chosen its habitation elsewhere.

ART. V.—1. *Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.* Published by the Institution. From Vol. I. 1836, to Vol. LVII. 1879.

2. *Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition of New York.* By JOHN ERICSSON, LL.D., K.V., &c. Printed for the Author. New York: 1876.

THE present generation is witness to the most profound revolution that has occurred on our planet since the appearance of man upon earth. Although we may readily imagine that we have only seen the commencement of the change, yet scarcely a day passes without affording fresh evidence of the magnitude and rapidity of the succeeding phases. Compared with the transformation in progress, the political outbreaks that have overturned the most ancient thrones have been but as single thunder-claps in the course of a tremendous storm. For the outcome of the revolution in question is no less than the accomplishment of a total change in the relation borne by man to his terrestrial abode. The forces of nature have been subjected to human skill. Mechanical motor power has been substituted for animal force. The labour of the mind becomes more active and more productive as the pressure of daily toil is lightened by the dynamic application of heat. The speed with which men can be conveyed, by land or by sea, to distant regions, is fivefold that which was possible at the commencement of the century. Measured by the amount of action which can be comprised in a brief space of time, it is hardly too much to say that the term of human life has been doubled in our days by the application of steam.

So brief has been the period since the origin of this great material revolution, that we are able to indicate most of the men who have chiefly contributed to its progress. First in the list ranks the name of Watt, a philosophical engineer rather than an inventor, a man who set himself to ascertain the true causes of the loss of power in the rude steam engines of his time, and in whose ready mind the remedy was forthcoming so soon as the mischief was detected. The sturdy Northumbrian who was the true father of the locomotive produced results as marked as those gained by Watt himself. The cultivated man of science who built the first ocean steamer, and also the largest vessel that ever floated, holds a like rank. And amid all the striking novelties of telephonic and telegraphic communication due honour must be given to him who first rendered practically

useful the known properties of the electric current in the deflection of a needle.

Worthily to write the history of the engineers of England is a task, not for a few pages, but for a series of books. Nor is it within the compass of our limits to attempt any detailed chronicle of the rapid growth of the profession of the civil engineer in this country since the completion of the Bridgewater Canal by Brindley, which may be called the first work of the prentice hand of the craft. But we hope that an attempt to sketch some of the chief features of the rapid progress made in the application of science to the control of natural forces will not be without considerable interest at the present moment. And that hope is the more confident from the fact that it will be possible, in many cases, to make use of the very words of the fathers and founders of this youngest of the professions; which may well be called a youth of gigantic growth.

Although we know from history, wrote one of the most successful of living engineers,* ‘that men have existed from the earliest times who have been distinguished by great mechanical capacity, remarkable skill in working materials, profound science, and constructive knowledge, yet it is only during the present century that civil engineering can be considered to have become a distinct and recognised profession. Now, however, it has assumed the position of an art of the highest order. Perhaps we may, without arrogance, be entitled to claim for it the title of a science.’ ‘If I were now called on,’ said the most intimate associate of Robert Stephenson, ‘to define the object and scope of the profession of the civil engineer, I should say that his particular province is to take up the results discovered by the abstract mathematician, the chemist, and the geologist, and to apply them practically for the commercial advantage of the world at large; and to diffuse their beneficial influence among all classes of his fellow-creatures.’

‘Civil engineering,’ said Tredgold, fifty years before the

* Since the above was written the death of Mr. Bidder has occurred, at Dartmouth, at the age of upwards of 72 years. An interesting memoir of his life is given in Vol. LVII. of ‘Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,’ pp. 294–309. The list of Mr. Bidder’s contributions to these proceedings occupies more than six pages of index. A paper read by him on February 19, 1856, ‘On Mental Calculation,’ is one of the most remarkable contributions hitherto made in this country to the philosophy of education.

preceding remarks were made by Bidder, 'is the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man; being that practical application of the most important principles of natural philosophy which has, in a considerable degree, realised the anticipations of Bacon, and changed the aspect and state of affairs in the whole world. The most important object of civil engineering is to improve the means of traffic and production in states, both for internal and for external trade.'

The enterprising Hollanders, towards the close of the sixteenth century, first separated civil engineering from architecture under the title of 'hydraulic architecture.' Their example was followed in France towards the end of the seventeenth century, and soon after was systematised in the great work of Bélidor on hydraulic architecture. One of the great bases on which the practice of civil engineering is founded is the science of hydraulics. Every kingdom, every province, every town, has its wants, which call for more or less acquaintance with this science. Water, which is at once the most useful of the necessities of life, and the most dangerous element if in excess, when limited by the laws of this science is rendered the best of servants. The rolling cataract, which spends its powers in idleness, may be directed to drain the mine, to break the ore, or be employed in other works of labour for the use of man. The streams are collected and confined to canals for inland traffic. Harbours are formed to still the raging of the waves of the ocean, and offer a safe retreat for the storm-driven mariner; and ports are provided with docks, to receive the riches of the world in security. Hence arose the term 'hydraulic architecture.' But it was too limited: the various applications of water had rendered the natural supplies inadequate to the wants of man, till he discovered that, combined with heat, it formed a gaseous element endued with energies not less powerful than the falling cataract. Its steam, confined and directed by science, became a new source of power, which in a few years altered and improved the condition of Britain; and we are every day witnessing new applications, as well as the extension of the older ones to every part of the globe.

Though operations of engineering, it is remarked by the writer of the introduction to the first volume of the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' in common with all the useful arts, are practised by man in the rudest state, and become of greater and more frequent application as society improves, it is only among a people very considerably advanced in civilisation and wealth that its works can be pro-

secuted on an extensive scale or with any degree of success. The only exceptions to this observation are to be found during the few and short periods in the history of the world when it has fallen to the lot of nations to be governed by such men as Louis XIV., guided by the wisdom of Colbert, and having the aid of Riquet's enterprise and Andréossi's skill; some of the kings of Sweden, who, turning their troops into excavators of canals, have in person directed their labour; Peter the Great, Frederick of Prussia, and, in our own days, Mehemet Ali—princes who, whether from a singular appreciation of the true means of greatness, or with a view to facilitating their warlike measures, or, as it may be in some cases, prompted by mere love of the glory to be gained, have forced works of public utility before their time on the countries under their sway. The great Languedoc Canal; often-repeated attempts to open a communication between the North and the Baltic Seas, independent of the passage through the Sound or the Belt; an inland navigation from the Neva to the Volga; the junction of the Elbe with the Oder and the Vistula; and the railway now forming (in 1842) from Cairo to Suez, are among the peaceful trophies of these monarchs. But such desultory efforts, even when most successful, stand like oases in the otherwise desert field of improvement.

The passing of the Act of Parliament for the formation of the Sandy Hook navigation, the first canal in England, in 1775, was the beginning of a new era in the internal improvement of this country. The chief works before executed had been the supply of the metropolis with water by the New River, under the direction of Sir Hugh Myddelton, the embankment and draining of some of the great fens, where substantial sea walls yet exist that were constructed during the Roman rule in Britain; the deepening and improving of some of our navigable rivers; the military roads formed through the north of England into the Highlands of Scotland under the direction of General Wade and M. Labelye; the construction of Westminster Bridge, commenced in 1739; and the erection, by William Edwards, a simple country mason, of the remarkable bridge of Pont-y-tu-prydd over the River Taaf, in Glamorganshire—an example of intrepidity and determination which has scarcely ever been surpassed. This bridge, only 11 feet in width, has a span of 140 feet, and a rise of one-fourth of that span. It stretches across the romantic glen below like a rainbow that had become consolidated in stone.

The constructor of these and of any similar works, however was far from having attained the honourable and responsible

status now attributed to the civil engineer. The name of adventurer was given to those who attempted undertakings which, if now regarded as the outcome of but moderate skill, were, a century since, esteemed to be enterprises of the utmost hazard. Perry, who distinguished himself by the stoppage of the alarming breach in the bank of the Thames at Dagenham in the beginning of the last century, was reduced to seek employment in Russia. The first great attempt made, in comparatively recent times, to drain that portion of the fens which lies south of the river Nene, and which is known as the Bedford level, was made in 1630 by Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutch engineer, whose application to the English fens of principles appropriate only to the reclaimed and embanked lowlands of his native country, led to permanent inconvenience and loss which even to the present day are not wholly retrieved.

The first of that long series of distinguished men who have raised the profession of the engineer to its present eminence in England were James Brindley and John Smeaton. The former, like some of his most famous successors—Telford, Stephenson, Fairbairn—born of humble parentage, was altogether uneducated as a child. A natural genius for mechanics led these men to direct their attention, from their earliest years, to those phenomena of nature, or to those rude contrivances of the simple art of the day, which came under their notice. From the study needed to understand these mechanical movements sprang first the desire to imitate and repeat them, and then the effort to improve them. The improvement of an old machine was followed by the design and construction of new ones, and thus the practical science of these born engineers developed itself with a natural, though a remarkable, growth. Brindley, born in 1716, first, guided by natural bias, became a millwright. His mechanical skill soon raised him to provincial celebrity. At the age of forty he was called on by the Duke of Bridgewater to advise on the project of a canal from Worsley to Manchester. The successful completion of this bold undertaking, commenced in 1758, led to the execution of a series of works of a similar nature. Brindley subsequently executed the Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk, the Leeds and Liverpool, the Birmingham, and the Forth and Clyde canals. As the facility of transport thus introduced contributed to the wealth and prosperity of every part of the kingdom, canals became generally popular; and in the early part of the reign of George III. Brindley's celebrated reply to the question 'What is the use of rivers?'—'To supply canals'—was far from being altogether inappropriate.

Smeaton, born at Austhorpe, near Leeds, in 1724, springing from the middle ranks, had the advantage of a fair education. His first pursuit was that of a maker of philosophical instruments, and the credit which he had gained by several communications to the Royal Society on mechanical subjects led to his being selected as the fittest person to be entrusted with the rebuilding of the Eddystone Lighthouse in 1755–59, after its destruction by fire. By his original treatment of this difficult mechanical problem Smeaton introduced a new era in masonry; and reared the first, and one of the noblest, of those beneficent guides to the mariner, in the construction of which human skill and human perseverance have attained some of their most illustrious victories over danger and difficulty.

To the names of these two fathers of British engineering must be added that of the even more illustrious Watt. Born in 1736, like Smeaton he commenced his career as a maker of mathematical instruments, and subsequently became an engineer. But it is as the reconstructor, or practical inventor, of the steam engine that Watt made the most important contribution that perhaps ever was accomplished by any individual to the progress of science and the material welfare of mankind. Smeaton had introduced improvements on the fire engine, as it was then called, which Savery, Papin, and Newcomen had gradually advanced from its long-established condition of a scientific toy to that of a rude practical appliance for raising water. By the successive inventions of a separate condenser; of the conversion of reciprocating into rotary motion by means of the crank, and of the sun and planet wheels; of the expansive use of steam, and of its alternate admission on both sides of the piston; of the parallel motion, the governor, and other important details, Watt rendered the steam engine available for driving all kinds of machinery, and thus laid down the lines upon which have been carried out all the chief developments of this most wonderful of all the servants of mankind.

Among the worthy associates of these pioneers of modern progress may be named Grundy, who introduced docks into the Humber by the construction of the Old Dock at Hull, and who executed many works of navigation and of drainage, particularly in the fens of Lincolnshire and in Yorkshire; Mylne, born in 1734, for many years engineer to the New River Company, who began his professional career as the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, and was the engineer of the Eau Brink Cut, and of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal; and Jessop, engineer of the Aire and Calder and of the Trent navi-

gations, of the Grand Junction Canal, of the ship canal across the Isle of Dogs, of the conversion of the part of the river Avon flowing through the city of Bristol into an immense floating dock; with whose names may be coupled those of Henshall and Semple, of Golborne and Whitworth.

The second race of engineers begins with John Rennie, born in Haddingtonshire in 1761, and Thomas Telford, born in Dumfriesshire in 1757. Of the first it is to be regretted that the life, written by his son and successor, the late Sir John Rennie, has not found a publisher. Like Brindley before him, Rennie began business as a millwright. On the invitation of Watt he came to London to superintend the erection of the Albion Corn Mills, in which the engines of Boulton and Watt were for the first time applied on a large scale, in place of that water power which, in its turn, had superseded the hand mills of our remote ancestors. His great ability led to his appointment as engineer to the Lancaster Canal, the Crinan Ship Canal, the Kennet and Avon Canal, the Portsmouth Canal, the River Nene outfall; docks at London, Leith, Liverpool, and Hull; Sheerness and Pembroke Dockyards, the break-water in Plymouth Sound, the artificial harbours of Kingston, Howth, Holyhead, and Donaghadee; two great bridges over the Thames in the metropolis, and numerous smaller works throughout the country, including the bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, and the Wellington Bridge at Leeds.

Telford, an Eskdale peasant, was apprenticed in early life to a stonemason, and worked in his native country till his twenty-third year. Wandering, or at least walking in search of work, first to Edinburgh, and afterwards to London, he obtained employment as a mason in the erection of Somerset House. Here his intelligence attracted such notice that he was asked to superintend the erection of a new official residence in Portsmouth Dockyard, where he was engaged till 1787, when Sir William Pulteney, himself a borderer, invited him to direct some alterations in Shrewsbury Castle. He was soon after elected county surveyor of Salop, an appointment which he held till his death. In 1793 he was nominated acting-engineer of the Ellesmere Canal; and business from this time so pressed upon him that there is hardly a corner of Britain which does not contain some record of his services. In the construction of the Ellesmere Canal, with its bold aqueducts of Chirk and Pontcysylte, he was associated with Jessop, whom he succeeded in the charge of the Caledonian Canal, originally proposed by Watt. The Shrewsbury Canal, the Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal, improvements of

an extensive character on the old Birmingham Canal, and of the navigation through the district of the fens, are among the additions made by Telford to water communication. The improvement of the Clyde, Aberdeen, and Ardrossan harbours, the harbour and docks of Dundee, the Glasgow Waterworks, the St. Katharine Docks, the Mythe Bridge over the Severn at Tewkesbury, the bridge over the same river at Gloucester, Broomielaw Bridge over the Clyde, and the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh are among his chief undertakings. But the service to the internal communications of the country by which his name has been most widely known is the construction of the three great systems of roads—the Highland, the Holyhead, and the Glasgow and Carlisle—by which the remotest districts of Wales and of Scotland were brought into direct communication with the metropolis. Some thousands of bridges, including such structures as those of the Menai and the Conway, Dunkeld, Craigellachie, and Cartland Craigs, with the bold cuttings in the sea-cliffs of North Wales, bear witness to the engineering genius of Telford.

So general, indeed, was the field covered by the industry of this self-taught master of his craft, that he allowed himself to believe that he had, at least for a generation, completed the engineering works requisite for Great Britain. ‘I have made all the canals, and all the roads, and all the harbours,’ he said to a young man who came to him for advice as to entering the profession. ‘I don’t see what there is that you can expect to do.’ But none the less did Telford devote a portion of his well-earned competence to the promotion of the education and advance of the profession he did so much to found.

The establishment of a centre of union for the rising profession of an engineer was first attempted by Smeaton in 1771. Of the body then organised, and reorganised in 1793, under the name of the Smeatonian Society of Civil Engineers, an account is given in the preface to Smeaton’s reports, published by the society in question. Towards the end of 1817 a few gentlemen, impressed by the difficulties they had themselves met in gaining the knowledge requisite for the diversified practice of engineering, and feeling that the constitution of the Smeatonian Society was of too exclusive a character to meet the wants of a large and united body of students, resolved to form themselves into a society for promoting regular intercourse between persons engaged in different branches of mechanical science and practice. In 1820 the young society, among which the names of Maudesley, Palmer, Field, Jones, Collinge, and Ashwell were the foremost, invited Telford to

accept the post of president. On taking his seat on March 21, 1820, in this capacity, the veteran engineer struck a keynote which has ever since been maintained as that of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

‘In foreign countries,’ said Mr. Telford, ‘similar establishments are instituted by government, and their members and proceedings are under its control; but here, a different course being adopted, it becomes incumbent on each individual member to feel that the very existence and prosperity of the institution depend in no small degree on his personal conduct and exertions; and the merely mentioning the circumstance will, I am convinced, be sufficient to command the best efforts of the present and future members, always keeping in mind that talents and respectability are preferable to numbers, and that, from too easy and promiscuous admission, unavoidable and not unfrequently incurable inconveniences perplex most societies.’

Under the presidency of Telford the institution rapidly advanced in numbers and importance, till, on June 3, 1828, it received a charter of incorporation under the Great Seal, by the title of the ‘Institution of Civil Engineers.’ Telford retained the chair till his death, in 1834. He was succeeded by James Walker. In 1836 the first volume of the ‘Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers’ was published by Weale; a handsome volume in quarto, illustrated by a portrait of Telford, by a copper-plate facsimile of the signatures of some of the early engineers, and by twenty-six plates of a very high order of excellence. The volume contains, besides a preface of which we have made free use, the charter and rules of the institution, a list of the members at that date, and twenty-eight original papers, which had been communicated to the institution. The printing, by the institution itself, of the ‘Minutes of Proceedings,’ in octavo, was commenced in 1837. In the annual report for 1845 it was stated that the cost of the third volume of the ‘Transactions’ had been so heavy, and that the limit which that costly form of publication imposed on the number of communications to be published might be so inconvenient, that the papers should thereafter be published, with the minutes, in the octavo form. Since that change, which commenced with the fourth volume of the minutes, the fulness and importance of these books have steadily increased. The minutes of the years 1837 to 1841 are included in the first volume. Four quarterly volumes were published in 1878. The whole series of minutes, now extending to fifty-seven volumes, forms a veritable library of a comprehensive nature and of continually increasing value. In the absence of what the public would gladly welcome from the institution, an

annual report on the progress of public works in the British Empire, these 'Minutes of Proceedings' form the best materials for the future historian of the progress of engineering science in this country.

In 1845 Mr. James Walker, who had succeeded Mr. Telford as president of the institution, resigned the chair, in consequence of the feeling on the part of the Council that a regular annual re-election amounted in fact to a perpetual presidency, which was thought objectionable. Sir John Rennie, who was elected as the third president, filled the chair from 1845 to 1878, and sixteen successors have followed; the present president, Mr. John Frederic Bateman, having been elected in 1878.

The president, four vice-presidents, and fifteen members of council are elected annually; no person being eligible as president for more than two consecutive years. The treasurer and secretaries are appointed annually by the council. Six secretaries held office from 1818 to 1841, when Mr. Charles Manby, F.R.S., was appointed. Mr. Manby ceased to be the paid secretary at Midsummer, 1856, though retaining the title till January, 1860; when he was succeeded by the present secretary, Mr. James Forrest. Mr. Forrest gave his gratuitous services to the institution from Lady Day, 1848, to Midsummer, 1852; and (after being for four years assistant-secretary to the Society of Arts) was appointed assistant-secretary in 1856, and secretary in 1860. The twenty-four years for which this courteous, able, and untiring officer has exerted a steady influence in promoting the welfare of the institution form nearly half the period for which the organisation has existed. It would not be easy to cite a more direct proof of the value of his services than is afforded by the comparative enumeration of the members in the years 1856, 1860, and 1878, bearing in mind the fact that the great demand for civil engineers, which was due to the introduction of the railway system, has sunk to a very low ebb since 1866. In 1856 there were 797 members of all classes; in 1860, 894; and on July 2, 1879, 3,578. This number includes 17 honorary members, amongst whom are the Prince of Wales, their Majesties the Emperor of Brazil and the Kings of Portugal and of the Belgians, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Edinburgh and of Connaught.

Sir John Rennie made the customary brief annual address in 1845. But on the opening of the session of 1846 he delivered an address which occupies 113 closely printed pages of the minutes, and which forms the most able, far-reaching, and

accurate report of the history and condition of engineering in England which, up to that time, had been in any way attempted. Previously to the time of Smeaton (1724), Sir John reminded his audience, Great Britain was lamentably deficient in public works. There were no canals, railways, or artificial harbours—nothing which at the present day would be called machinery. The roads were little better than mere tracks across the country. Communication between towns was difficult, and the few wheeled carriages in use were of a rude and inefficient description. The inland commerce of the country was chiefly carried on by transport on the backs of pack horses; and the old-fashioned term ‘load’ still remains as the name of a measure of weight, having originally meant, indeed, as much as a horse could carry. What little inland navigation then existed was tedious and uncertain, arrested by want of water in the rivers in summer, and only in rare cases aided by the erection of rude temporary stanches, or flush-weirs, which were used to pen up the water in shallow places. These weirs, being suddenly withdrawn, enabled the boats to float down with the rush of water. In some places short side cuts, or rough unwallled locks, were formed. In these side cuts the pound lock was introduced, with side weirs to enable the floods to escape, and to supply the mills with water, the country being drowned in many places for the advantage of a rude and ineffective mill power, and a cumbrous and tedious navigation.

It is to be regretted that no retrospect of a character similar to that taken by Sir John Rennie in 1846 was placed on record at the date of the incorporation of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1828. About that period a second phase of revolution, no less striking than that which had been commenced by Brindley a century before, was in course of development through the genius of Stephenson. The magnificent system of roads, to the excellence of which Macadam had been as important a contributor as Telford himself, had then attained a high degree of perfection. The mail coaches, stages, private carriages, and other vehicles which used these roads, had been carefully considered, and admirably finished, by competent workmen. The axle-box, the spring, the perch, and other main features of the luxurious, though somewhat heavy and costly, carriages of our forefathers were all in order. The breed of horses was admirably suited for the work of the road. Seven, eight, and ten miles an hour were attained on different lines of route, the speed being usually proportionate to the hilly character of the country. But the ‘Quicksilver’ mail to

Falmouth ran at eleven miles an hour, including stoppages; and the Shrewsbury coaches, the 'Hibernia' and the 'Hiron-delle,' ran over part of the line from Cheltenham at the unrivalled pace of sixteen miles per hour; starting from Tewkesbury, after changing horses, at exactly thirty minutes after leaving Cheltenham.

At the date when the unexpected speed of Stephenson's 'Rocket' first surprised the world, the roads of the United Kingdom had been brought to a high degree of efficiency. The old Roman system of building roads, which had been followed in principle by Telford, was gradually superseded, from 1815 to 1830, by the system of Macadam, which regarded the subsoil as an adequate support for any moving weight that could be brought over it, if only it was kept properly dry. This was effected by a coating of eight or nine inches of broken stone, no fragment of which was to weigh more than six ounces. This was consolidated by traffic into a smooth surface of 'road metal.' In some districts of the manufacturing North, roads pitched with granite 'sets' still existed for heavy traffic. But Portsmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, Milford Haven, and Holyhead were all placed in direct mail communication with London by well laid-out and well maintained turnpike roads in 1828. No official accounts of the length and cost of the highways of England are to be found in the archives of the Institution of Civil Engineers. In 1864, according to the fourth report of the Local Government Board, the length of turnpike roads in England was 20,636 miles, and that of highways was 106,573 miles. The aggregate length of 127,210 miles is only about 2 per cent. under the estimate made by M. de Franqueville for 1873, amounting to 129,817 miles for England and Wales. To this has to be added 21,280 miles for Scotland, of which 5,667 were turnpike, 14,420 were ordinary highways, and 1,193 were military roads. In Ireland there was a length of 47,040 miles of road. For the United Kingdom the aggregate length of public road thus amounts to 197,836 miles. The proportionate accommodation thus afforded is equal to 2.24 miles of road for every square mile of the surface of England, 0.7 mile per square mile in Scotland, and 1.25 mile per square mile in Ireland. The aggregate length of roads in France, in 1875, was 415,532 kilomètres, or 257,630 English miles, being at the rate of 1 kilomètre of road per square kilomètre of territory.

Of the cost of these roads no record is known to be in existence. Taking into account land, fencing, draining, formation, and metalling, as well as bridging, it is tolerably

certain that it would not be possible now to construct the 20,000 miles of English turnpike roads, one with another, for 2,000*l.* per mile. In such cases as the Holyhead road the cost must have been very much more. And if we only allow half that figure for ordinary highways, we still find that a sum of 160,000,000*l.* barely represents the cost of the highways of England, and the outlay of 220,000,000*l.* that of those of the United Kingdom. A third of the sum subsequently invested in railways has thus been spent on nearly twelve times their length of ordinary highways.

The rate of maintenance of the turnpikes and great trunk lines of road has been reduced to more than half the former cost by the abstraction of traffic by railways. The annual cost of maintenance is calculated at 3,200,000*l.*, exclusive of streets and roads in cities and towns. In France the annual budget for the maintenance of the five categories of public road amounts to about 4,500,000*l.* The price per mile is about 10 per cent. higher than in the United Kingdom, but the roads are generally wider in France.

Many of the works executed on the highways of Great Britain are enterprises of the first magnitude, carried out with consummate skill and admirable workmanship. Over the River Conway, to carry the Holyhead road, Telford built a suspension bridge of 300 feet span. The Union Bridge, over the Tweed, also on the suspension principle, built by Sir Samuel Brown in 1819, had a span of 450 feet between the supporting towers, which were of masonry. Over the Menai Straits Telford threw a suspension bridge of three openings, the centre one having a span of 580 feet, weighing 644 tons, for the suspended weight of the main opening alone. New London Bridge, built by Rennie in 1825–1831, consisted of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 130 feet, two of 140 feet, and one of 152 feet span, with a rise of 37 feet. The width of the roadway is 52 feet. The waterway of 692 feet thus opened was in lieu of an aggregate waterway between the abutments of the old bridge of only 230 feet 4 inches, measured below the tops of the starlings, or pilework around the piers. Above the starlings, the piers occupied a total width of 406 feet 10 inches, the difference between this width and the 700 feet to which the obstructions extended at low water having been gradually added from time to time in order to protect the piers. The Dee Bridge at Chester, of 200 feet span, with a rise of 42 feet; Southwark Bridge, of cast iron, with two side arches of 210 feet, and a central arch of 240 feet span, with a rise of only 24 feet; and Waterloo Bridge (1809–1817),

with nine equal semi-elliptical granite arches, of 120 feet span and 35 feet rise, are works which vie with any constructed in England before the era of railways.

At the time when the abstraction of the bulk of their traffic by the new mode of transport commenced, the canals of England had arrived at a state of great efficiency. The system, which comprised more than 4,000 miles of artificial waterway, may be regarded as intended to effect a double purpose. It linked together the chief rivers and ports of England, and thus competed with the coasting trade; and it afforded a means of communication with inland towns and centres of production and of consumption, which the coasters were altogether unable to supply or to reach. Brindley's first work, the Bridgewater Canal, 62 miles in length, from Manchester to Runcorn, as well as most of the earliest canals, belong to the second category, and gave an extraordinary stimulus to the productive powers of the country. The principal connexions of a through navigation are those of the Thames and the Severn by two parallel lines of canal, the Kennet and Avon, of 86 miles, from Reading to Bath and Hanham, and the Thames and Severn Canal, of nearly 30 miles, from Oxford to Gloucester. The Wey and Arun Navigation connected the Thames with Arundel and Portsmouth. The Grand Junction Canal, from London to Coventry, joining with a network of other important waterways, led from London to Chester; to Runcorn; by the Trent river to Goole and to Hull; and by the Nene navigation to Wisbeach and to Lynn. The Leeds and Liverpool and the Aire and Calder Canals linked Hull and Liverpool. The first of these two waterways still pays 18 per cent. on its capital, and the latter has introduced a method of steam propulsion which costs only one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile. In 1857, when for the last time Parliament endeavoured to obtain some account of the financial condition of the canals, the capital expended on 4,135 miles amounted to about 14,000,000*l.*, on which, despite the opposition of the railway companies, there was earned a mean dividend of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum.

Some noble works have been constructed on the canals of this country. To carry the Ellesmere Canal over the river Dee, near Llangollen, Telford and Jessop built an aqueduct 1,020 feet long, consisting of nineteen arches of 40 feet span, the centre arch rising 126 feet above the level of the Dee. The Harcastle tunnel was driven through the ridge which forms the backbone of England in 1776, and a tunnel 5,280 yards long was constructed for the Huddersfield Canal. In 1825 was commenced that extraordinary work, which foreigners

were long accustomed to regard as one of the chief wonders of England, if not of the world, the Thames Tunnel. This difficult and dangerous enterprise was completed by Brunel in 1843, at a cost of 455,000*l*. The length of the tunnel is 1,200 feet.

As we shall not have occasion again to refer to canals, we may here mention the completion, in 1872, of the Suez Canal. It is right to remark that no less an authority than Mr. Robert Stephenson committed himself to an opinion as to the difficulty attendant on this great work, which the result proved to be incorrect. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the enormous amount of deposit annually brought down by the Nile, which has choked up what was even in historic times a waterway between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf, is a source of obstruction which can only be removed at a very great annual outlay. In point of fact the only very serious difficulty proved to be financial. In order to provide the funds, so much of what is called financing had to be carried on by the indomitable M. de Lesseps, that the maritime world is now burdened by a charge for the transit of the canal which is fully the double of that which would have paid a heavy dividend if the capital had been raised under the guarantee of the French or of the English Government.

While the skill and perseverance of the engineers of Great Britain had provided, within the space of three-quarters of a century from the commencement of their systematic labours on the Bridgewater Canal, such a system of well-constructed roads and canals, a sharp limit was imposed on the rapidity of transport by the physical constitution of the horse. Speed of travelling, fifty years ago, was measured by the powers of endurance of that useful animal. The cost of traction rose as the pace was quickened from a walk to a trot, or even to a gallop, because the animal was only able to go for a much shorter distance, and to pull a much lighter load, at the higher rates of speed. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, a horse can do the greatest quantity of steady work without injury. At that rate he can draw a ton, or over a smooth and level road as much as two tons, for a distance of thirty miles in a day. At a speed of ten miles an hour a horse cannot regularly draw more than half a ton; and for travelling at this rate coachmasters were accustomed to provide a horse for every mile of road. Thus, to attain a fourfold speed, the cost is increased more than eightfold. It is possible to tow a ton of load for a mile on a canal, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, for one-fifth of a penny. To draw the same weight along a turnpike-road for the same dis-

tance, at the same slow pace, costs, according to the character of the road, from seven-tenths of a penny to three-halfpence. But to pull an equal weight at the moderate speed of ten miles in an hour is found to cost from ten to twenty pence, according to the length of the single or double stages which the teams can accomplish without overwork. If a single traveller formerly required the services of the postmaster, he had to pay from fifteen to eighteen pence per mile for a chaise and a pair of horses, besides turnpikes and postilion. A gig might be hired in some districts for ninepence a mile, but a chaise and four cost only one or two pence less than four shillings a mile; and if Gretna Green were the goal of the journey the cost was often considerably more than that.

The means of attaining greater velocity for both land and water transport was being sought, in different directions, by not a few able men, at the time when the unexpected speed attained on the rail by the locomotive diverted the course of invention to that particular channel. By water, the year 1830 had witnessed a considerable degree of success in the navigation of rivers and narrow seas, but ocean steam navigation was as yet unattempted. In 1818 David Napier had the 'Rob Roy,' of 90 tons burden, with an engine of 30-horse power, built at Dumbarton, with which he established a communication between Greenock and Belfast. In 1819 the 'Rob Roy' was transferred to the Channel, to run between Dover and Calais. In 1820, steam packets were introduced to carry the mails between Holyhead and Howth; and the 'Britannia,' with oscillating cylinders, was built by Manby for the Dover and Calais station. In 1825 the General Steam Navigation Company was established, and vessels of 500 and 600 tons burden and 120 to 130 horse power began to ply between London and Leith, Liverpool and Glasgow, and on other coasting trips. About the same time a remarkable discovery was made with regard to traction on canals. In July 1830, Fairbairn made the fourth of a series of experiments on the Monkland Canal, by which he showed that while the resistance to the passage of a boat increased rapidly at speeds of from 3 to 8 miles per hour, at a speed of from 8 to 14 miles the vessel rose and skimmed over the surface of the water with a very much reduced resistance. But the cost of horse power at high speed opposed the prosecution of this plan on the score of economy, and Fairbairn's design of a light, swift canal steamer has not hitherto been carried out.

In 1827 Gurney built a steam coach for the common roads, which worked in and about London for two years, attaining

a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. Hancock, Sir Charles Dance, and other inventors, were then at work for the same object. In 1831 Hancock's steam coach, the 'Infant,' began to ply between the City and Paddington; and in the same year Sir Charles Dance's carriage plied regularly between Cheltenham and Gloucester, running the nine miles in from 45 to 55 minutes. The mechanical practicability of steam locomotion by road was reported by a committee of the House of Commons, in 1831, to be fully established. Gurney ran his carriage at between 20 and 30 miles an hour; Ogle at from 32 to 35; Summers ran $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles at 30 miles an hour. It was not the failure of engineering skill, but the great economical advantages secured by the railroads, that arrested the development of this earliest and most natural mode of steam locomotion by land.

The condition of mining and metallurgy, about 1828–30, although it had made extraordinary progress since the introduction of canals, was very far from having attained anything like the development which has been coincident with the execution of great railway works. So late as 1846 Sir John Rennie estimated the total quantity of coal brought to the surface in Great Britain at between thirty and forty millions of tons per annum, and the value of the total mineral produce of the island at 26,000,000*l.* In 1876, the quantity of coal raised was 133,344,766 tons, of a value of 46,670,668*l.*; and the total value of the minerals produced was 68,226,853*l.* Of this quantity of coal 16,299,077 tons was exported to foreign countries; and 15,598,381 tons have been used in the production of 6,555,997 tons of pig iron. For the smelting of copper the quantity of coal required bears a much higher proportion to that of the metal obtained. For the 79,000 tons smelted in 1876, if we take the proportion given by Sir John Rennie as a guide, 1,200,000 tons of coals must have been burned. The reduction of tin ore demands some 600,000 tons of coal. Lead works, zinc works, iron manufacture as distinguished from the production of iron, potter's work, chemical works, and other manufactures, demand quantities of which no returns are accessible. As regards use for domestic purposes alone, it must be remembered that the population of the country is now larger by one-third than was the case fifty years ago. The iron trade in Great Britain in 1846 was 1,780,000 tons, of which 500,000 tons were exported. We have seen that this quantity was nearly quadrupled in 1876. From 1834 to 1847 the consumption of coal doubled in the South Wales district. In 1800 the total quantity of coal shipped in Northumberland and Durham was 2,352,508 tons. In 1847 it had risen to 7,727,675

tons. In 1876 it was 31,991,628 tons, or between thirteen and fourteen times as much as at the commencement of the century. The amount of work done in the movement of machines, other than railway locomotives, by the use of coal must be matter rather of guess than of direct estimate. The consumption of coal under steam boilers was estimated by the framers of the mining returns at 25,000,000 tons in 1854. If the various applications of the mineral have advanced in a similar ratio, the quantity now consumed for raising steam must be more than 33,000,000 tons per annum. The amount of work thus done, estimated in horse power, must depend on the economy of the different engines, which varies in a very wide degree. If we allow an expenditure of fuel twice as extravagant as that of the most economically worked engines, we shall find the result to equal the work of above six millions of horses for eight hours per day, and for 300 days in the year. The machinery which effects this enormous amount of work, if kept running continually, would thus be adequate to the performance of the work of above eighteen millions of horses. In the absence of returns of an earlier date than 1854, and of full returns at present, these few facts may enable the reader to form some faint conception of the activity of our great productive industries.

The improvement and extension of machinery and manufactures that had occurred between the time of Smeaton and the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had included the introduction of the chief inventions applicable to textile fabrics. Smeaton was the first to substitute iron for wood in mill-work and machinery. The Albion Mills, constructed by Rennie in 1784, and worked by Watt's steam engine, gave the first example of the employment of iron in every part of the machinery except the teeth of some of the wheels. The spinning jenny was invented by Hargreaves in 1767. Two years later, Arkwright discovered the means of drawing out the fibres of cotton between successive pairs of rollers in the water-twist spinning, and his system of machines for carding and preparing the fibres of cotton for spinning, in 1775, occasioned a complete revolution in the arts of manufacturing, and led to the establishment of the factory system with its self-acting machinery. Silk, which yields more readily than cotton a continuous line of fibre, had been wrought by machinery at Derby nearly half a century before. Arkwright's machinery was adapted for spinning worsted by Toplis, and flax by Marshall. The mule for a long time was only employed for cotton, but was adapted by Kelly in 1790 to be partly worked by power in aid of manual labour, and was soon after improved so as to spin extremely fine

threads. The variety of new inventions with which this period teemed was remarkable. Watt introduced chemical bleaching, which was carried to great perfection by Tennant. Cartwright invented cloth-weaving by power, and machinery for combing and preparing long wool for being spun into worsted. Machinery for dressing woollen cloth by teazles was invented, and weaving machinery was made, by Harmer, in 1787. Bramah introduced the hydraulic press for packing, pressing, &c., in 1796. Boulton erected complete machinery for coining money by steam power in 1790; and the apparatus was introduced into the Royal Mint in 1810. The concentration of manufacturing operations, remarks Sir John Rennie, ‘caused a number of small machines to be substituted for those formerly impelled by hand in workmen’s cottages, and brought together in large buildings adapted for that purpose, and worked by one great moving power, so combined with each other and the building as to render a spinning-mill, with its water-wheel or steam-engine, and all its accessories, one vast and complicated machine.’

The outcome of the application of the inventive genius of the engineer to the development of the natural resources of the country would, however, have been restricted to a much lower amount than that with which we are now familiar, so long as the speed with which mankind could pass over the surface of the planet was limited, on the ocean, by the caprice of the winds and waves, and on land by the capacity of the horse. The general correlation of mechanical progress, and the dependence on the skill of the mechanist which is involved by the very conditions of motion, are thus forcibly illustrated. A single brilliant inspiration may at any time breathe an unexpected life into an invention which has long taxed the utmost ingenuity of the thoughtful mechanic. Remarkably was this the case with reference to that gigantic bound which was taken by the art of locomotion in the year 1829.

It is to be regretted that the singular modesty which was one of the characteristics of Mr. Robert Stephenson has prevented us from giving an account of the origin and development of the railway system in England in his own words. In January 1856, on first taking the chair as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Stephenson gave a lucid account of the condition of the British railways at that time. But the glance which he took, far-reaching as it was, was retrospective only as far back as 1845. Unfortunately neither of those years can be regarded as forming a marked era in such a retrospect as we are now attempting to take; and it is quite

impossible, so far as we are aware, to find a parallel to the reticence of Mr. Stephenson in this careful review of the condition of the main subject of his professional practice. Admittedly the first authority on railways at the time, and the son and fellow-worker of the father of the railway system, he has not uttered, on an occasion so tempting for the display of at all events a filial pride, a single syllable that would have informed any casual listener that he had any more personal connexion with the history and growth of the railway system than any other of the members of the association which he addressed. In twenty-five years, he then remarked, 18,000 miles of single track of railway had been at that time laid. In that short space of time there have been laid rails, within these islands, far more than are sufficient to 'put a girdle round 'about the earth.' The size of the mountain of earth which had been removed in the construction of that length of railway was thus indicated by Mr. Stephenson:—'Imagine a mountain 'half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds 'one mile and a half in height: that would be the size of the 'mountain of earth which these earthworks would form; while 'St. James's Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham 'Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base.' At that time the water vaporised by the locomotives was enough to supply the population of Liverpool with twenty-two gallons per head per day throughout the year. Yet the work thus done on this newly created field of exertion, which in 1856 Mr. Stephenson so justly regarded as stupendous, did not amount, if measured by annual revenue, to one-third of that now regularly carried on.

In January 1864, Mr. John Robinson McClean, in his inaugural speech as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, took the opportunity to point out the extraordinary effects which had arisen from the execution of the engineering works of the country during the past thirty years. But for a considerable part of his comparison he was compelled, by the want of proper official returns of a later date, to go back as far as 1815. Comparing the income of the country in 1815 with that in 1856, it is somewhat startling to find that the revenue derived from land, tithes, manors, fines, and fisheries, was nearly 10 per cent. less in the latter than in the former year; the figures being 41,521,492*l.* in 1815, and 38,153,935*l.* in 1856. Rent, in fact, had fallen. But, on the other hand, the profits on quarries, mines, ironworks, canals, railways, gasworks, and other property created or developed by the engineer, had increased more than twelvefold, or

from 1,450,000*l.* in the former to over 18,000,000*l.* in the latter year. The income from house property had trebled, from 16,260,000*l.* to 48,400,000*l.* Farmers' profits, in spite of the abolition of protection, had increased by more than 14 per cent., from 21,760,000*l.* to 24,225,000*l.* We had redeemed one-fifth of our debt, the payment for funds in 1856 being 24,400,000*l.* against 30,000,000*l.* in 1815. And the profits of trades and professions had been two and a half times multiplied; the returns of incomes of this nature above 50*l.* per annum in the earlier year having been 30,200,000*l.*, and those above the higher limit of 100*l.* per annum, in the latter, having risen to 74,550,000*l.* At that time a reproductive capital of 400,000,000*l.* had been expended on the railway system.

The early progress of railways, from the employment of carriages with wooden wheels, running upon wooden rails, at Newcastle in 1681, down to the improvements effected by George Stephenson in 1814-1816, were briefly summed up by Sir John Rennie in that admirable discourse to which we have before referred. In the hands of Stephenson, 'the locomotive soon became sufficiently perfect to be brought into general use on railways for drawing coal wagons at a greater rate than could be performed by horses. . . . Here was a grand epoch in the history of railways, which were destined at no very distant period to effect such a complete revolution in the whole system of international communication and to realise such extraordinary results as even the most sanguine minds never anticipated.' The introduction, in 1816, of the iron edge rail and the flanged wheels is said to have been anticipated by Jessop on the Loughborough Railway. The wrought-iron rail, with that undulatory form of the lower part of the vertical web known as the fish-belly, was patented by Birkenshaw in 1820. But, as Mr. Colburn justly observes in his 'history of the locomotive engine'—

'no man contributed so much as the elder Stephenson to the establishment and success of the modern railway system. He knew the advantages, and thoroughly comprehended the economy, of railway transport, before others would admit them. And although it was mechanically and commercially practicable to work railways by means of fixed engines and ropes, Stephenson foresaw the further advantage of locomotive power, and had an abiding faith in the locomotive engine.' *

There are various claimants for the honour of the invention which has proved to be the very vital breath of the locomotive

* Locomotive Engineering, vol. i. p. 32.

—the steam blast—and the actual discovery, not of the method itself, but of its prodigious efficacy, seems to have taken Stephenson as much as anyone else by surprise at the experiments at Rainhill in 1829. On the first day of her trial the ‘Rocket’ ‘derived but little benefit from the discharge of the exhaust steam up the chimney, and, indeed, made steam nearly as freely when standing as while running.’ The mean speed kept up by the engine was under 14, and the maximum 24, miles an hour. Without any load a velocity of $29\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour was attained. Eriesson’s engine, the ‘Novelty,’ shot by the Rocket like a projectile; but the workmanship was not equal to that of the stout Northumbrian, though the scientific condition of the ‘Novelty’ was probably of a more advanced order. After the trials the two exhaust orifices of the ‘Rocket’ were thrown into one, and so contracted that the exhaust steam produced a powerful blast in the chimney. The results were such as to indicate the full value of this mode of developing heat. ‘After every deduction it remains to the credit of George Stephenson that he was the first to combine the blast pipe and modern locomotive boiler in a high-speed passenger engine.’ What the combination has already effected we propose briefly to review.

If we glance at some of the economical features of the railway system of the United Kingdom in 1877, from the standpoint taken by Mr. Stephenson in 1856, we shall be able to form some rough conception of the enormous machinery for transport which has been provided in half a century at a cost of 650,000,000*l.* For that sum we have constructed 17,000 miles of railway, containing a length of single line and sidings of upwards of 32,000 miles. Over this length of iron way, of one and a third times the length of the Equator, 12,750 locomotives are continually whirling a number of vehicles which, as a total, are uncounted, but of which those belonging to the railway companies alone number 413,000.* Arranged in trains, these vehicles are made to run 220,000,000 train miles, or 9,000 times the length of the Equator, in the year. To supply

* For the year ending December 31, 1878, the numbers returned to the Board of Trade were 12,969 locomotives, 418,322 vehicles of all descriptions, and 222,376,114 miles travelled by trains. The total capital paid up and raised by loans and debenture stock was 698,545,154*l.*, and the total mileage 17,333 miles. 565 millions of passengers, exclusive of the holders of season and periodical tickets, were conveyed; that is to say, tickets were issued for that number of journeys.

these engines with water would exceed the capacity of the machinery of the East Kent and Grand Junction Waterworks combined. The coal which they consume, principally in the form of coke, is more than the total output of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham fifty years ago. Allowing for the least advantageous mode of raising steam, these engines perform a duty equal to that of 400,000 horses each working for 3,000 hours in the year. This is supposing that the power of the horse could be so applied as to produce the actual speed, which rises with some trains to sixty miles per hour. If the fuel were consumed with an economy at all approaching that averaged in the Cornish engines, the result would be the exertion of an energy of a million-horse power. And it is pretty certain that, taken one with another, the locomotives of the English railways do not work more than eight hours a day, so that on any emergency this prodigious service might be considerably increased. The men employed on this great system were 280,000 some years ago, and may probably now amount to 300,000. But the time which is saved by some six hundred millions of passengers, travelling an average distance in each trip of some eight or nine miles, must be nearly if not quite equal to the full amount of time for which the servants of the railway companies are employed; so that the services of more than a quarter of a million of picked workmen are thus annually and gratuitously added to the resources of the country. In addition to this great passenger traffic, 212,000,000 tons of minerals, goods, and merchandise are conveyed for average distances of from thirty to forty miles, at speeds of from five miles an hour upwards. The history of the world may be vainly ransacked to show anything approaching this self-originated development of the resources of a nation, except among those contemporary nations which have emulated us in the application of the same inventions and the like industry.

Facilities of internal communication, to whatever extent developed, are, however, altogether insufficient to supply the needs of any country that does not produce the entire staple of the food of its inhabitants, as well as every article of primary necessity or of vital importance. The productive energy of England was increased in a measure which we can only very imperfectly estimate by the provision of the means of internal travel afforded by roads, canals, railways, and coasting steam vessels. Something more was required to put the centres of production thus organised in direct communication with the markets of the world, and to link London, Liverpool,

and our other English ports with the ports of India, America, and Australia.

The man to whom England chiefly owes the establishment of her oceanic steam navigation was Isambard Kingdom Brunel. To his original genius, and to the honourable rivalry between him and the younger Stephenson, we are indebted for the broad-gauge railway, and, in no small degree, for the high speed of the locomotive. In 1819 an American ship of 300 tons burden, named the 'Savannah,' built at New York, with engines of small power, and paddles made to ship and unship, actually made two voyages across the Atlantic. But no serious steps thus to link together the two hemispheres were made until October 1835, when, at a meeting of the directors of the Great Western Railway, one of the party spoke of the enormous length, as it then appeared, of the proposed railway from London to Bristol. Mr. Brunel exclaimed, 'Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat to go from Bristol to New York and call it the Great Western?'* The suggestion, treated at first as a joke, soon engaged the serious attention of three of the leading members of the board. A tour of the great ship-building ports of the kingdom was made in order to collect information. In the report of the result of the enquiry Mr. Brunel inserted a paragraph which laid down the principles on which the success of oceanic steam navigation wholly depends. It was simply this, that the resistance to the passage of vessels through the water increases at a lower rate of progression than their tonnage. At equal speeds, a vessel twice the size of another will encounter four times the resistance. But its capacity, or tonnage, will be eightfold that of the smaller vessel. By a well-proportioned increase of size, therefore, it is possible to employ far more powerful engines, to carry enough coal for the consumption of a long voyage, and at the same time to have ample accommodation for passengers and goods. So true is this principle, that it is now admitted that the economical limit to the size of vessels is imposed rather by the dimensions of ports and harbours than by the exigencies of the shipwright. Speed, also, may be considerably increased by the employment of more powerful engines; the limit to ocean speed being imposed by another physical law, to the effect that the resistance increases as the cube of the velocity.

The logical soundness of Mr. Brunel's position was impugned by those scientific men of the day who were not engineers. At a crowded meeting of the mechanical section

* The Life of I. K. Brunel, by his Son, p. 233.

of the British Association at Bristol, in August 1836, Dr. Lardner declared that a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400-horse power engines, for a voyage to New York, must carry 1,348 tons of coal, besides the weight of the engines, which he put at 400 tons. 'He thought it would be a waste of time, under the circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York.'

Mr. Brunel's reply was the launch, on July 19, 1837, of the 'Great Western' steamship. The length between perpendiculars was 212 feet; her load displacement was 2,300 tons; her engines and boilers weighed 400 tons, besides the 80 tons of water contained in the latter. After a narrow escape from fire, in which Mr. Brunel was picked up insensible, the vessel started from Bristol on Sunday, April 10, 1838, and struck soundings at Newfoundland on the ninth day. She arrived at New York on the 23rd, with 200 tons of coal, out of her provision of 660 tons, still on board. Stimulated by the courage of the directors of the Great Western, the St. George Steam Packet Company had bought the 'Sirius,' a vessel of about 700 tons burden and 320-horse power, which they despatched from Cork eight hours before the 'Great Western' left Bristol. With the advantage of about thirty-two hours' start, including time and distance, the 'Sirius' arrived at New York in the morning of the 23rd, the 'Great Western' arriving in the afternoon of the same day. 'They were received,' says an American writer, 'with the utmost enthusiasm. They were saluted by the forts and men-of-war in the harbour; the merchant vessels dipped their flags, and the citizens assembled on the batteries, and, coming to meet them in boats of all kinds and sizes, cheered heartily.' A few days later the two steamers started on their return to Great Britain; the 'Sirius' reaching Falmouth safely in 18 days, and the 'Great Western' making the voyage to Bristol in 15 days; the latter meeting with head winds, and working, during a part of the time, against a heavy gale and in a high sea, at the rate of but two knots an hour. The voyage occupied about half the time usually allowed for the sailing packets. Thus was inaugurated 'a trans-oceanic steam service which has steadily grown in extent and importance. The use of steam power for this work of extended ocean transportation has never since been interrupted.' On the Cunard line of packets, between Liverpool and New York, there are now fifty steam vessels, with an aggregate amount of nearly 50,000-horse power, making the passage frequently in eight days. The use

of iron and steel, the introduction of the screw-propeller, and the saving in fuel accomplished by the use of the compound engine, have brought the steam vessel to such a state of perfection that sailing vessels are now rarely built in this country, except for the purposes of yachting.

In 1839 Mr. Brunel laid the keel plates of the 'Great Britain,' a steamship of 3,443 tons burden. In 1852 he commenced the 'Great Eastern,' the youngest and favourite child of his extraordinary genius. For the history of this wonderful vessel, in which some of the provisions for the discharge of the most important functions of animal life have been imitated by the engineer, the reader should consult the life of Brunel, before referred to. The length of the 'Great Eastern' between perpendiculars is 680 feet. The displacement, at 30 feet draught, is 27,419 tons. Eight working cylinders give motion to paddle-wheels and also to a screw; the nominal horse power of the whole being equal to 2,600 horses. With the telegraphic cable now laid from Bombay to Aden on board, the 'Great Eastern' drew 34 feet 6 inches of water, and had the unapproached displacement of 32,724 tons.

The steady growth of the ports and harbours of the kingdom received a powerful stimulus from the introduction of steam navigation. The ports and harbours enumerated in a Parliamentary return in 1874 were 588 in number. Of these seven are the military ports, Devonport, Milford Haven, Plymouth, Portland, Portsmouth, St. Davids, and Solva, under the authority of the Admiralty. Dover, Holyhead, and Ramsgate harbours, constructed by the Government, are under the authority of the Board of Trade. The Irish Board of Public Works have the control of eight ports, and the Woods and Forests that of the port of Holy Island. Of the remainder the railway companies own forty-seven, other companies twenty-five, fifty-three are owned by private individuals, and the remainder are under the control of commissioners or local boards. The chief improvements in port engineering have been due to the perfection of the diving-bell by Rennie, of the diver's helmet and dress by General Pasley and Messrs. Deane and Edwards, to the use of *béton*, or concrete made with hydraulic lime, and to the great improvements in caissons, coffer-dams, and cylinders. A very elegant invention, bearing upon river and tidal work, has only recently been patented—that of a hollow iron pile with a solid point, the driving being effected by a monkey or ram allowed to fall within the tube of the pile itself. The receipts, by way of dues and tolls, of the English ports in 1872 amounted to

a little over 3,000,000*l.* Those of the Irish ports exceeded 440,000*l.* These sums were provided by the owners of 200,000 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 40,000,000 tons.

In no respect have the civil engineers of England triumphed more nobly over difficulties and perils than in the erection of the magnificent series of lighthouses which now gem the coasts of the British Islands. The story of the erection of the Eddystone Lighthouse by Smeaton in 1757 has been often told. That story is now, to a certain extent, being repeated, under the competent and watchful care of Mr. J. N. Douglass, Engineer to the Trinity House; to whom the country also owes much for his labours regarding the introduction of the electric light for lighthouse illumination. While the Eddystone tower built by Smeaton was a creation of original genius, that of Douglass, of which the Prince of Wales has recently laid the foundation stone, may be regarded as a monumental record of the advance made in this most perilous portion of the work of the engineer in a hundred and twenty years. The account of the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse by Robert Stevenson in 1807–11 should be read in the life of that distinguished man lately published by his son. Nothing in the annals of British daring excels the conduct of Stevenson, who was also the inventor of intermittent or flashing lights. In 1809 a coal fire in a *chaufferette* or brazier was the signal employed for a beacon—a signal which could be so easily mistaken, or even counterfeited, that it was a source of almost as much danger as safety. When the Northern Lighthouse Board was established in 1786, it was stated in the preamble of the Act that it would conduce greatly to the safety of navigation and fishing if four lighthouses were erected in the north portion of Great Britain. Along the 4,469 miles of Scottish seaboard are now erected 153 lights, or one for every 29·6 nautical miles. On the 2,518 miles of the Irish coast are 109 Pharos towers, and on the 2,405 miles of English seaboard 335, or one for every 7·1 marine miles. France has 2,763 miles of coast, and 346 lighthouses, or one for every 7·9 miles. The annual amount of light dues is about 520,000*l.* in the United Kingdom, and about 180,000*l.* per annum in France.

The provision of harbours, and the erection of lighthouses and beacons, are not remotely connected with the improvement of river outfalls, the reclamation of land from the sea, and the drainage and regular irrigation of low-lying country. We have referred to the work of Vermuyden in the Bedford Level. His plan of drainage consisted in placing a sluice across the River Ouse, at Denver, about 15 miles from the

sea at Lynn, so as to exclude the tidal waters. From that point he cut a new channel, about 20 miles long, called the Bedford or Hundredfoot River, to the old channel of the Ouse at Earith. For a time the plan answered tolerably well. But the exclusion of the tidal waters from their natural rise into the channel of the Ouse so diminished the scouring power of the river, that the outfall silted up by the deposit brought down by the land waters, and thus checked the issue of the drainage into the sea. In 1713 Denver sluice was undermined and blown up by a flood; the tide recovered its ancient receptacle; and if proper measures had been then adopted, both navigation and drainage might have been restored and improved. But after a few years the sluice was rebuilt on the old plan.

In 1792 an Act of Parliament was passed for improving the navigation of the Ouse immediately above the town of Lynn, and after much dispute the great work, called the Eau Brink Cut, was completed by Rennie in 1821. The effect of this excavation, which substituted a straight channel for a horse-shoe bend of the river, was the lowering of the low water level of the Ouse by $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the addition of 300,000 acres to the cultivable land of the district.

In 1829 a somewhat similar work was executed by Telford and Rennie at the outfall of the River Nene, the longest of the seven rivers that drain the area of Fenland. The result has been the lowering of the low-water line in that river by $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, the reclamation of about 160,000 acres of land, and the improvement of the navigation to such an extent as to allow the tide to rise fourteen feet at Wisbeach, and to enable vessels of 200 tons to ascend the river to that town, and vessels of 800 tons to come as high as Sutton Bridge, eight miles below Wisbeach.

In 1806 Rennie proposed and carried into effect a system of drainage for the fens bordering on the River Witham. He was not allowed fully to carry out his scheme, which would have rendered Boston as accessible from the sea by the Witham as Wisbeach has been made by the Nene. He was compelled, by local opposition, to place a sluice immediately below Boston, instead of cutting a new outfall to the sea. But even the partial execution of the plan improved the channel so much as to allow vessels drawing twelve and fourteen feet of water to reach Boston, and to convert a large district of stagnant marsh into fertile cornfields.

With regard to those appliances of modern city life which bear a close analogy to the respiratory and the arterial systems

of the animal organisation, the advance made in the last half-century has been less satisfactory. The first employment of coal gas, or carburetted hydrogen, for the purpose of lighting, was by William Murdoch, the manager of the works of Boulton and Watt at Soho, near Birmingham. In 1802 he illuminated this factory with gas, in honour of the peace of Amiens. He afterwards lighted a large woollen factory at Manchester, and another at Leeds. The extension of the new method was slow, but in 1813 an efficient apparatus was erected in London, by Clegg, Farey, and Manby, upon the same plan as that designed by Murdoch. Gas lighting on a large scale was introduced into France by Manby in 1820. The capital invested in the works of the six London gas companies now amounts to 10,800,000*l.*, their annual revenue to 3,600,000*l.*, and the average dividend earned on the capital to 10·4 per cent. Most of the chief towns in England are lighted by gas, and the use of this method has become very general on the Continent. Many improvements in the details of the process of gas making have been introduced, but the chief progress made has been in discovering useful applications for the residual products. So far has this been carried, that the price of gas in any locality in England is almost independent of the cost of coal, as the coke and other residual products rise in price in proportion to the price of that material. By this means the price of gas in London has gradually been reduced from 15*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per 1,000 cubic feet. But the mode of consuming gas is still rude and primitive. Far less than the proper quantity of light is obtained from combustion, and the unburned matter, together with the carbonic acid and oxide, and the water, produced by consumption, are rarely removed by any efficient ventilation, although their deleterious effect is shown by the fact that no plants will thrive in a room lighted with gas.

When London began to increase, so that the population pressed upon the sources of the water supply, water was conveyed in leaden pipes from various springs to public reservoirs. It was brought from Tyburn in 1236, from Highbury in 1438, from Hackney in 1535, from Hampstead in 1543, and from Hoxton in 1546. An open conduit, of 24 miles in length, was commenced by Sir Francis Drake, in the reign of Elizabeth, for supplying Plymouth with water from Dartmoor. The New River, for the supply of London from the springs of Hertfordshire, was completed by Sir Hugh Myddelton in 1613, King James himself being a sleeping partner in the enterprise. This stream, which very closely resembles a natural river,

following the undulations of the ground, is 39 miles long, 28 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. It has an average fall of three inches in a mile, and its ample reservoirs now supply an area containing 125,000 houses and 900,000 inhabitants.

In 1582 Morier had placed water-wheels in some of the archways of London Bridge, which worked pumps for raising water from the Thames. Various water-wheels, as well as apparatus moved by wind, by horse-power, and, in 1710 and 1730, by Savery and by Newcomen by steam, were applied to the same purpose in different parts of London. The new engines of Watt were thus applied at Shadwell and Chelsea water-works in 1778, at London Bridge and Shadwell soon after, and at York buildings in 1804. About 1810 Boulton and Watt's improved pumping engines, constructed wholly of metal, and erected in handsome substantial buildings of brick and stone, became generally adopted at the London water-works. The old water towers were demolished, and cast-iron pipes were substituted for the old trunks of wood.

The chief improvement in this branch of engineering since 1828 has been the introduction of filtering reservoirs, first attempted on a large scale by Simpson, at Chelsea, in 1830. They are now generally employed. The neglect which has allowed the Thames to become increasingly polluted has driven the water companies which take their supply from the river still higher and higher up the stream for their intake. The East Kent Company supplies 46,000 houses with water of great purity, though hard, pumped from deep wells in the chalk. The capital of the London water companies, in 1877, was 11,615,000*l.* The revenue from all sources amounted to 1,248,000*l.*, and the working expenses to 492,000*l.*, allowing an average earning of dividend at the rate of about 6½ per cent. Nevertheless, the water supply of London is by no means satisfactory either in quantity or in quality, although the impurity of the water is probably due even more to the foulness and neglect of the house cisterns than to the sources from which it is drawn. At the close of the last session, Mr. Fawcett obtained from the Government a promise that the whole subject should be carefully studied in the recess, and that a comprehensive measure for the supply of water to the metropolis should be presented to Parliament next year.

The rapid movement of railway trains, which have reached the considerable weight of 800 tons, by land, and of vessels of so much larger mass by sea, could have scarcely been attained without the aid of a swift and certain method of telegraphy. About the year 1819 Mr. Ronalds of Hammersmith is said by

Sir John Rennie to have applied electricity for the purpose of effecting a telegraphic communication, and succeeded so far as to complete a circuit through eight miles of wire. The first really practical application of the telegraph (said Mr. Robert Stephenson in 1856) was to enable the stationary engine system on the Blackwall Railway to be worked with certainty and despatch. Gradually the employment of this mode of controlling the course of the locomotive is becoming universal. 'At one period of its history the North-Western Railway appeared to be so overcrowded with traffic that additional lines for its relief were believed to be indispensable; but at the very moment when the demands upon the system were beginning to outgrow the machinery for safety this remarkable invention came to its relief, and the capacity of the line for traffic has consequently been immensely increased.' This was the testimony of the engineer of the North-Western in 1856. The laying two additional lines of rail from London to Rugby was thus deferred for more than twenty years by the use of the electric telegraph. By no less certain and instantaneous a mode of signalling could it have been rendered possible for the Metropolitan Railway to carry the enormous number of 3,600,000 passengers per mile of line—more than twelve times the passenger traffic of the North-Western system. The average interval between the trains on the former line, in 1876, was eight minutes. Out of more than fifty million passengers conveyed in 1876 not one life was lost, and only thirty-six persons were injured from causes beyond their own control. The commercial and military services now rendered to the Empire by the electric telegraph it is impossible to estimate. The distance which divides London from Bombay, Calcutta, or the utmost frontier of India is practically halved by its agency; and a rate of travelling of from 20 to 60 miles by land, and of at least 10 knots per hour at sea, is now measured only once, instead of twice, over the distance that intervenes between any two great centres of communication. Thus regarded, we approach the reduction of the cost of travelling by one-half, by the use of the method first practically brought into use by Cook and Wheatstone.

We have cited Captain Ericsson's 'Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition,' not with the idea that in the space at command it is possible to do justice to a work of such high professional value, but with the purpose of calling attention to a very remarkable illustration of the advance of engineering in the United States. The name of Ericsson is well known as that of the builder of the 'Novelty,' the most rapid locomotive

tive produced for the great competition on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829. Had the workmanship been as strong as the design was original, the prize would have been won by the 'Novelty,' and the early history of railways would have assumed a different complexion. The splendid work in which Captain Ericsson has recorded the result of his labours connected with mechanics and physics during more than the third of a century would be a credit to the press of any nation. The bold style and high finish of the drawings are such as to show how far our own mechanical publications of the kind are from reaching an excellence thus proved to be attainable. The briefest possible abstract of the account of the philosophical instruments, engines, and other structures designed and executed by Ericsson, occupies more than four quarto pages. These inventions include apparatus for measuring the intervals of radiant heat, for arriving at an estimate of the calorific energy of the solar radiation, and for the application of the sun's rays to mechanical and industrial use. More than twenty distinct forms of apparatus have been designed for this branch of physical research. The caloric engine for domestic purposes, extensively introduced in Europe and America, occupies another chapter of inventions. The ironclad turret vessel, the 'Monitor,' built at New York in 1861, was the first of a long series of improvements in the form, armour, propulsion, engines, and artillery of ships of war, which has culminated in the launch of the formidable torpedo-launch, the 'Destroyer.' An example of the philosophical enquiries of this indefatigable discoverer is afforded in a chapter headed 'Constancy of Rotation of the Earth incompatible with Solar Influence,' which should be read in connexion with those calculations of Sir W. Thomson to which we called attention in a recent number.* An estimate of the aggregate of solid matter removed by the river systems of both hemispheres, and carried towards the Equator, occupying 12 pages, and containing particulars of the course of 136 great rivers, forms part of this remarkable enquiry. It is probable that the great object of the mechanical engineer, namely, the avoidance of loss of heat that is not converted into mechanical power, will be more fully attained by the final perfection of the caloric engine of Ericsson, as to which the inventor has never yet wholly suspended his labours, than by any other mode yet attempted by practical science. Very much of the high position which America now occupies

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. cccii. p. 379.'

in engineering skill and efficiency is due to this illustrious engineer.

The greatest advances which have been made in England in physical science during the past half-century have probably been those connected with the electric force, and with that chemical or actinic agency which is detected, in invisible rays, towards the extremity of the coloured spectrum of the solar light. Applied to telegraphy the electric current not only gives instantaneous signals, but reproduces the human voice, or the very handwriting of the transmitter. At the present moment attention is directed to the production of light and to the transmission of power by the same subtle energy. In another department, that of the metallurgist, a system of electric casting has been brought to high perfection, by means of which *facsimiles* of the most precious works of the goldsmith and of the engraver can be produced, and natural substances, such as fruits, leaves, or flowers, or the most delicate modelling in wax, can be coated with a film of copper, of silver, or of gold. The chemical effect of the sunlight on certain unstable compounds, especially on the nitrate of silver, has been so profoundly studied, that portraits of absolute accuracy, within certain assignable limits, are produced in the camera. The nature of the light produced by the incandescence of various metallic and mineral substances has been studied by the aid of the spectroscope, and the facts already ascertained have given us positive information as to the chemical constitution of the sun and other celestial bodies. The comparison of the coloured part of the spectrum with the system of lines of no light discovered by Fraunhofer has enabled Huggins to form an estimate of the direction and rapidity of the motion of some of the fixed stars nearest to our earth, although distant by a space of which the expression in ciphers is too vast to convey any tangible idea to the imagination. It is impossible to name any department of human research or of human industry in which the most brilliant and fruitful discoveries have not either been made or may at any moment be anticipated.

At the same time it must be admitted that, in certain respects, the actual state of our engineering knowledge in this country is very far behind what ought to be the case. The want of a hydrological survey of the country can hardly be termed other than disgraceful. It is to the Ordnance Survey, the Geological Survey, the Mining Record Office, the Board of Trade Returns, and the efforts of Mr. G. J. Symonds, and other branches of administrative, rather than of professional, research, that we owe almost all our systematised knowledge

of those facts regarding the water supply of the country, which are the very bases of all engineering. The great question of the proper mode of removing the refuse of our cities has never yet been systematically attacked. The most costly work yet attempted, that of the metropolitan drainage, has been so partial and so ill-considered, that the effect of the discharge of the outfalls on the state of the Thames is assuming a very perilous form. It is impossible to doubt that in these and in some other cases, where the condition of one branch of engineering is so far below that of others, a more complete organisation, such, to go no further, as obtains among the medical profession, would have a most beneficial influence. The chief check to the continued and profitable investment of money in public works has been due to the construction of contractors' lines, or railways made entirely for the sake of the profit on construction, and involving no small loss to the shareholders and to the public. Again, there has been the scandal, rather whispered than proved, of double commissions. Points of this nature, which are inconsistent with the high position that the engineer should hold, whether in science or in spotless integrity, could hardly have arisen had there been any such organisation of the profession as to lead every member to feel that he could do nothing inconsistent with the character of a man of science, or with that of a man of honour, without losing his professional right to practice. The exceptions, no doubt, may have been few. The temptations in some cases—as, for example, those to become the servants instead of the masters of contractors—may have been great. But the whole profession, and, what is more, the whole country, has suffered seriously in consequence. The sturdy individuality which characterises the Anglo-Saxon race has rebelled against the organisation of the profession. But by yielding a very small degree of individual liberty, the importance of the corporate status of the whole body, and thus of every member, would have been incalculably increased. It is by no means likely that any attempt to change the constitution of the Institution of Civil Engineers, even for so important an end, would succeed. An endeavour has recently been made to enlarge the scope of the institution, while still retaining the special character contemplated by the charter, by adding a class of associates, to those of honorary members, members, associate members, and students; thus affording room for those subscribers who, without any claim to the title of civil engineer, take a lively interest in the studies of the profession, and in cognate subjects, such as military engineering, including the science and the structure

of artillery. It remains for consideration how far the idea of the founding of a university of mechanical, physical, and chemical science, linked together by faculties and by examinations rather than by local residence, and furnishing some such court of honour for dealing with questions of professional misfeasance as other professions have found to be of such signal service, may command support. In any case of the kind, as in the recent instance of the transference of the headquarters of the mechanical engineers to London from Birmingham, the institution in Great George Street will, no doubt, prove a nucleus and a rallying point. The country owes so much to the civil engineer, that it has a right to call upon him to omit no step that may tend to give the utmost efficiency to his noble profession.

ART. VI.—*Les Mirabeau : Nouvelles études sur la société française au XVIII^e Siècle.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE.
2 vols. Paris : 1879.

THERE used to be an old Provençal saying which complained that

‘Parliament, mistral, and Durance
Were the three scourges of Provence.’

The parliament, which was established in 1501, perished in 1790, and is therefore a thing of the past, but the mistral still howls as it sweeps across the sunburnt ‘province of provinces,’ and the Durance still rolls to the Rhone the waters that boil or rave among the tumultuary boulders of her vast and stony bed. On the borders of that Durance, boldly perched upon a hill between Pertuis and Manosque, stands the castle of Mirabeau. ‘*Viei coumo li roucas,*’ old as the rocks, are its walls: burnt by the sun, and swept by the fierce north winds which barely allow the juniper and the lavender, the euphorbias and the cistus, or the purple Judas trees to cover the crevices, or to veil the stony disorder of its escarpments. Its turrets no longer threaten. No *châtelain* now levies toll from the *riverains* or from the boatmen of Pertuis; nor does anyone now exact dues from the villagers at its feet, but the castle is inhabited, and kept in repair by owners who have good cause to cherish its legends and its historic name.

After having been dismantled, in the first Revolution, by the mob of Manosque, it passed into the hands of a peasant proprietor, from whom M. Lucas de Montigny, the adopted son of the tribune, was fortunate enough to be able to purchase it for

the sum of 500 francs. The new owner roofed it over at once, and thus preserved its features till twenty-five years later, when his son, M. G. L. de Montigny, was able to put it into complete repair, and to inhabit it with his family.

The devotion of the Montignys, father and son, to the name of Mirabeau did not stop there. They collected the family manuscripts, and as many papers as were recoverable after such a stormy interval of time. We shall see that the bulk of these materials was very great, and, having made the acquaintance of the late amiable M. de Loménie, MM. de Montigny were attracted to the author of the '*Galerie des Contemporains illustres*,' and, before 1849, trusted him with many of their precious records. Additional materials were gradually handed to him, for M. G. L. de Montigny, not content with the restoration of the castle, now wished to see a complete history of the family of Mirabeau. Its genealogy and its establishment in the Durance were, as we shall see, matters for historical investigation. Curious pictures developed themselves on further search—of burgher life in Marseilles, of marriage contracts with noble houses, of pitched battles in Germany, of tropical islands, of heavy broadsides, and English prisons, of family lawsuits, and lastly of philosophical speculations when men of letters first began, by the words 'equality' and 'regeneration,' to ring out the old order and to presage the new. The last lords of the house of Mirabeau seemed to unite in their own persons all the forces and contradictions of that period so full of sharp contrasts which we call the eighteenth century. No man was better fitted to edit their papers than M. de Loménie. He had drunk deep of the literature of the last century, he was painstaking and accurate in no common degree, and the sketches of the Mirabeaus which he had contributed to the '*Pays*' and the '*Correspondant*' promised even greater merits in a greater book. For twenty years, with the help and the consent of M. G. L. de Montigny, did he labour at this sympathetic subject. Two volumes illustrating the life of the great orator, the last and the strangest of this illustrious and eccentric race, were prepared, but not published, before his death. We understand that his executors propose to give these to the public at no very distant day, but our business for the moment lies only with the book which M. de Loménie lived to complete, with the memoir of the Mirabeaus from 1267 to 1794.

When representing the Provençals of Aix in the Assembly of the States General, Honoré-Gabriel de Mirabeau was wont to say of them 'that they had all had their heads baked by 'the sun of Provence.' This was eminently true of his father

and of himself; but as the Durance collects its torrents from many fountains in the flanks of the Alps, so the Mirabeaus had a long descent of turmoil, a pedigree of strife, and even, as they pretended, an origin among the throes of civic warfare. They claim to descend from the Riqueti or Arrighetti, a family of Ghibelline refugees who fled out of Florence in 1267, when Dante was an infant, and when the troops of Charles of Anjou were threatening the Lily-city. They emigrated and settled themselves without delay in Provence. The Marquis Victor de Mirabeau, author of books upon the equal rights of men, but not the less a great stickler for pedigree, says of his forbears that they even came from Florence 'with the names and titles of nobles.' He adds that Pierre Riquet married no less a bride than Sibylle de Fos, a daughter of the counts of Provence, whose beauty the later troubadours all conspired to praise. M. de Loménie, however, after consulting the Florentine archives as well as Provençal books of genealogy, is inclined to think that these tales are apocryphal; nor in truth do any of Pierre Riquet's contemporaries assign him either a prominent place or any exalted alliances. On the contrary, the Riquets of Digne and Marseilles held simply *francs-fiefs*, such as *roturiers* and men of the *tiers état* alone possessed. They belonged, therefore, now to one and now to another of the two divisions of the rich and intelligent *roture* of France; that is, either to the officials of justice and finance, or to those commercial families which filled the corporations of the towns. Such had been the *priori* of the Italian cities, such were now the places open for the Riquets to fill in France. Not ignoble places either, since in the southern provinces the municipal spirit was especially strong; nor had the old, civic, Roman element in them entirely given place to the feudal, or Germanic, system. Consulate towns abounded, with a civilisation and an ambition which led them to self-improvement, as well as to mutual rivalries, and to struggles with the feudal suzerains of the vicinity imposed by Frankish kings on cities boasting of *curiones*, *defensores*, and other municipal grandees long recognised by the Theodosian Code. The second city to place itself under consular sway was Marseilles, and thither the ambitious family of the Riquets soon gravitated. One of its members had been a judge in Digne, another drove a trade in coral, while Jean Riquet, in 1575, started a manufactory in Marseilles, and knew the secret of a scarlet dye that, for aught we know, might have made his fortune had he returned to the Borgo-dei-Tintori of his native Florence. Elected consul of the city in 1562, this Jean Riquet did his utmost to maintain the

royal authority against the first enterprises of the Huguenots. He married, in 1564, a lady of the Provençal family of Glandevès; and from this marriage dates the aggrandisement of his family in Provence. Mademoiselle de Glandevès was allied to the Barras of Mirabeau on the Durance, and the fortunate consul was led, probably by her influence, to purchase those lands, as well as the castle, from a family which had possessed it for two centuries and a half. He then added the name of the fief to his own, and signed himself Riquet-Mirabeau.

The modest municipal functions of the Riquets in Digne, Seyne, Reis, and Marseilles no longer sufficed them. Thomas Riquet married Anne de Pontevès, out of a *venteuse* (proud) and historical house, and having next contrived to get his son made a Knight of Malta, he applied himself to the fabrication of a genealogy which should leave no loophole for cavillers at his title to such a position. To Pierre d'Hozier, himself a Provençal *pur sang*, who would have summarily disposed of Thomas's pretensions and his proofs, he dared not apply; but a certain J. B. d'Hermite (*dit Tristan*) furnished him with what he wanted. Together they traced back the *Ariquetti* family (as they now began to spell it) to so many consuls of Florence and Fiesole, that Marquis Victor in the eighteenth century was not afraid to boast that there had never been but one *mésalliance* in his family, viz. with the Médicis.*

It is evident that vanity has fumes like wine, and these went, by the help of the pedigree, to the head of Thomas Riquet, burgher of Marseilles. He put his servants into scarlet livery, and the populace, accustomed to see such finery only in the churches, laughed at them, and called them 'les Suisses de M. de Mirabeau.' But their master felt that the laugh was on his side when in 1660 he received the young King Louis XIV. in what was generally admitted to be the best house in the town. M. de Loménie does not give any details of this visit, but it was rather an interesting event. The visitor had good reasons for courting the burghers of Marseilles, for, enriched by the whole trade of the Mediterranean, she was now one of the first cities in the world, proud of her liberties, of her rich and harmonious language, of her port, and of her influence. In the reign of Henri IV., when Provence had threatened more than once to give herself to Spain, Sully thought the reduction of Marseilles by the Duc de Guise one of the

* Everard de Médicis married not an Ariquetti or even an Arrighetti, but an Arriguccio, with whom the Mirabeaus can have had nothing to do.

finest and most important military achievements of his time. In 1649, in spite of the efforts recently made by Richelieu to clip their wings, the Provençals again rebelled against the royal authority, and imprisoned their governor; but the city of Marseilles did not on this occasion openly side with the nationalists, and the visit of the young king was intended by Mazarin to overawe the inhabitants, and to establish the royal supremacy in a town which Louis entered by a breach expressly made in its ramparts. Thomas Riquet evidently belonged to the monarchical party, but he meant to be paid for his loyalty, and so he chose this opportunity to ask for letters patent of nobility. His great-grandson even goes so far as to say that he got them, but M. de Loménie, who verifies every statement, proves that his patent was not registered before the Parliament of Provence till twenty-five years later. It was therefore only in 1685 that the Riquets of Marseilles entered the exclusive ranks of the *haute noblesse* with the title of Marquis de Mirabeau.

The class which he had just left contained the whole civil and official life of France. The *tiers état* comprised, it is true, the artisan and the *villein*, the peasants who lived, as Michelet says, like hares between two furrows; but it was from the *tiers état* also that the tribunals were filled. To it belonged the *avocats* and the *procureurs du roi*, and though no one could be an ambassador or a governor of provinces, save some 'trusty and well-beloved cousin,' still the most lucrative places were open to the men who, as treasurers, comptrollers, *fermiers*, bankers, and capitalists, represented the wealth and much of the cultivation of France. It was every day becoming easier for a *roturier* to obtain and to keep distinction. More than this, it was the genius of a tradesman's son, the genius of Jean-Baptiste Colbert, which had given its new and first impetus to the government of Louis XIV., and which, during the twenty-two years of his ministry, assured to France a degree of internal prosperity vying with the preponderance which his predecessor Mazarin had secured for her among the Powers of Europe. Elements of religious liberty, of financial power, of commercial and industrial greatness, were planted by the man who began life as a clerk in his father's clothshop at Rheims; and we are tempted to dwell upon these facts because, two years after his death, we see the Riquet-Mirabeaus turning their backs upon the *tiers état*, and embracing the fortunes, already somewhat in decay, of the *noblesse* of France. We write the word *noblesse* advisedly, because there is a distinction, and a fatal one, between an aristo-

cracy, such as it is understood in England, and a noble *caste*. Such a *caste* was the French nobility, a body which, at the close of the eighteenth century, consisted (according to Lavoisier's calculation) of about 20,000 families. So long as this body was formidable to the throne, the sovereigns could only rule by its divisions, but the policy of Richelieu had weakened it so effectually that under Louis XIV. it assumed a flattering rather than a defiant attitude towards the Court, and a sympathy now existed between the king and his nobles which was far from existing between the nobles and the people. The possession of the soil gave to the landowners too many opportunities of vexing the people, and those pages which M. de Loménie dedicates to *droits féodaux* and the *justices seigneuriales* might aptly serve as an appendix to the 'Ancien Régime' of M. de Tocqueville. That author, however, while he describes all the drawbacks of a system which the advocate Séguier early stigmatised as tending to 'amcuter les habitants des campagnes contre les seigneurs,' remarks that centuries of nobility have a tendency to develop force and virility of character among the members of such a privileged class; and as we follow the lives of the Mirabeaus we shall see that their rise in society was coexistent with the exhibition of great originality and great power in its representatives. It is equally remarkable that when a century of nobility had succeeded to three centuries of *roture*, that period should be closed by a return to democracy. Through the writings of the Marquis Victor de Mirabeau many minds were directed to 'regeneration of laws, habits, and principles,' and above all to a revolt against absolute power, whether vested in the monarch or in the noble. Of the son of the marquis it is even reported that he opened a clothshop at Marseilles. What is certain about the orator is, that, comparing himself to the last of the Gracchi 'pursued by the bands of the patricians,' he returned to the *tiers état*, and, as deputy of the *sénéchaussée* of Aix, became 'a world-com-
'peller and a leader of men.'

But it is time for us to return to the aspiring new-made marquis. While Pierre Riquet waited for his patent, Nature was in the meantime preparing for him an heir who should make their name legendary in Provence, and take his part in all the wars of the *grand monarque* after 1685. Aged then only eighteen, Jean-Antoine, second Marquis de Mirabeau, fought at the siege of Luxembourg, and saw Marshal Berwick fall. He continued under arms till the battle of Cassano (1705), when he was left for dead upon a hard-fought field. Told off to stop the Imperialists at the passage of a bridge,

Jean-Antoine made his troops lie down, and kept them in that position while he alone, and erect, offered his colossal figure, as it were a *point de mire*, to the enemy. He received a shot which broke the bone of his right arm, but, making a sling of his handkerchief, he took a hatchet in his left hand, and thus equipped repulsed the first attack at the head of his regiment. The second wound that he received, however, disabled him. The tendons of the throat were severed; he fell on the bridge, and his regiment, discouraged as well as overpowered, fled. An old sergeant named Laprairie, who had remained with his leader, laid him down on the grass, and covered his head with a huge camp-kettle. There he remained through the struggle, and all the troops of Prince Eugene—horse, foot, and dragoons—swept past the wounded man. He was splendidly dressed on that day, and, his uniform attracting the attention of the burying party, he was recognised by one of his own soldiers, who was a prisoner. On his giving some signs of life, Prince Eugene generously ordered him to be sent back to the camp of the Duc de Vendôme. There the celebrated surgeon, Dumoulin, undertook to save him. The indomitable life returned to Jean-Antoine, and three years later we see him, with his arm in a black sling, and with a silver collar to support the severed tendons of his neck, looking for health at the baths of Digne. He was a sore-wounded man, a hero, who was wont to speak of ‘that field where I was killed;’ but if his sword was now to turn into a ploughshare, neither time nor wounds had broken his spirit. At the baths he met Françoise de Castellane-Norhante and her family. The young gentlewoman was twenty-one years his junior, but he pleased her, and she gave a consent which soon aroused more than the usual amount of gossip in Dauphiny. The Mirabeaus were well known to be all ‘cut the wrong way of the cloth,’ but some reported that this proud marquis had refused his bride’s dowry, and even sent back the three coffers of a *trousseau* which every lady was entitled to regret. Others again whispered that his first eccentric intention had been to make the beauty a captive of his (or of Cupid’s) bow, and that he had proposed to carry her off, and by a secret marriage steal a march upon her parents and upon society. But Françoise, if flattered by his zeal, still thought that it ought to be tempered with discretion, and she replied that, in her opinion, ‘such surprises were only laudable in war,’ and so Jean-Antoine had to be patient, and to marry next spring after the usual prosaic manner. In the bride’s native place report averred that she meant to bestow herself, her twenty-two

summers, her blue eyes, and her 18,000 livres upon an old man ; and so well was this believed that the *curé*, even at the altar, made bold to ask what had become of the old man ? He had not recognised as such the maimed marquis who strode into church, and who immediately after took his wife to Mirabeau. He gave no further proof of eccentricity than one which many a man before and since has longed to exhibit, namely, he forbade his mother-in-law, on any occasion or under any pretence, to enter his castle. It was perhaps owing to this stipulation that, even after their marriage, gossip about this singularly matched couple did not cease. It was said that old ‘ Col d’Argent,’ as the peasants called him, was jealous of his young wife, and that he meant to shut her up until she had borne him three fair sons. So far was this from being the case that their married life was really a happy one. They had seven children, cultivated their rocky domain, planted olives and made terraces, visited Aix and Pertuis, and saw justice done to their tenants against the hated fiscal agents of the district.

Françoise was a noble and intelligent woman, and, though submissive to her imperious husband, whose cutting answer and whose ready blow were feared by his children and his subordinates, she loved him truly. ‘ You don’t know what a blessing it is,’ she said one day to a friend, ‘ to be married to a man that you can respect ;’ and society, in its turn, respected Françoise for virtues and for charms that could be matched by but few *châtelaines* of the South. Her beauty was of the stately sort, upon which time does not soon make very disfiguring ravages, and when, in 1737, Jean-Antoine’s silver collar was unloosed for the last time, and his proud head sank to rise no more, his widow was one of the handsomest, as she was one of the most remarkable, women of her day. She had then three living children, all sons : for Françoise had borne male children only. Of these the youngest gave her nothing but trouble, and Louis-Alexandre ought not perhaps even to occupy much space among the ancestors of the orator, were it not that in this ‘ *mauvais sujet d’Avignon* ’ we recognise some of his features, and many of those qualities which made Madame de Pompadour say that the Mirabeaus were all wrong-headed. Pre-eminently so was the ‘ *mauvais sujet*,’ so christened by his eldest brother, who in his letters to the Bailli de Mirabeau chronicles many an escapade on the part of this reckless Benjamin of their house. It does not appear that Madame Françoise had spoilt him, or had long to indulge him, even if she had been so inclined. He went to school under the Jesuits, as his brother had done

before him, and, like the others, he left the nest at fourteen years of age. At his father's death he was attached to a favourite regiment, and soon began to develope all the precocity and all the waywardness of his insubordinate race. He fought bravely at Dettingen and Lafelt, and at Fontenoy was present when the king, who had headed his *maisons*, as the household troops were called, 'was pleased, after 'the hard-fought day, to bestow on his guards and on some 'brigades of foot and horse the just praises they deserved.'* But at twenty-four years of age he lost himself by falling into the snares of a beautiful actress, and from that hour he was ruled by her to an extent that neither parent, nor Jesuit, nor commanding officer had ever been able to equal. He determined to marry Mademoiselle Navarre, and the news of his intention reached Madame Françoise in her castle on the Durance, along with the certainty that this ineligible daughter-in-law had already been the mistress of Marshal Saxe and of Marmontel, the Academician, from whom indeed her harebrained son had just carried her off. The whole family remonstrated; but the *mauvais sujet* was as headstrong as persons of his sort are wont to be, and the couple, who were married in Holland, had actually got as far as Avignon on their way south, when, to the great relief of the whole Mirabeau connexion, the lady suddenly, and not inopportunately, died. Louis-Alexandre was by this time reported by his eldest brother Victor 'to have 'made but three mouthfuls of his patrimony,' and even as a widower he would no doubt have proved a heavy charge to his brothers, had he not speedily attracted the favour of the Margrave and Margravine of Bayreuth, who were then travelling in France. The sister of Frederick the Great promised patronage, and Louis-Alexandre followed them first into Italy, and then into Prussia. M. de Loménie says of this adventure:—

'Two years had hardly passed over his head when he became a personage, and as such began to inspire his eldest brother with more consideration. He became Grand Chamberlain and Privy Councillor to the Margrave of Bayreuth, whose petty sovereign, finding him to be clever, even sent him to Paris with a negotiation important enough to make the Marquis Victor open his eyes. "Why, the credit of affairs "is coming to him, and he has a great deal of talent," he wrote to the Bailli, and, in truth, Louis-Alexandre had talent enough to make the King of Prussia, in the most critical moment of his life, be induced by

* From a curious account of this battle, translated from the Paris *À la Main* of May 17, 1745, in the 'Scots Magazine.'

his sister to solicit the intervention of this Mirabeau, and to accept it, as a last plank.'

It was in July, 1757, and Frederic, attacked at once by France and Austria, Russia and Sweden, and but feebly sustained by England, having already lost a part of his kingdom, harassed on all sides, defeated at Kolin, and yet determined, as he said, rather to take his own life than to surrender, received a proposition from the sister who had followed all his joys and sorrows with so active a sympathy. He replied by the following letter, dated from Leitmeritz:—

' Since, my dear sister, you wish to take upon yourself this great work of a peace, I beg you to send into France that Monsieur de Mirabeau. I will willingly make myself answerable for his expenses. He may offer 5,000 crowns to the favourite (Madame de Pompadour) for a peace; he may make an even greater offer if she will at the same time promise to procure some advantages for us. You must feel how carefully I am obliged to manage all this affair, and that I personally must never appear in it. The least whisper about it in England would ruin all. I believe that your emissary may also apply himself to his relation (Cardinal de Bernis), who has become minister, and whose credit is rising day by day.'

The Margravine, taking the hint, despatched, to cajole Madame de Pompadour, an ambassador whose tastes and *dossier* ought to have recommended him to her. In the first days of September M. de Mirabeau reached Paris, where he did his best to make De Bernis play upon the avarice of the favourite. But the cardinal's influence was not unlimited, the *mauvais sujet* failed to make a conquest of Madame de Pompadour, and the cause of Frederic seemed too desperate to tempt her to take it under her protection. The King of Prussia learned, therefore, with disgust that he must look for no help in that quarter. 'Then,' he wrote to his sister, 'since the French are so proud, I leave them to their own perversity; and I am in full march to change the face of destiny.' Brave words these, such as might have been uttered by Von Moltke when he was in full march upon Paris, and words which Frederic in the meantime effectually made good, November 1757, at Rossbach.

This was not the *mauvais sujet's* only embassy to Paris. Two years later, Choiseul had replaced De Bernis, whose cardinal's hat only arrived, as he pleasantly said, in time to be a good umbrella from the storm of Madame de Pompadour's displeasure—to shelter his retreat from office. The indefatigable Margravine determined to sound the new minister, and Louis-Alexandre de Mirabeau, by appearing the second time in Paris to plead the cause of Prussia's sovereign, asto-

nished his brothers both by his popularity and address. ‘Our brother had an interview yesterday evening with M. de Choiseul in the woods of Marly. . . . The talk was good; it lasted for an hour and a half.’ After this the *mauvais sujet* is no longer mentioned by his old *sobriquet*; he is called ‘Germanicus,’ and regarded with the consideration due to his business, if not to himself. Nothing succeeds like success, and, moreover, Louis-Alexandre now appeared in the character of the reformed rake, and brought along with him a young German countess, ‘white and blonde, not talkative, and with many *quarterings*,’ added the genealogy-loving Victor, who was soon able to report to the Bailli that this ‘Julie’ had been presented to their mother at Mirabeau. There the old lady became young again under the influence of a young and pretty woman, and of the only pleasure that her self-exiled son ever gave her.

‘I am charmed,’ writes the ever amiable Bailli, ‘to hear of our brother’s return, and of the good fortunes of Germanicus. He is brilliant, and has depth also; so it is not astonishing that he makes his way. As for me, if I get on, I shall owe it to having found myself between you two, and to a certain tenacity in my character towards what I think right; while I care little for the favours of fortune.’

In these lines the character of the *bon bailli*, the second of the sons of ‘Col d’Argent,’ seems to have been portrayed by himself in a few strokes. ‘He had the soul and the virtues of a hero,’ said the orator many years later, when speaking of the uncle who had been ever generous and kind to that misguided young lion’s cub—and the praise was not exaggerated. Jean-Antoine-Joseph-Charles-Elézar Riqueti, Chevalier de Mirabeau, Bailli and Grand Cross of the Order of Malta, was born at Pertuis in 1717. In face he resembled his mother, and there is no doubt that

‘In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead,’

and that there was here a predominance of qualities not proper to his father’s eccentric nature. He proved himself to be incontestably the best moral production of a family where every quality was excessive, and where impetuosity too often turned to effrontery and to moral perversity. Not that he either was a lamb. His boyhood was wild and stormy, and in his career as a sailor he saw a great deal of hard service, and had many a struggle before he learned to rule the vivacity of his temperament and the warmth of his hasty speech. From on board the ‘Mars,’ where he was serving as first lieutenant,

he was taken prisoner by the English. *Capitaine de vaisseau* at thirty-four, he was named at thirty-five governor of Guadaloupe. The Marquis Victor has in one of his books some remarks on the general unfitness of the French for colonists, made up, he says, as the emigrants are, of 'gaiety, 'libertinage, lightness, and vanity; often rogues, seldom honest 'folk; generally discontented, and almost always useless. 'They have over them a governor and an *intendant* who both 'pretend to rule, and are never by any chance of the same 'mind.' Such governors, dressed in a little brief authority, doubtless play fantastic enough tricks; but the only thoughts of Governor Mirabeau were for the wellbeing of his temporary subjects, and for the redressing of abominable wrongs. His utterances on these topics recall the touching letters which Michael Speransky wrote from his Siberian government to his daughter Elizabeth. There is the same absence of pretension, the same tenderness for suffering, the same wondering disgust at the heartless rogucry that surrounded him.

'I soon saw that it was impossible to root out all these abuses at once; but it was necessary to attack them, and that I have done to the best of my power. It is true that I have brought back good faith into trading—that is not much—but God only asks from me my time and endeavours, and He is my witness that I do not spare myself, and that I have prevented murders. . . . I have the satisfaction of hearing that people are pleased with my administration, and do justice to the good intentions I have. . . . The rogues, of whom we have no small number, now tremble, and honest folk are glad; while the poor know that justice will be done without respect of persons. They say that their governor's door is open to them at all hours, and the whole colony is aware that not one of my people would dare to prevent the smallest or poorest black from telling me his business. They know also that I will not hear of ill-earned presents; that I have neither wife, nor mistress, nor child, nor relation, nor friends; and that I am a true Melchisedec, a man who neither drinks, nor plays, nor keeps open house, and who will not fail to see justice done, except through some error of his judgment. . . . Lies grow on these colonists' lips like the cedars in Lebanon, but I am up to their tricks now. . . . Never did a monk at La Trappe lead a harder life.'

Some staff appointments fell to Captain Elézar de Mirabeau's share, and he was the author of many works on practical questions of seamanship; but the profligate and ungrateful court of Louis XV. had no rewards for this excellent officer. Though presented by his kinsman, Cardinal de Bernis, and recommended by his brother's friend Quesnay to Madame de Pompadour, she took a dislike to him. The sailor would have been justified in complaining, as his father once did to

Louis XIV.: ‘Sire, si quittant vos drapeaux j’étais venu à la cour payer quelque catin, j’aurais mon avancement, et moins de blessures.’ Neither of these heroic officers, father or son, had the temper of a courtier, and the Duc de Vendôme had been right when he said of ‘Col d’Argent’ that he was a better man to present to the enemy than to the king. ‘Now,’ cries this honest sailor, ‘I repeat it: hurricanes, waves, cannon-balls, hunger, thirst, and the plague are all things to which the children of Adam are exposed as heirs of the punishment of their common ancestor, and I myself have never found them so unbearable as to take myself out of the way of them, but these anterooms will certainly drive me mad.’ Quitting them all in disgust, he retired to Malta, where he eventually obtained such a rich *commanderie* as to be sent home rich enough to live in France. There, at Mirabeau, after the castle had been deserted by his eldest brother, he spent his days in collecting old books and writing new ones, and in mediating between the grim contrariety of tempers and interests that kept up such incessant broils in the family of the Marquis Victor. He lived to see the castle sacked by the mob of Manosque, survived his brother and both his nephews (as well the cadet nicknamed *Tonneau*, as the orator, whose remains 200,000 Frenchmen escorted to the Panthéon), and in 1792 he retired to Malta, where his death, in 1794, only preceded by four years that of the Order of the Knights of Malta. The pages devoted in this work to the description of the state of Malta under the frivolous and luxurious government of the Order, are singularly original and interesting, but we are compelled to pass them over in silence. There, as elsewhere, the honest Bailli did his duty.

It is time for us now to devote our attention to the head of the house, to Marquis Victor, *l’ami des hommes*, the eldest born of the three sons of ‘Col d’Argent’ and of Françoise de Castellane. His life, his doctrines, his labours, his errors and his misfortunes will bring us to the close of the eighteenth century, and of the *ancien régime* in France.

Gibbon, after dining with him one night at Madame de Bontems’, says of him: ‘This extraordinary man has imagination enough for twelve, and yet not common sense enough for one.’ This was in the spring of 1765, and such was still the impression conveyed by a man of fifty years of age. Yet it might have been supposed that time and philosophy would in half a century have taken their effect and partly tamed a nature which his brother officer De Vauvenargues described at a much earlier date as ‘ardent, bilious, restless, proud, more unequal than the

‘ seas, and passionately greedy at once of pleasure, knowledge, and distinctions.’ He was, indeed, a man so various that he was not only an epitome of the good and bad qualities of mankind, but the embodiment of several *régimes*, at once in advance and fallen behind the tendencies of the age in which he lived. Born in Provence in 1715, the child of a woman whose virtues were of the antique sort, he had for his sire a soldier whose temper was that of the chivalrous times of Du Guesclin, if not rather of the fabulous Provençal age of the *quatre fils Aymon*. Victor de Mirabeau was soldier, pedant, litigant, rake, and economist, and his life of seventy-four years takes us at one stride from the rough archaic era of ‘ Col d’Argent ’ to the Revolution of 1789, of which his son Honoré-Gabriel was the fiery and eloquent embodiment.

Victor began his career at fourteen years of age as an ensign in the regiment of Duras. He fought at Dettingen, and when he received the grand cross of St. Louis let us hope that he received along with it the praises of that maimed veteran, his father, who had sent him, when little more than a child, to carry the colours of the King of France under the eyes of the King of England.

It would appear likely to us that brothers who were separated before the age of fourteen, and compelled to run the race of manhood in widely distant parts of the globe, might entertain but little affection for each other. Among the Mirabeaus, however, everything turned out as no one expected. This Marquis Mirabeau, who vowed an eternal friendship with Sacconay and Quesnay, and was enslaved by Madame de Pailly, who quarrelled with his wife and persecuted his son, who praised liberty and took out fifty-seven *lettres de cachet* against his nearest relations, and had lawsuits with his tenants while inditing books on the rights and the happiness of labourers, loved his sailor brother from first to last with a deep and enduring tenderness. It is true that the Bailli was worthy of all love and of all confidence, and that his affection was most loyally returned. ‘ Had you not been my brother, and had we only met in the world, you would still have been my friend,’ wrote the bronzed sailor, ‘ which does not, however, mean that I am always of your way of thinking.’ The boyish letters of these devoted brothers are missing, but there exist now, in the possession of the Montigny family, 4,000 letters which, from December 1753 to July 1789, were exchanged between them. Such a mass of correspondence is perhaps unequalled in any domestic history ; but in this, as in everything else, the Mirabeaus knew nor stint nor measure, and the last of these pages

was traced by the marquis only three hours before death took him away from the Bailli's long friendship, from his endless lawsuits, and from the moral and political convulsions which his writings had done something to evoke.

Carlyle says of this correspondence that it is 'a monstrous quarry, a mound of shot rubbish in eight strata, hiding valuable matter which he that seeks will find.' We have already shown that the Mirabeau papers contain materials for many romances, and it remains for us now to touch on the graver topics which filled the thoughts and occupied the ever busy pen of the marquis.

The first was the formation of a great house. He believed firmly in the Italian origin of his family, but the word *family* had no longer any charms for him; he dreamt of what the Polish nobles call '*braćtwo*,' what in feudal France was termed a '*maison*.' How to create that was to be his business, how to maintain it was to be the duty of his heirs. In 1747, he wrote a code of instructions for them, divided into such heads as 'ambition—how to behave to the court;' 'on alliances;' 'on credit and expenses;' and 'on permanence at home.' We shall see how Victor did behave at court, what a marriage he made, how he ruined himself, and how, forsaking alternately both Mirabeau and Bignon, he died at Argenteuil, near Paris. So much for the difference between profession and practice. To tell the truth, the Marquis Victor's sanity sometimes appears to us doubtful. If the final test of a sane mind be a secure and realised distinction between what we intended and what we have done, between what we saw in a sleeping or waking dream and that which really exists, then his brain was as subject to hallucinations as his theories were to contradictions.

For some years he wrote and talked as the most feudal of *grands seigneurs*, abusing alike the *roture* and those who by *mésalliances* or by mere riches hoped to arrive at an ill-acknowledged equality with his caste. He was blind, and yet not blind to the signs of the times, and half aware, as he paced his terrace at Mirabeau, and heard the Durance rave under its steep, that he had reason to fear for his posterity something more than 'the heat of the sun' or 'the winter's rages' of the Provence to which he was soon to bid adieu. To the Bailli, then in Guadaloupe, he writes:—

'If the men of to-day be, as you say, only intended to perpetuate their species, I doubt if the same can be prognosticated of their children. It is long since I have been saying that from 1560 to 1660 we had always civil wars, troubles, and factions, and from 1660 to 1760 peace with decay, and I am of opinion that this era will go back to the

storms. I do not know if I have the second sight, but to date from those lamentable misunderstandings of the people in 1750, which have caused the road from the Porte Maillot to St. Denis to be called the *road of revolt* (the toleration of the like name at all in the State giving food for reflection)—dating, I say, from then, I seem to see the seeds of troubles. The divisions between the clergy and the high courts are only animated by the sharper measures which are intended to allay them. The archbishop is exiled for not being exactly at the same point at which he was when the parliament was exiled, and brigands appear all over the kingdom. Mandrin, the head of the smugglers, has routed two regiments or detachments, killed thirty-five men, wounded many, and taken three officers. . . . In a word, the times are threatening, and the pilots cannot manage the ship, so that our nephews will have a rough time of it.'

These subjects were later to fill the whole horizon of Victor's mind, taking whimsical and unexpected shapes as they loomed large through the clouds of his aristocratic prejudices and of his personal ambitions. In the meantime he hurried to take a step by which the splendid edifice and the cloud-capped towers of his imaginary *maison* were all destroyed. By his marriage with Mademoiselle de Vassan he obtained three estates and a lead mine, but he loosened his ties to Provence, wearied his mother, and lost himself in the disgust of an ill-assorted union, and finally, by the costs of a separation, ruined himself and his family. Mademoiselle de Vassan, whom he married in 1743, was the heiress of broad acres, farms, and *châteaux* in the Limousin, but she was personally unknown to him when at twenty-eight years of age, and in pursuance of his theory of alliances, he left the service where he had distinguished himself, and married the woman whom he afterwards called a most ridiculous creature and a 'monstre de folie effrénée dans tous les genres.' While counting on her acres it had never occurred to him to find out what had been her education, or what might be the qualities of this mother of the Mirabeaus to be; and no man ever was more unhappy than was this dogmatic marquis through nineteen years of marriage and twenty-seven years of estrangement. The vices, the absolute want of self-control, the shamelessness, and the violence of this woman were all bequeathed to three of her children, to the orator, to his monstrous *cadet*, the Vicomte de Mirabeau, and to Madame de Cabris, whose coarse amours were scandalous even in a family where scandals were sufficiently rife. The Vassan blood, with all its taints, made wild work in the Mirabeau brains, and these children, 'nurtured 'in convulsions,' grew up as partisans, confidants, and enemies of parents whom they neither loved nor respected. It is said that on one occasion the young Gabriel-Honoré tried to inter-

fere at an inopportune moment, and that his mother, by way of a conclusive argument, discharged a pistol at his head. The good Bailli often interposed, but was at length worn out, and reduced to telling the marquis frankly that 'never since the creation of the world was there such a wife as God has given to thee, or such children.'

Madame Françoise, who had disapproved of the marriage, and regretted the consequent migration of the family from Mirabeau to the Limousin and to Bignon, was aghast at the *faits et gestes* of her daughter-in-law; the disorderly life of her granddaughter Madame de Cabris pained her, and clouds gathered very thick over the evening of a noble life, which had also been a happy one in the days when they lived in Provence, and 'Col d'Argent' first sent out her three sons on careers that might all have been careers of honour. That of Victor was now towards experiments, litigation, and dishonour, in the midst of a family of which he said himself that it was a 'dunghill such as no honest man would cover with his mantle.'

Nor was the marquis himself, though he said that morals were the strings of the political instrument of which laws are the tones, always guarded in his walk. In early life he had formed strong friendships, and now that he was middle-aged, worried, and outraged, he added to the family circle the constant presence of a Swiss lady, of a Madame de Pailly, full of graces, and rich, we are told, in personal as well as mental charms. Her friendship for the master of the house was of seven years' standing when it began to excite the jealousy of the marquise and the comments of her Vassan relations. Victor was not a man likely to yield a point on remonstrance or on compulsion. Madame de Pailly liked her quarters at Bignon, where, in the marquis's eyes, she appeared as the only woman who understood and valued him. She certainly enslaved him, and his children as certainly disliked her, and from their relations, though the marquis declared them to be sternly Platonic, Madame Françoise suffered greatly in spirit. Personally she liked the '*belle Bernoise*,' and, while she was glad of anything that pleased her son, she was probably not sorry at anything that displeased her daughter-in-law; but at the same time 'Col d'Argent's' widow had religious scruples. She valued morality even though it were little regarded, and though examples of illicit love were then being set in very high places. When at last, after nineteen stormy years, the marquis separated from his wife, she took care then to make the most of her wrongs at the hands of Madame de Pailly. What they had been up to that time was in reality only known to the Swiss lady, who

now at any rate advanced 42,800 livres to her friend to help him to foil his wife in a lawsuit. This debt the marquis never repaid her, and as it weighed heavily on his mind when he came to die, it was well that he could not foresee how the *Terreur* would finally prevent his executors from ever reimbursing her.

The separation between man and wife, which was begun with precipitation at Bignon, was carried through with all the violence, high words, and mutual recriminations that characterised the Mirabeaus. The marquise, having brought the Limousin estates into the family, now claimed them for her private property. The marquis, who had many schemes to carry out in the country, and valued territorial greatness, would not resign them, but consigned his wife to a convent, and then began a lawsuit, famous and infamous in the history of *causes célèbres* in France, which ruined himself, and further separated him from his now grown-up children. One daughter only, Madame du Saillant, sympathised with her father. Madame de Cabris threw in her lot with a mother who promised *largesse* to her, and to her lover, the adventurer Brianson, if they would help her to ruin the marquis.

Then at last the head of this strange family, originally intended by him to found one of the great *maisons* of France, became like a stag at bay. He turned on his children, took out *lettres de cachet*, and published pamphlets till he made the world ring with misfortunes of which his wife also made no secret. Montpezat, meeting him one day, asked him if he had won his lawsuit. He replied that he had. 'Then where is Madame la Marquise?' 'In a convent.' 'And your son?' 'In a convent.' 'And your daughter from Provence?' 'In a convent.' 'Then you take a pleasure in filling convents?' 'Assuredly, and had *you* been a son of mine you would have been in one long ago.' When roused, this learned marquis could speak as bluntly as ever spoke his father, to whom a tiresome man one day said in support of an opinion, 'And my brother thinks the same.' 'Permit me,' said Jean-Antoine, taking off his hat and bowing low, 'to congratulate you on having a brother, as, but for that fact, you would be the biggest fool in France.'

The angry marquise did not always remain in the convent that was selected for her residence. One day she appeared in her husband's house in Paris, occupied his rapidly deserted room and bed, and was only ejected after a scene that Beaumarchais would have thought very effective, if rather broad. Her husband's spirits were not always proof against the worries

and the isolation of this stormy life. Sometimes he seemed overpowered by his own troubles and by their repetition in the breach between his son Honoré and his wife, and by the death of the grandchild who was the sole offspring of that ill-starred union. 'If,' he cried, 'it were only reverses, *they* are the portion of all men; but I received my house healthy, flourishing, without debts or lawsuits, perfumed with dignity and fixed in the general esteem; and now—in what a state! What an offering to the succession bequeathed by my honoured forefathers!' And there was yet a darker touch to be added to the picture. Either owing to some organic lesion, or to the repeated and distracting catastrophes of her household, Françoise de Castellane, best and greatest of the *châtelaines* of Mirabeau, had become insane. By her son she was nursed with the greatest tenderness through a trial so bitter that, as he said, it had gone far to turn his own head. One of the drawbacks to celebrity is the 'fierce light that beats upon' every detail of private life, and the fame of poor Françoise's misery, like that of the marquise's vices, the marquis's lawsuit, and of Gabriel's eccentric youth, spread all over Europe. Many were the conjectures made as to the cause of the poor lady's aberrations. She would not allow any woman to enter her presence; but when one recalls all that she had been made to suffer at the hands of the *mauvais sujet's* actress, of the Vassan ladies, of Madame de Cabris, and Madame de Pailly, it is not astonishing that the sick brain feared to recognise one of her tormentors in any representative of their perfidious sex.

Her illness lasted three years, and she was only released at the great age of eighty-four, when, in May 1769, they laid her in Saint-Sulpice, whence her coffin was removed by her son's express wish to his vault in the Benedictine church of Argenteuil. He announced her death thus to the Bailli:—

'I had warned you, dear brother, that the next letter would announce to you that our revered mother had entered into the possession of a better life. It was at nine o'clock in the evening that we lost her who had been once the honour of her sex and the blessing of our house. For the rest, she had been in such a state that one could only pray for her release.'

Such, up to sixty years of age, was the life of the Marquis de Mirabeau, and in recording it, as well as in reading it, one has difficulty in realising that it is meant to be the preamble to the history of one of the 'martyrs of liberty'—of a philosophical moralist who was one of the leading economists of the eighteenth century.

The marquis received, as usual, his impulse towards the

study he was to pursue so hotly, and with so much loss to himself, from an external and a personal influence—from contact with Quesnay. That learned, pleasing, and visionary man was the son of a ploughman, and from an obscure medical practice in the west of France had become the doctor of Madame de Pompadour. As such he had an apartment assigned to him at Versailles; and the king, who saw him there a great deal, was wont to call him his ‘*thinker*.’ In his *entresol* Quesnay received all sorts of companions, and the conversations that occasionally passed within a few feet only of the royal favourite’s room, must have been startling in their frankness, if we may judge by the specimens which her attendant, Madame de Hausset, has preserved in her memoirs. In that establishment at Versailles the old saying of ‘*Like mistress like maid*,’ certainly held good; and Madame de Hausset long occupied, with regard to the philosopher of the *entresol*, the same equivocal relations which Madame de Pompadour held to the king. This gave the waiting-woman many opportunities of hearing what was said both in and out of the royal presence, and the following conversation was noted down by her one day. Her brother, M. de Marigny, was already with Quesnay when the Marquis de Mirabeau and M. de la Rivière entered. Conversation turned on public affairs:—

“‘This kingdom,” said Mirabeau, “is in a very bad way. There are neither energetic lines of policy, nor money to carry them out.”

“‘It will never be regenerated,” said M. de la Rivière, “except by foreign conquest, as in China, or by some great internal earthquake and revolution. But woe betide those on whom *that* falls, for the French populace will set to work with no slack hand.”’

Madame de Hausset was so frightened that she withdrew. On another occasion the Marquis de Mirabeau came in, but his utterances seem to have been of a less apocalyptic nature. ‘Their conversation was very dull for me: *n’y étant question que du produit net*,’ the famous shibboleth of these economists. Madame de Hausset, fearing that they were all rebels at heart, trembled for her learned lover and her place, but M. de Marigny told her that Quesnay and his friends were honest if chimerical thinkers, right enough in their aims, to which Turgot gave all his sympathy, but shooting wide enough of their mark.

It is a strange symptom of the times, and a no less strange trait of this sect, that its members did not deceive themselves as to the incurable turpitude of society, as to that something rotten in the state of France which could be cured only by destruction; and that before reconstruction there must come

earthquake and tempest, mourning and desolation, and woes unparalleled. Both the encyclopedists and the clericals were now helpless to save. The excess of bigotry in the religious factions, alike in Molinists and in Jansenists, had not purified manners, though it had led to a rupture between the parliament and an arbitrary king. Its manifestations produced reaction, not amendment, in the bystanders, while the *doctrinaires* were in their turn so bigoted as to make Duclos declare that he should be driven to mass and to vespers by way of a pleasant change. The royal authority, however ill defined in theory, was simply tyrannical in practice; the nobles, leaving like the Mirabeaus their feudal estates and dignity, filled the city, the court, and the antechamber with their vanity, their intrigues, and their vices; and underlying all was a population immense in numbers, rich in intelligence, ground by taxation, and appearing only as suppliants in Assemblies which were good for nothing but to register the decrees of the king. By the expulsion of the Protestants a great blank had been created in the industries of a nation which was now deprived of political importance; and a moral check had also been removed from the clergy, who had relaxed greatly in discipline since the days of Bossuet and Pascal, while they lived in a ceaseless strife with the parliaments. Rousseau, while he professed respect for Christianity and even for Catholicism, had in reality done more even than Voltaire to alienate his countrymen and women from the creed and church of their forefathers. All these evils, 'slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent,' were now deeply rooted, and too many vested interests were at stake to make reformation easy or gradual. The economists cast about for a palliative, for in admitting the state of France they, like all the Frenchmen of their day, were but the more dogmatical because they were obliged to restrict themselves to theory alone, and were never able to test by practice either ideas or measures.

They fixed upon agriculture (probably because they resided in Paris), and founded upon its development their new scheme for national safety and human progress. The economists of the latter half of the eighteenth century have been accused of promoting revolution. Such was never their intention. They advocated the pre-eminence of a legal despotism, while the nation, thoroughly informed as to the laws, should be bound to observe them rigidly. All human society being by God subordinated in a natural order, property was to be held sacred; agriculture was the sole source of wealth, as it alone gave a *produit net* upon the expenses; all indirect taxa-

tion ought to be suppressed, and the total of the royal taxes diminished to one half; culture should be at the will and choice of the cultivator; free export of grain was not only to be permitted, but new ways (*débouchés*) were to be made through the country by canals and roads; government was to co-operate in lowering the cost of necessaries, by which means population would return, and the public loans and all the malpractices of the *fermiers* were to be suppressed. The philosophers who asked for these things were assuredly only democrats in so far as they were sensitive to the tendencies of a generation that was becoming essentially democratic. Towards such an issue *la roture* had long been moving. The subdivision of estates was an element constantly making for change; and, above all, there had been founded in France a republic of letters, which not only lent power and brilliancy to the *tiers état*, but handed over to it the spiritual empire of the world. It was in 1735 that the Academy of Dijon had proposed 'the Equality of Men' as a theme to Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and how could the economists avoid imbibing democracy in Quesnay's *entresol*, or under the gilded roofs and the high *mansardes* of royal Versailles?

It is, however, to wrong them to represent them as mere instigators of revolution, for revolution was but the logical result of the pressure which they felt, and which they were powerless to remove. Their position may more truly be described as holders of one of the many stations on the road to economic renovation. Along many stages of that road France had already passed, though her progress had, it is true, been anything rather than uniform. She had long left behind the first stages of violence and serfdom, when she arrived at the establishment of property, and of that distribution of alms from the monasteries which may be regarded as the infancy of social science in Christendom. But the trammels of feudality and of monopoly still held her fast when, at the expiration of the Middle Ages, civil and religious wars came to retard her progress for more than fifty years. The century of toleration which followed on the Edict of Nantes gave scope at last for the reforms and improvements by which first Sully and then Colbert had ennobled their respective tenures of office. Political economy, beginning to be recognised as a science which sets high aims before civilised communities, was not likely to be neglected during the reign when France, in arts as well as arms, was the greatest of the nations of Europe. The French populace, originally cultivators of the soil, possessed not only manufacturing and commercial talents, but under Colbert they

had a thousand opportunities by which they knew how to profit. In 1685, Louis XIV., however, determined to effect in religion that unity which was not only the *beau idéal* of policy and of philosophy in the seventeenth century, but was also the express image of his personal and autocratic rule. He revoked the edict, and deprived France of half a million of her most industrious subjects. The next impulse towards social progress must, therefore, come from another direction. No Utopia of the shop or loom need be thought of, for the bones of the craftsmen were whitening the valleys of the Cevennes, and the weavers were in Spitalfields. Men's eyes thus turned to finance. Law's bank was opened in 1716, under the patronage of the Regent; and when two years later it was erected into the Royal Bank, the inventor of the Mississippi Scheme was named Comptroller-General of the kingdom. The history of the bubble of the Rue Quincampoix is well known; but when it broke, when thousands of families had been ruined, and Law himself had fled the country, the event had made its mark on banking, and upon the economists who occupied themselves with the *numéraire* and the multiplication of the means of wealth through finance.

The study of social questions was not without its dangers even to economists who might not happen, like Law, to be adventurers or speculators. Vauban, the prince of engineers, lived to see his book on taxation burnt by the hangman; and his nephew, Boisguilbert, was exiled for the reforms which he in his turn was bold enough to advocate. What wonder then that Victor de Mirabeau should suffer for his opinions? He held distinctively those of the *physiocrates*, the economists of the second period of the eighteenth century, who, setting aside the question of the *numéraire*, gave the pre-eminence to the *earth* and to her powers. They held that the true wealth of nations lay in the soil, in the multiplication of food, and in the realisation on the part of the agriculturist of the famous '*produit net*.' This was to belong to the proprietors as a remuneration of their outlaid capital, and the higher the *produit net* rose the more the community prospered, first because of the increase in the quantity of *produits disponibles*, and also because the augmentation of the *produit net* permits both proprietors and the State to increase the capital advanced. Those are undoubtedly the richest countries where the agricultural *produit net* is the highest, and experience has confirmed much of Quesnay's theory, while the wider insight of Adam Smith came to convict him of error: first, in so far as he said that agriculture *created* the wealth, which it can but

manufacture out of the elements of the earth; and secondly, because he said that agriculture alone yielded that *produit net* which every well-managed industry can be made to do. No doubt Quesnay made some false deductions from undeniable facts, and of course Quesnay's pupil exaggerated them, and every other theory of his master, who had been only justified in calling *sterile* those unproductive outlays which diminish the real riches of a kingdom. Now, as the decay of agriculture and the dwindling of the population were caused by the incessant wars of Louis XIV. and by the *dragonnades*, by the luxury of the nobles and the oppressive taxes, Mirabeau, in dwelling on these topics, touched upon dangerous ground. Had the marquis contented himself with generalising, with the cultivation of his own estates, or with a prose adaptation of the 'Georgics' to the age of Louis XV., all might have gone smoothly with him, or at least as smoothly as matters could go with a landed proprietor who had, by the help of a canal and a lead mine, contracted 678,740 *livres* of debt. But Victor was in many respects a repetition of his father's temperament, and from 'Col d'Argent,' who was quite capable of throwing an obnoxious taxgatherer into the Durance, he had inherited a hatred of the fiscal system. It was patently cruel and bad, and also shortsighted; and the more the *physiocrate* recognised the earth's powers to feed and bless the multitude, the more he denounced a system of which it had been once humorously said that 'the imposts were seventeen times the value of the 'rental.' Thus taxed, agriculture naturally could not be made to pay, and Jacques Bonhomme could not make a living, though in the marquis's books, as in Quesnay's tables, long pages of figures demonstrated that nothing could be simpler or surer than his gains. The marquis called his greatest book 'L'Ami des hommes,' and that name stuck to him, though, on account of the democratic flavour of its title, he had not signed it, but published it at Avignon with the initials L. D. H. It made a great sensation. The Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., declared that he had got by heart what he called the *bréviaire* 'des honnêtes gens,' and Grimm said of it that it deserved its reputation

'from the importance of its object. It is an apology for agriculture against the luxury and oppressions of a misguided government, in three large volumes 4to. The author, the Marquis de Mirabeau, is a Provençal, and though young he has long since left the service—no doubt for some private reason of displeasure. He is the grandson of a man who took a dislike to Louis XIV. (Grimm is wrong; Victor, who left the army to marry Mademoiselle de Vassan, was the son of Marquis Jean-

Antoine). When this Mirabeau gave his resignation into the hands of Louis XIV., he said, "Sire, I have the honour to thank your Majesty "for dispensing me after forty years of service from any gratitude to "your person." But to return to this book. The boldness of it gives it great vogue, and as the government has been stupid enough to suppress it, this adds greatly to its reputation.'

The book was suppressed, and no wonder. The author remarked that the method now in vogue for collecting the royal taxes defeated its own object, and that 'his Majesty, 'with twenty millions of subjects, could not obtain their services 'for want of money.' For this home-thrust, which must have been bitterly felt at the time, M. de Mirabeau was summarily shut up in Vincennes. He had certainly spoken freely when he said :—

'You are the first of the *employés* of your kingdom. All your time and all your labours belong to the public, and while all, or nearly all, can serve by paying attention to their particular sphere, you alone cannot turn aside for a moment from the object to which you are dedicated—that is to say, from the *general weal*—without doing a wrong and a manifest theft. This charge is onerous, truly a very heavy one, and its weight is just the measure of the emoluments of all sorts which are yours. It is the wants of the people which make them consent to your sovereignty.'

This is one side of the question. The author was aware that it had been differently viewed at Versailles, where the nation was represented as existing for the king, and where the king in truth existed for Madame de Pompadour. He therefore changed the colours on his palette, and he painted the following sketch of Louis XIV., Fénelon, and Madame de Maintenon :—

'A great prince, born to command, and by the hand of Nature fashioned for a throne, lived from his youth upwards in civic strife. Surrounded at that age, which suspects nothing, with pomps and prejudices, common enough in the most stormy courts, he was accustomed to hear the blame of all the miseries of his reign laid upon the ambition of the nobles, the intrigues of the women, and the weakening of his authority. No one said to him that turbulent spirits are powerless to rouse a people, except when the people is miserable, or that he who in his own century and in history passes for the author of revolutions is only a man displaced through the displacement of others, one who becomes the incendiary of his country by the strength of the very same qualities which should have made him her glory and her defender at a happier age. No one pointed out to him how interested ministers gave the example of partiality; how the revenues of the prince were spent in liabilities of all sorts, at the same time that the public treasure could not suffice to the greed of the notables, or to the

wars of the country; . . . they took care, I say, never to point out these things to him. He believed through pride, and as of system, that arbitrary limitless authority was the basis of the happiness of a people, and of the lustre of the State. He sacrificed to this idol his person, his time, his most assiduous labour. He was young, he was brilliant, he was strong, he was splendid, he declined, he grew old, and all the springs of his empire grew old with him and before him. Towards the end of his reign this prince and his state were like the lion in the fable. One of his creatures, in his dearest favour and most particularly attached to his person, obtained from the prince that he should hear a man of genius whose systems appeared luminous, and to whom the prince had given an important post. The prince gave him a private and quiet audience, and for three long hours heard him; but his heart, too long nourished with flattery, would not open to the words of truth. A long reign, many years of business, always conducted in a spirit which is considered the right one, ill prepared a proud spirit to receive the seeds of simple truth. The heart has no longer a centre to conceive or to warm into life the germs of hope. The prince said as he went out, "*I have been listening to the most visionary man in my kingdom.*" The principles of that most visionary man are collected here. When *they* in *their* turn shall have deceived as many kings, overburdened as many peoples, and destroyed as many states, as the *contrary* principles have deceived, overburdened, and destroyed, *then* I will subscribe to the judgment of the prince, most splendid example as he is of fortune and misfortune here below.'

This long extract breathes the very spirit of the Marquis Victor. If in it he attributes to Fénelon the task of trying in three hours to impress on the ruler of France the political axioms which he advanced in 'Télémaque,' and which the *physiocrates* afterwards adopted, the rugged, emphasised style of this passage is that of a Mirabeau; so are the noble attitude, the proudly sorrowful accents, the self-confidence, the courtesy, the irony, and the despair.

'Thus,' cries the marquis in conclusion, 'thus did a virtuous man dare to express his thoughts at the footstool of a monarch who was awe-inspiring in his greatness. Thus thought a military hero (Vauban), and still more strongly were these important truths published by a citizen (Boisguilbert), whose simplicity caused him to be neglected by a dazzled age, but to whom posterity will accord the honour that is his due. As for me, happy in so far that I have no responsible charge, I fear only my Master and the laws. My weak voice is the organ of the thunders of justice and of truth, and it fears not to be stopped either by the hisses of intrigue or by the howls of cupidity. France is inexhaustible.'

Thus the marquis continued to prophesy until at least the endurance of France was exhausted, and the curtain drew up for the most tremendous world-tragedy, in which kings, priests

nobles, and tax-gatherers were all 'in one red burial blent.' Then was seen the greatest portent of any age, when Frenchmen, with the tools and arts of ten centuries of civilisation in their hands, became as savages, and when those who had been last, becoming first, swept away all the formulas of the ages. Then foremost upon a stage which had all the world for its audience stepped the heir of this far-seeing marquis, the Comte Gabriel-Honoré Riquet de Mirabeau, orator and tribune of the people of revolutionary France. 'The time for *his* sort 'is coming, and not a woman in France but now carries about 'in her some Arteveld or Masaniello,' complained the marquis. But surely, of all the sons born to women, none was ever stranger than this heir of the pedantic marquis, last of the Mirabeaus, rejected by the nobles of Provence, and now representing at Versailles the *tiers état* of Aix. His father had ill forgiven him crimes, outrages, flights, pamphlets, scandals, and disappointments without number, and the son had ill forgiven the prisons at Rhé and Château d'If, the foreign exile, the poverty, the convent, the Castle of Vincennes, the harsh judgments, the unloved childhood, and all the pain which had gone to form this hero of the National Assembly. Yet the marquis was proud of him, dimly seeing perhaps from his sick room at Argenteuil that the hour had come and the man; and they were more than half reconciled to each other when, on July 13, 1789, Victor de Mirabeau died.

On July 15, the Bastille fell. Ninety years have passed since then, and in laying down M. de Loménie's fascinating pages one is struck by the originality and the power of these ancestors of the tribune. They were the last specimens of the old *régime*, which, be its faults and its scandals what they may, gave a larger scope to character and formed stronger types of men than the new *régime* and the era of liberty in France. We look in vain in modern times for that originality of character and that immutable adherence to principle, which were not rare in the French of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under the fixed influence of monarchical and aristocratic traditions. Democratic France has not proved the nursing mother of genius, and the spring seems to have dried up that furnished her either with great generals or great politicians; and now that Guizot and Thiers have gone over to the silent majority, and that Victor Hugo is growing old, we look in vain for any great examples of mental power.

The temporal well-being of mankind is the gospel of the new *régime*, but is there not to be seen in these utilitarians

something of that manner of loving of one's own life by which one really loses it? The acknowledged leaders of society have been pulled out of their niches to make the sovereign people happy, but democracy in France has become singularly and sadly commonplace. In the Chamber the manufacturer is jealous of the statesman, the man of letters hates his brethren of the craft, and in his turn has himself no friends. Even on questions of charity, religion, and education, men and women are separated, and we have the veriest of all Babels, such a divergence upon morals as makes society, in the old sense of the word, impossible. The old aristocracy has given place to a dozen indifferent copies of it; for France, being, as Victor de Mirabeau said, inexhaustible, is rich, so that an equality of expenditure may be remarked among Frenchmen. But it is the only equality, and, unless she takes warning by the self-caused ruin of Poland, it is impossible for France to be at peace within herself. Churchmen maintain their pretensions, while there still comes from beneath an ominous whisper of a new and more sweeping 'social liquidation;' and though the race of Frenchmen still possesses some of that vast recuperative power which belongs to the Nature that Victor de Mirabeau praised, and of which it is a part, still their future gives but little promise of cure.

ART. VII.—*Cæsar: a Sketch*. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A.
London: 1879.

IN one of his earliest published compositions Macaulay makes Julius Cæsar the central figure in a fragmentary story of which the scene is laid at Rome on the eve of Catiline's conspiracy. The tale opens with a conversation between two of Catiline's friends. Ligarius is strolling back from the Campus Martius to the Forum, when he overtakes Flaminius, who tells him what the political world is saying about the supper-parties at Catiline's house. Cæsar, in particular, has been indicated by Cicero as a dangerous person. Ligarius is astonished. Surely, he says, Cæsar does nothing but gamble, feast, intrigue, read Greek, and write verses. Flaminius, however, knows better. He has just lost a large sum to Cæsar at play, and Cæsar had won the game while carrying on a flirtation which preoccupied him so much that he scarcely looked at the board. 'I thought,' says Flaminius, 'that I had him. All at once I found my counters driven into the corner. Not a piece to move. It cost me two millions of sesterces.' While

the friends are still talking, the subject of their conversation comes in sight—the elegant Cæsar, whom the gay youth of Rome take to be merely one of themselves, but whose features can be read more truly by those who have felt his easy mastery of whatever he attempts. Slight as this early production of Macaulay's is, it has always seemed to us to suggest how excellent a subject Cæsar would be for a writer who united the qualifications of an historian with imaginative force and dramatic power. Exact scholarship, laborious research, and literary skill have been abundantly devoted in recent times to the illustration of Cæsar's career; yet after all that has been done by Mommsen and by Drumann, by Merivale and by Long, by M. Victor Duruy and by the Imperial biographer who in his account of the Gallic campaigns has at least made a solid contribution to military archæology, one thing still remained for a writer of Cæsar's life to do—to give us a living picture of the man, faithful to such authentic traits as history has preserved, and lending unity to these by such touches as only a sympathetic imagination can supply. This is what Mr. Froude has essayed to do. He has approached his subject not simply as a student of history, but also, and more peculiarly, in the spirit of a creative dramatist. An estimate of his work which aims at seizing that which is really distinctive of it will view it especially in the latter aspect. The book is not properly a critical study of the Fall of the Commonwealth; it is rather an artistic study—a 'sketch' as Mr. Froude calls it, a portrait as it might fairly be called—of Cæsar's character and work. The defects of Mr. Froude's performance arise in nearly every case from the same general cause. He has gone to the original sources, Latin and Greek, for the history of the period, and he has frequently used them with signal literary skill; but he has not always attended to the precise meaning of the texts on which he relies. The blemishes which result are of two classes. First, there is a certain number of small inaccuracies in regard to the interpretation of particular phrases, or to Roman political antiquities.* These inaccuracies lower

* Thus there is a pervading confusion between the technical Roman sense and the ordinary modern sense of 'patrician' and 'plebeian,' which comes out strongly when Mr. Froude infers Cæsar's early lack of political ardour from the fact that he had never been a candidate for the tribuneship. Again, Mr. Froude seems to think that all the *Leges Juliae* were Julius Cæsar's. The terms of the Lex Aurelia of 70 B.C. are not accurately described (p. 110), no mention being made of the *tribuni ærarii* as forming one-third of the *judices*. The term *equites* is a stumbling-block to Mr. Froude; he renders it 'young lords' where

the claim of the book in a critical sense, but will not, as a rule, seriously mislead the general reader, while the scholar will correct them for himself. Secondly, there are some instances of injustice, springing chiefly from the same source, to the characters of the secondary personages of the drama; these faults are of a graver nature, and ought to receive the author's attention in the next edition of the work. Thus we would suggest that he should consider carefully what Professor Tyrrell urges in the Preface and Introduction to the first volume of his edition of 'Cicero's Letters' regarding Cicero's relations to Cæsar, to Clodius, and to Catiline, and regarding the question of Cæsar's complicity in the Catilinarian plot.* The estimate of Tiberius Gracchus is hardly, we think, duly appreciative, and the verdict upon Lucullus appears to us unfairly harsh.† But it will not be the object of the following pages to examine the questionable points of Mr. Froude's work in minute detail. This task has not been neglected by our predecessors in the criticism of the book; and having indicated the nature and bearing of these minor defects, we may therefore pass at once to the consideration of the larger questions which Mr. Froude has raised. The general conception of Cæsar's place in history which the 'Sketch' unfolds, apart from those merits or flaws of workmanship which only the few can appreciate, constitutes its really distinctive interest, and it is to this that our remarks shall be chiefly directed.

The first condition for a just estimate of Cæsar's public character and work is a clear perception of the point which the downward course of the Republic had reached at the moment when he entered on his career. Mr. Froude has aimed at satisfying this condition in the most complete manner, and has

it simply means 'knights' (Sallust, Catil. 49) and 'knights' where it means 'cavalry' (Cæs. de Bell. Gall. iv. 13). 'Libertini' is rendered 'sons of freedmen.' The 'gentile name' is used as if it distinguished men of the same 'cognomen' like a modern Christian name, e.g. p. 382. The young Cæsar's complexion is described as 'sallow' (p. 68), but 'candido colore' means 'fair' or 'pale.'

* As Professor Tyrrell remarks (and shows in a note on Cic. Ep. i. xii. § 8), evidence is against the tradition of Cicero having defended Catiline on a charge of malversation in Africa; as it is also against the story of Cicero's intimacy with Clodia. Nor, again, is there any reason for referring *nosti marinas* in Cic. ad Att. i. 16 to an infamous adventure of Clodius.

† Pp. 22-24 (where, by the way, Plutarch's account of the breach between Tiberius Gracchus and Scipio Æmilianus is not accurately reproduced), pp. 104, 114, 127, &c.

accordingly devoted several of his earlier chapters to a narrative of Roman affairs from the time of the Gracchi. This method has the advantage of developing his views in fuller detail, but we are inclined to think that it is injurious to the artistic effect of his sketch as a whole. Too long an interval elapses between the opening of the drama and the first appearance of the chief actor. Mr. Froude is seldom more effective than in describing the tendencies and characteristics of a period which presents vivid contrasts. In this case his object would, we think, have been better attained if he had compressed his preliminary narrative into a general survey, and had not made the reader wait so long for introduction to the central figure of the story. The first part of the book might be described as a detailed proof that the Roman aristocracy had become no less incapable of governing than the Roman mob. It would not be easy to bring any new charge against the Senate of the declining Republic; but the indictment has never been laid with more rhetorical force than by Mr. Froude. In following the chief points of this indictment, it will be convenient to recognise two periods: the first, from the Gracchi to Sulla; the second, from Sulla to the first consulship of Cæsar.

‘The Senate,’ says Mr. Froude, ‘was the permanent Council of State, and was the real administrator of the empire. The senate had the control of the treasury, conducted the public policy, appointed from its own ranks the governors of the provinces. It was patrician in sentiment, but not necessarily patrician in composition. The members of it had virtually been elected for life by the people, and were almost entirely those who had been quæstors, ædiles, prætors, or consuls; and these offices had been long open to the plebeians. It was an aristocracy, in theory a real one, but tending to become, as civilisation went forward, an aristocracy of the rich.’

This account is substantially correct, though, as we shall see presently, it scarcely brings out with sufficient clearness the character which had belonged to the Senate before it began to degenerate. We proceed to trace, with Mr. Froude, the process by which senatorial rule was finally discredited. ‘Caius Gracchus had a broader intellect than his brother, and a character considerably less noble. The land question, he perceived, was but one of many questions. The true source of the disorders of the Commonwealth was the Senate itself. The administration of the empire was in the hands of men totally unfit to be trusted with it.’ Accordingly, after reviving the agrarian law, Caius Gracchus transferred the judicial functions of the Senate to the knights. ‘How bitterly must such a measure have been resented by the Senate,

‘ which at once robbed them of their protective and profitable
‘ privileges, handed them over to be tried by their rivals for their
‘ pleasant irregularities, and stamped them at the same time with
‘ the brand of dishonesty ! How certainly must such a measure
‘ have been deserved when neither consul nor tribune could be
‘ found to interpose his veto ! ’ But the Senate were equal to
the occasion, and acted after their kind. ‘ Again, as ten years
‘ before, the noble lords armed their followers.’ Caius Gracchus was killed, and ‘ the surviving patriots who were in any
‘ way notorious or dangerous were hunted down in legal manner
‘ and put to death or banished.’ From this point down to the Sullan Revolution, Mr. Froude represents the Senate as merely going from bad to worse, giving more and more signal proofs, at each new crisis, of shameless selfishness and disastrous incapacity. Jugurtha bribes the senatorial commissioners sent to Africa, and then, ‘ with contemptuous confidence,’ comes over to Italy, loaded with gold, and bribes the senators themselves at Rome. When the wave of Teutonic invasion comes surging down the northern plains, the prating Senate are as helpless as the howling mob, and the country is saved by Marius and the legions. When the Italians rise in the Social War, and claim the franchise, the Senate discover that they must come to terms if they would escape destruction. They yield, and so gain a breathing-space. Presently the terrible Mithridates crosses the Bosphorus, and Greece is up in revolt. As usual, the Senate are utterly unprepared, and this time there is an explosion of fury at Rome. No fleet, no army ; the treasury empty ; an aristocracy of millionnaires and a bankrupt State ; the interests of the Commonwealth sacrificed to fill the purses of the few. The panic-stricken Senate command Sulla to save the Republic. But the people remember who opened the Alps to the Germans ; they know how much is to be expected from a continuance of ‘ the accursed system.’ They insist on having Marius. Sulla asserts his claim by marching on Rome, and then goes away to that campaign by which, after four years, he brings Mithridates to sue for peace on his knees. No sooner is he gone than the democrats rise under Cinna. ‘ Again, as so many times before, the supremacy of the aristocrats had been accompanied with dishonour abroad, and the
‘ lawless murder of political adversaries at home.’ Democracy has its bloody triumph under Marius ; and then the triumph of aristocracy is signalled with still more horrible atrocities under Sulla.

The Senate now enters on a fresh phase of existence. As an administrative body, it had hopelessly broken down. Sulla

gives it a new lease of life, and sends it forth on a new period of probation. The virtual effect of his reforms was to concentrate all independent power in the Senate; to give it the supreme control, legislative and executive; to make it 'omnipotent' and irresponsible.' Once more it fails, and now the failure is final and decisive. When Cæsar was twenty-four years of age, the situation had already come to be this: the Roman dominion must suffer disruption, or the existing Constitution must be abolished. The mob manifestly could not govern, and the aristocracy had given irrefutable proof that they could not govern either. Sulla had framed for them the most favourable conditions that an absolute aristocrat could invent, and the result was universal disorder. Spain had been reduced to temporary submission only by the assassination of Sertorius. The sea was abandoned to buccaneers. 'Wolves calling themselves Roman senators' preyed at will upon the wretched people of the provinces. Honest and industrious men were robbed of their hardly-earned property. Their wives and daughters were dishonoured, and protests only provoked fresh outrage. Nor was there any hope for the unhappy victims, since they were not enduring the transient calamity of rule by a bad man—they were under the indefeasible tyranny of a dead hand. The insurrection of the slaves showed how the very foundations of Roman society were heaving beneath it. It was quelled, and six thousand miserable beings were impaled along the sides of the Italian highways; but the deadly disease was not remedied, it was only inflamed, by forcible repression. As the Servile War showed what Rome had to fear from the despair of the lowest, the conspiracy of Catiline revealed the danger which menaced it from the discontents of men more highly placed. Catiline's followers were not only 'the dangerous classes,' the parricides, adulterers, forgers, brigands, pirates; their ranks included ruined men of birth and dissatisfied men of wealth. The fact which gave the conspiracy a plausible significance and a dangerous cohesion was the general disrepute of the government. The trial of Clodius for sacrilege, resulting in his scandalous acquittal, brought fresh infamy on the Senate, causing Cicero, who believed that the Commonwealth had been founded anew in his own consulship, to say, 'Unless some god looks favourably on us, all is lost by this single judgment.' It was, in fact, the most glaring example which had yet illustrated the depravity of the law courts. The elections to the magistracies became every year more corrupt. Italy was parcelled out into vast estates cultivated by slaves. The colonists of the Gracchan system,

the military settlers planted on the lands by Sulla, had alike disappeared, and the agrarian problem remained to be attacked anew. Thus in every department of the State there was a crying need of reform when Cæsar entered on his first consulship. The spirit in which he addressed himself to the task, as conceived by Mr. Froude, shall be described in Mr. Froude's own words (p. 171):—

¶ 'The consulship of Cæsar was the last chance for the Roman aristocracy. He was not a revolutionist. Revolutions are the last desperate remedy when all else has failed. They may create as many evils as they cure, and wise men always hate them. But if revolution was to be escaped, reform was inevitable, and it was for the Senate to choose between the alternatives. Could the noble lords have known then, in that their day, the things that belonged to their peace—could they have forgotten their fish-ponds and their game preserves, and have remembered that, as the rulers of the civilised world, they had duties which the eternal order of nature would exact at their hands, the shaken constitution might again have regained its stability, and the forms and even the reality of the republic might have continued for another century. It was not to be. Had the Senate been capable of using the opportunity, they would long before have undertaken a reformation for themselves. Even had their eyes been opened, there were disintegrating forces at work which the highest political wisdom could do no more than arrest; and little good is really effected by prolonging artificially the lives of either constitutions or individuals beyond their natural period. From the time when Rome became an empire, mistress of provinces to which she was unable to extend her own liberties, the days of her self-government were numbered. A homogeneous and vigorous people may manage their own affairs under a popular constitution so long as their personal characters remain undegenerate. Parliaments and Senates may represent the general will of the community, and may pass laws and administer them as public sentiment approves. But such bodies can preside successfully only among subjects who are directly represented in them. They are too ignorant, too selfish, too divided, to govern others; and imperial aspirations draw after them, by obvious necessity, an imperial rule. Cæsar may have known this in his heart, yet the most far-seeing statesman will not so trust his own misgivings as to refuse to hope for the regeneration of the institutions into which he is born. He will determine that justice shall be done. Justice is the essence of government, and without justice all forms, democratic or monarchic, are tyrannies alike. But he will work with the existing methods till the inadequacy of them has been proved beyond dispute. Constitutions are never overthrown till they have pronounced sentence on themselves.'

Mr. Froude's view, then, is this. The Roman Constitution—the Republic with the Senate as the chief depositary of its powers—was irrevocably doomed from the moment that Rome acquired provinces to which the liberties of the Constitution

could not be imparted. But the doom was precipitated by the incapacity and the vices of the order from which the Senate was drawn. Cæsar had a loyal desire to give the Constitution a last chance. This was the motive of his legislation in his consulship. He was affirming the only principles on which the existing fabric could be sustained. The senators 'groaned and foamed,' but it was Cæsar who was trying to save them in spite of themselves. He did his best; but their incorrigible perversity was too much for his disinterested devotion to the task of healing the commonwealth. His effort failed; and then only one course remained.

The brilliant literary power with which Mr. Froude has urged the case against the Senate would lend strength to a weak cause. It is the more impressive because, as every student of history knows, the charges which it enforces contain a large element of truth. The senators who regarded an election as an occasion for giving bribes, and a seat on the judicial bench as an opportunity for receiving them—the senators to whom a provincial government meant a boundless license of rapine, who used the highest offices of state in the unscrupulous service of party or family, who trifled with all grave matters, secular or sacred, and found the serious occupation of life in the superintendence of fish-ponds and aviaries—the senators whose habitual vices were not only those from which modern society revolts, but those which it has agreed not to name—these 'noble lords,' as Mr. Froude delights, with questionable taste, to call them, are by no means imaginary persons. Yet, as we follow the course of the eloquent impeachment, the impression gradually produced upon our mind resembles that described by a listener who was present in Westminster Hall when a master of invective not inferior to Cicero denounced the man who, in a distant province of our Empire, had abused responsibilities vaster than those committed to Verres. The vigour, the imagination, the fire of Burke's opening narrative enchained the audience, but when he passed from narrative to comment,—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny were reiterated in general terms,—his declamatory vehemence broke the spell. Mr. Froude's statement of the case against the Roman Senate has a similar effect upon us. He first elicits the damning eloquence of facts, and then overlays it with the rhetoric of denunciation.

It is evident that two distinct questions are involved in Mr. Froude's statement of the political situation in the last years of the Roman Republic. The first question is: Was the maintenance of the Constitution essentially incompatible with the

imperial position which Rome had acquired by foreign conquest? The second question is: Were the actual circumstances of the Constitution so desperate that there was nothing left for Cæsar to do but 'to found the military monarchy,' or, in other words, to make himself absolute?

The change made in the position of Rome by conquests beyond the Italian peninsula consisted in the extension of Roman power over subjects who could not become citizens. The privileges of free membership in the commonwealth might possibly be imparted to all Italians; but they could not be received, still less exercised, by the heterogeneous mass of populations who successively yielded to the Roman arms. If the practical difficulties of communication imposed by distance and by language could have been overcome, more insuperable obstacles would have remained. Deeply ingrained differences of civilisation, utterly alien modes of thought, would have made it impossible for the foreign races to coalesce into a free civic body with the members of the Italian commonwealth; and, had it been otherwise, their adoption into that body would have been barred by the scorn with which the meanest of the victorious people regarded the noblest of the vanquished. So much must be fully conceded to those who maintain that the military monarchy was a necessity. The basis on which the government of the Republic rested could not have been widened in such a manner as to bring within the circle of its liberties all those around whom it had drawn the girdle of its dominion. Henceforth the self-governing Republic had also to govern dependents. The conditions for a successful performance of this latter task were mainly two—first, a thoroughly efficient military administration; secondly, a supply of provincial governors with adequate political training, and under adequate control. The Senate, Mr. Froude holds, was 'too ignorant, too selfish, too divided,' to satisfy these conditions. We shall come presently to the actual state of things which confronted Cæsar. We are now enquiring whether the Roman Constitution was essentially and necessarily unequal to such a work. As Mr. Froude says, the Senate was 'in theory' a real aristocracy. But we must remember that it had not always been so 'in theory' alone. During the most brilliant period of Roman history it had been a real aristocracy in fact. Government by the Senate was the result of the struggle between patricians and plebeians; and it was the Senate that ruled Rome from the end of the Samnite wars to the conquest of Macedonia—that is, during the earlier and more arduous part of her progress from Italian supremacy to universal empire.

The Senate of this period was not an oligarchy of birth or wealth, but a body of practical statesmen, representing the best popular judgment, and protected by life-tenure from servility to popular caprice. Its control of the treasury, of the magistracies, and of foreign affairs was firm enough for political stability, but not too absolute for freedom. The periodical scrutiny by the censors was not as yet a hollow form or a pedantic farce, but operated as an efficient moral check. Above all, the Senate was responsible to an intelligent public opinion, which afforded the best guarantee against reckless appointments or corrupt measures, making itself felt both as an impulse and as a restraint. Mommsen holds as decidedly as Mr. Froude that Cæsar obeyed a necessity when he overthrew the Constitution. In quoting Mommsen's description, then, of the Senate as it was at its best, we are not adducing the evidence of a too partial witness:—

‘Called to power not through the empty accident of birth, but substantially through the free choice of the nation; confirmed every five years by the stern moral judgment of the worthiest men; holding office for life, and so not dependent on the expiration of its commission or on the varying opinion of the people; having its ranks close and united ever after the equalisation of the orders; embracing in it all that the people possessed of political intelligence and practical statesmanship; absolutely disposing of all financial questions and controlling foreign policy; having complete power over the executive by virtue of its brief duration and of the tribunitian intercession which was at the service of the Senate after the termination of the quarrels between the orders—the Roman Senate was the noblest embodiment of the nation, and in consistency and political sagacity, in unanimity and patriotism, in grasp of power and unwavering courage, the foremost political corporation of all times—an “assembly of kings” which well knew how to combine despotic energy with republican self-devotedness.’

The ‘despotic energy’ of such a Senate was calculated to be at least as effective, for the purposes of empire over foreign subjects, as the despotic energy of a single will; while on other grounds it was decidedly to be preferred, as not depending on the equilibrium of a single character or the term of a single life. This was proved by experiment. For more than a century and a half the Senate efficiently discharged imperial duties, duties the same in kind, though not so wide in scope, as those which were afterwards performed by the military monarchy. The increasing compass of the Roman dominion might demand many modifications of detail, the addition of many special appliances, in the constitutional machinery. But it cannot be said that the scheme of the Constitution itself was essentially and fundamentally inadequate to imperial require-

ments. If the act by which Cæsar overthrew the Constitution is to be defended as a political necessity, it must be defended on the ground that the Constitution had become diseased beyond the hope of remedy.

The process of decay, which the Gracchi made the first serious effort to arrest, might be described as the break-up of an aristocratic commonwealth into two elements, an oligarchy and a rabble. The Senate was losing public spirit, and the people were becoming incapable of expressing or enforcing a public opinion. Sulla's legislation was the crisis. It does not greatly matter, for our present purpose, what precise view we are to take of Sulla's personal character and genius. The high-born voluptuary who, tearing himself away from dinner-parties and actresses, condescends to become the greatest soldier and then the greatest statesman of his age, and finally, having made these sacrifices, returns to the pursuits of his choice, has naturally exercised the imagination of literary artists. We may conceive him, if we please, as the inspired Don Juan of politics, or we may take the prosaic view, and set him down as a more ordinary compound of ability, cruelty, and lust. But at any rate there is no doubt as to the distinctive mark of his work. It was the remodelling of an oligarchy by an oligarch. The oligarchy was almost destitute of virtues, and the oligarch was wholly exempt from illusions. To paraphrase his own saying, he built the fortress, but he could not answer for the garrison. Mr. Froude thoroughly appreciates this aspect of the achievement; but it has another aspect to which, we think, he scarcely does justice. Sulla was, indeed, an aristocrat of the aristocrats; his object was to place the rule of the aristocracy on a permanent basis; but in doing this he was not merely the champion of the optimates against the democrats; he was what any clear-sighted legislator, armed with such powers, must necessarily be in such times—the vindicator of order against anarchy. Montesquieu is by no means a great admirer of Sulla; he points out various ways in which Sulla undermined the Republic, by relaxing the discipline and stimulating the avidity of the army, by setting the example of entering Rome in arms, and so violating the asylum of liberty, by those proscriptions which made men feel that there was no safety save in the camp of a faction, and thus estranged them from the common cause. But he recognises that Sulla's measures were at least calculated to restore the reign of law; and therefore, we think, Montesquieu's view of Sulla is, on the whole, fairer than Mr. Froude's. The system which Sulla established could not, indeed, escape early disaster

when administered by the men in whose hands he was compelled to leave it; nor, even if these administrators had been more efficient, could it have been permanent without reform. Still, we must credit Sulla with having made the best, on his own principles, of an almost desperate situation. On the assumption that an oligarchy must bear rule by the strong hand, the first duty of legislative prudence was to construct an impregnable citadel. A less prejudiced observer might probably have seen then, as it is more easy for us moderns, wise after the event, to see now, that this assumption was fatal to the oligarchy itself, and disastrous to the commonwealth. At the moment when Sulla interposed, two courses were possible, though not equally easy. One course, that which Sulla took, was to reconstitute the oligarchy in the oligarchic sense, by a more intense concentration of powers. The other course, more difficult, but perfectly feasible for an able and resolute dictator, was to reform the oligarchy in the direction of true aristocracy, by bringing the Senate back as much as possible to the type of that Senate which had ruled Rome from the overthrow of the Samnites to the overthrow of Carthage. A man who had attempted this would have offended the ultra-oligarchs and failed to satisfy the ultra-democrats; but the Right Centre and the Left Centre would have been with him; and, with the peculiar powers of a Roman dictator, he might have left the irreconcilables to be converted by the soothing counsels of time or the sharper admonitions of self-interest. The first step towards the successful attainment of this object would have been to recruit the Senate, not, as Sulla did, exclusively from that order of which it embodied the vices, but in a certain proportion, to be gradually increased, from the educated part of the upper middle class, or, in Roman phrase, from the best Equites. The next step would have been a Land Act, having for its object to restore the class of small farmers, and so to create a healthy nucleus for a lower middle class. When Sulla planted his military colonies, he was the Cadmus of agrarian reform; he was sowing the face of the land with dragon-seed from which armed men were to start up. The gradual disappearance of these settlements under the grinding pressure from above meant not only what the failure of the Gracchan scheme meant, the extinction of so many peasant-holders; it meant, further, that the active elements of disorder were reinforced by innumerable adventurers of military instinct and aptitude, ready for any civil war that promised to repair their fortunes. The distempers of government and society with which Sulla attempted

to deal were already beyond the reach of normal legislation, which might occasionally mitigate the virulence of particular symptoms, but could not penetrate to the deeper springs of evil. A dictator, with plenary authority and of intrepid ability, was indispensable, if the progress of the disease was to be arrested. Such a dictator, acting in the temporary political vacuum caused by the suspension of ordinary forces, might replenish the failing sources of health, reinvigorate the sound parts of the Constitution, and, after the breathing-space which his own supremacy secured, launch it on a new term of existence, in which the fortified powers of life should battle with better hope against the insidious approaches of decay and death. The decline of the Republic presents only two moments at which such a dictator appeared and such an enterprise was possible. The first moment was when Sulla stood triumphant above the prostrate democracy, and used his victory to entrench the oligarchy in the most unassailable position that he could devise. The second moment was when the end of the Civil War left Cæsar supreme over the Roman world.

The peculiar fascination of Cæsar's career for our days depends partly on the rather delusive facility with which modern society, especially perhaps English society, thinks to recognise its own features in the Roman society of Cæsar's time. The mirror is hardly flattering—certainly not when it is held up by the deft hand of Mr. Froude.

‘It was an age of material progress and material civilisation; an age of civil liberty and intellectual culture; an age of pamphlets and epigrams, of salons and dinner parties, of senatorial majorities and electoral corruption. The highest offices of state were open in theory to the meanest citizen; they were confined in fact to those who had the longest purses, or the most ready use of the tongue on popular platforms. Distinctions of birth had been exchanged for distinctions of wealth. The struggles between plebeians and patricians for equality of privilege were over, and a new division had been formed between the party of property and a party who desired a change in the structure of society. The free cultivators were disappearing from the soil. Italy was being absorbed into vast estates, held by a few favoured families and cultivated by slaves, while the old agricultural population was driven off the land and was crowded into towns. The rich were extravagant, for life had ceased to have practical interest, except for its material pleasures; the occupation of the higher classes was to obtain money without labour, and to spend it in idle enjoyment. Patriotism survived on the lips, but patriotism meant the ascendancy of the party which would maintain the existing order of things, or would overthrow it for a more equal distribution of the good things which alone were valued. Religion, once the foundation of the laws and rule of personal conduct, had subsided into opinion. The educated, in their hearts,

disbelieved it. Temples were still built with increasing splendour; the established forms were scrupulously observed. Public men spoke conventionally of Providence, that they might throw on their opponents the odium of impiety; but of genuine belief that life had any serious meaning, there was none remaining beyond the circle of the silent, patient, ignorant multitude. The whole spiritual atmosphere was saturated with cant—cant moral, cant political, cant religious; an affectation of high principle which had ceased to touch the conduct, and flowed on in an increasing volume of insincere and unreal speech.'

Social resemblances between widely different ages may be interesting and instructive even when they are little more than superficial; they become dangerous only when they are made the basis of false political parallelisms; and, unlike some writers of the day, Mr. Froude has avoided this error. Yet when he says that 'on the great subjects of human interest, on morals and politics, on poetry and art, even on religion itself and the speculative problems of life, men (in Cæsar's time) thought as we think, doubted where we doubt, argued as we argue, aspired and struggled after the same objects,' he is surely stating an analogy too much as if it were an identity. The moral and mental history of modern civilisation may produce fruits which, at a certain stage of growth, resemble the fruits of two thousand years ago; but they are of a different stock, and, as their root is different, so will be their distinctive development. When Kingsley sought to show us 'old friends with new faces' in the Roman Empire of the fourth century, he created one of the most powerful characters in fiction, Raphael ben Ezra; and as surely as Raphael ben Ezra is an intelligent sceptic of the nineteenth century in ancient costume, so surely are the men of Cæsar's age, even when they come upon the stage amid scenic accessories of a modern cast, widely separated in mind and heart from our own. We are not, of course, questioning the analogy which Mr. Froude has traced with such vivid effect; but we think that it is important to guard more carefully than he has done against supposing the analogy to be something more. A literal interpretation of the infelicitous platitude that 'history repeats itself' has often set students of the past on a false track, and has sometimes lent colour to political sophistries—never more signally than in our own time, and never more audaciously than when the alleged precedent has been drawn from the life of Cæsar. In Cæsar's character there is this special attraction for the modern historian or essayist, that it furnishes him with a magnificent outline which he can fill up very much as he pleases. In a conjectural biography of Shakespeare it

would be desirable to avoid representing him as morosely ascetic, or as consumed by a restless solicitude regarding the fate of his publications; and similarly there are a few cardinal errors which every well-informed biographer of Cæsar is expected to shun. Cæsar must not be drawn as an intemperate conqueror or an ambitious visionary; but when his 'clemency,' his self-mastery, his inexhaustible energy, and the intensely practical character of his comprehensive genius have been noted, all the subtler traits of personality, all those living touches which distinguish a man from a list of qualities, may be supplied with a large freedom of discretion.

No one has seen this more clearly than Mommsen, or has turned it with more brilliant effect into a crowning theme of passionate panegyric. This character without characteristics, he exclaims, is but a nature without deformity or defect. 'As the artist can paint everything except consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined, is beyond expression.' And so the rapture which thus declares itself inarticulate has no resource but an enthusiastic parody of the immortal lover's words, 'beati gli occhi chi la videro viva,' blessed are the eyes which beheld that perfection in the flesh. Such perfection, it need not be added, would not have overturned the Roman Constitution to gratify personal ambition, or unless this had been the best course which the loftiest human wisdom could devise. Mommsen justifies the act of Cæsar in substituting his own rule for that of the Senate by precisely the same reasoning which he employs to justify the Senate of an earlier period for superseding the rule of the people. In each case the usurpation was rendered legitimate by 'exclusive ability to govern.'

Now it is perfectly true that the Senate, as Cæsar found it at the end of the Civil War, had become incapable of governing. The question is whether Cæsar, armed with the powers of the dictatorship, could not have reformed the Senate on a firmer basis than that selected, at the last opportunity, by Sulla—on the basis, namely, not of oligarchy, but of true aristocracy—of the Conservative Republic; and whether, when Cæsar, instead of doing this, established 'the military monarchy'—that is, made himself military autocrat—he was obeying the dictates of necessity or of ambition.

For our part, we believe that, as all Cæsar's abilities united to make him a consummate impersonation of the Roman faculty of command, so the sovereign motive of his nature was the love of power. Very possibly he may have brought himself to believe that no other course was open to him than that which he adopted. Such a mental phenomenon has not been rare when supreme gifts have had to struggle with supreme temptation. But when it is asserted that there was nothing else possible for him to do, this is an assumption which would not even be plausible were it not for Cæsar's towering eminence in practical ability, military and political, above all the other men of his day. His advocates, who usually delight in theoretic apologies for their practical hero, might almost quote Aristotle's remark that, if you can only find your god-like man, then clearly you ought to make him king.

This personal pre-eminence has in our day enlisted in Cæsar's cause three strains of sympathy, two of which are more or less respectable, while the third has had the prestige of success. The worshippers of heroic force have grovelled before him with all the humility of their strong hearts; those who believe that Providence is always to be found with the big battalions have recognised in Cæsar an instrument of Heaven; and the doctrine that a soldier of fortune is entitled to be a military autocrat, if he can, has paid Cæsar the compliment of distorting his name. Mommsen is a philosophic panegyrist of force, who appears to have the ambition of proving how completely a man of letters may be exempt from everything like weak sentiment. His adoration of victorious strength, more cynical than Carlyle's, is capable not only of idealising unscrupulous success, but also of spurning noble defeat; there is too much of *væ victis* in his way of describing the fall of the Commonwealth—the sword is hurled with too open bravado into the scale; and if his eloquent rhapsody on Cæsar has the excuse of a generous extravagance, common sense and fairness are alike shocked when we are asked to believe that Cicero was a nonentity who could not excel even in oratory, and when Cato's epitaph is a remark on the irony of the fate which had decreed that the epilogue of a great tragedy should be spoken by the fool. But Mommsen has at least taken care that his defence of Cæsar's autocracy on the plea of 'exclusive ability to govern' shall not be confounded with modern Cæsarism. History, he says, must not refuse due honour to the true Cæsar because her verdict may help false Cæsars to beguile the unwary. 'History, too, is a Bible, and 'if she cannot any more than the Bible hinder the fool from

‘misunderstanding and the Devil from quoting her, she, too, will be able to bear with and to requite them both.’

The appeal of modern Cæsarism to the career of Julius Cæsar involves, in fact, a double fallacy. The first fallacy consists in representing Cæsar as expressing and fulfilling the will of the people by founding the military monarchy. Cæsar happened, indeed, to have been at the head of the popular party, and that fact contributed in several ways to make his assumption of supreme power more plausible; but the will which he expressed and fulfilled when he became absolute was neither that of the democracy nor that of the oligarchy; it was a more important one, namely, his own. If Pompey had conquered in the Civil War, he also might have founded a military absolutism, had his qualities been equal to the task; but modern apologists would then have found it more difficult to represent the victorious leader of the oligarchy as interpreting the desire of the people. The second fallacy consists in supposing that such a crisis as that which had arrived in the Roman society of Cæsar’s day could really recur in a modern society which is not based on slavery, and which possesses representative institutions. The only part of the nineteenth-century world in which such a crisis was even possible has been secured against that remote contingency by the events which saved the integrity of the American Union. A theory of imperialism which ignores these profound differences is spanning an impassable gulf with a bridge of cobwebs. Mr. Froude’s view of Cæsar’s work has thus much in common with the two which have been noticed, that he also regards it as a work of necessity. He thus sums up the situation at the close of the Civil War (p. 435):—

‘Thus bloodily ended the civil war which the Senate of Rome had undertaken against Cæsar to escape the reforms which were threatened by his second consulship. They had involuntarily rendered their country the best service which they were capable of conferring upon it, for the attempts which Cæsar would have made to amend a system too decayed to benefit by the process had been rendered for ever impossible by their persistence. The free constitution of the Republic had issued at last in elections which were a mockery of representation, in courts of law which were an insult to justice, and in the conversion of the provinces of the empire into the feeding grounds of a gluttonous aristocracy. In the army alone the Roman character and the Roman honour survived. In the emperor, therefore, as chief of the army, the care of the provinces, the direction of public policy, the sovereign authority in the last appeal, could alone thenceforward reside. The Senate might remain as a Council of State; the magistrates might bear their old names and administer their old functions. But the authority

of the executive government lay in the loyalty, the morality, and the patriotism of the legions to whom the power had been transferred. Fortunately for Rome, the change came before decay had eaten into the bone, and the genius of the empire had still a refuge from platform oratory and senatorial wrangling in the heart of her soldiers.'

The flaw in the reasoning here consists in omitting to distinguish between the position occupied by Cæsar in his first consulship, before the Civil War, and the position which he occupied as dictator at the end of it. Sulla, before his decisive victory over the Marian party, might have tried in vain to carry the measures which he afterwards enforced during the period of his temporary supremacy. Cæsar, as consul in 59 B.C., may have found that the evils of the existing system could not be cured by such piecemeal remedies as the limited resources of ordinary legislation permitted. But it does not follow that a system which cannot be successfully tinkered is therefore incapable of being effectively reconstituted. As master of Rome in 45 B.C., Cæsar had an opportunity of applying such larger and more drastic measures as would have gone to the roots of the disease. He might have endeavoured, by the infusion of a sound element from the equestrian order, to make the Senate once more that which it so long was—not an oligarchy, but a real aristocracy. He might have made a vigorous attempt, for which no similar opening had presented itself since Sulla's time, to restore a healthy public opinion, as a moderating and controlling force in the State, by an agrarian reform which should revive the rural middle class, now sunk in the gulf between the oligarchy and the rabble. If he had pursued these objects with the whole energy of his unrivalled gift for discovering means to any end which he desired, and if he had failed, then, indeed, the military monarchy would stand justified at the bar of history as the least of the evils which an inexorable necessity offered. But his armed self-reliance despaired of the Republic. The only cure which he could find for the distempers of Rome was similar to that which an observer at a safe distance once recommended for the griefs of Ireland; he plunged the forms of the Constitution beneath the flood, and when they rose again to the surface they were no longer tenanted by any living soul that could thwart him with resistance or complaint. The fact that a thing has happened is always a temptation for an ingenious mind to demonstrate that nothing else could have happened. If William III. had given us a military despotism instead of a Whig aristocracy, it would long ago have been proved that the stars in their courses were fighting against everything except that precise result. Cæsar, as

we read his history, was a man of intense personal ambition, who attained his goal; having this peculiar good fortune, that when, by extraordinary gifts of character and intellect, he had reached a certain point, the circumstances of the time threw a veil over the final transformation scene of his career. A usurper, in passing from the position of first citizen to that of despot, has usually had to force a few barricades, to strike a few foul blows, before he could pose upon the summit with a serene halo around his brow, the acknowledged saviour of society. Cæsar, once victorious in the Civil War, was stopped by no barricades; he was confronted with his own conscience. It is possible to hold, as we do, that his military absolutism probably was not a necessity, and that a defence of his usurpation which postulates that necessity rests upon an unproved assumption. But on the other hand the task of demonstrating that he could have saved the Republic is made impossible by the fact that, as dictator, he did not try. It is also his advantage that the benefits of law and order which he conferred on Rome are brought into the clearest relief by a background of terrible anarchy and misery. At such a time it is of minor importance whether the man who establishes a strong government is actuated mainly by the love of power or by a disinterested devotion to the commonweal. If he is capable of large and clear views, if he has the requisite energy and patience, he must in either case do a vast amount of good. The crimes and errors of Sulla do not prevent our recognising his merit in this sense; and Sulla can no more be compared with Cæsar than the temporary services which Sulla rendered to the cause of order can be compared with the massive stability of that protection under which Cæsar's legislation placed the life of civilised mankind.

The legend which Titian has made immortal told how, when Charles V. died, the accusing angel came before the heavenly tribunal, urging crimes which no defence could palliate, and how the Supreme Judge himself vindicated the offending soul from the Destroyer, declaring that its stern mission on the earth had been given from above. It is thus, says Mr. Froude, that we are to deem of Cæsar:—

‘Of Cæsar, too, it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labour and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind, there can be no enthusiasm, no

chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last for ever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry and faith and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence, nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the empire of the Cæsar—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions.'

This is a nobler conception of Cæsar's place in history than that which rests on the apotheosis of intelligent force; nobler, also, and truer than the view of modern Cæsarism, which differs from Mr. Froude's about as widely as a 'providential man' differs from a human Providence. But Mr. Froude's statement requires some modification before it can bear scrutiny in the cold light of historical fact. It is true that the establishment of imperial order, the repression of such local violence as might otherwise have been exerted by local fanaticism, was so much gained in favour of Christianity, and Mr. Froude may be right in conjecturing that, if St. Paul had escaped the clutches of an independent Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would certainly have been torn to pieces by autonomous silversmiths at Ephesus. If, however, we have any lingering doubts as to whether Cæsar was obeying a necessity when he destroyed the Roman Constitution, these doubts are hardly removed by the suggestion that Providence meant him to pave the way for Christianity; since, though the establishment of imperial order may have been in favour of nascent Christianity, there is one thing which, so far as we can see, would have been more favourable to it still—namely, the establishment of order without the loss of those healthy conditions of public and private life which political freedom tends to conserve, and which despotism sooner or later crushes. The Empire meant political order, but it meant also moral deterioration, boundless luxury and enormous sensuality, a depravity among the highest of the earth from which, even in this age, men dare not withdraw the veil of the dead language to which its hideous secrets were committed by the biographers of emperors, an abject baseness of servility in the vulgar of every rank which can be measured only by the facilities of torture and murder belonging to the human monster whom they adored as a god and dreaded as a fiend, a wide-spread corruption of everything that distin-

guishes man from the lowest of the brutes, and a fierce exaggeration of every instinct that he shares with them.

If the foundation of the Empire by Cæsar is to be interpreted as a providential arrangement designed to favour the early progress of Christianity, it will be necessary to complete Mr. Froude's picture of it, as a reign of law, by arguing that its moral corruption enervated qualities which might otherwise have rallied to the defence of paganism. We have no desire to enter now upon so extensive a field of controversy; but there is one aspect of the matter which the literature of Cæsar's age, and that of the age which immediately succeeded it, brings vividly before every reader. The purest and loftiest characters of the early Empire had this in common with the vilest: they were never very far from the conclusion that life had ceased to be worth living, and that it was better to die than to live. A Roman letter-writer of the first century tells how he was once sailing on Lake Como when a friend pointed out a villa on the shore with a balcony projecting over the water, and described what had lately occurred there. The master of the villa had long suffered from an agonising disease; his wife had besought him that she might see with her own eyes the frightful ulcers that were its seat, saying that no physician would tell him so faithfully as she whether there was any hope of cure. She saw, and despaired; then she gave him her counsel—to die—and said that she would die with him; she bound him to her side, and they sprang together into the lake. The hopeless anguish of that incurable sufferer was but a type of the despair which preyed on many a Roman from whom bodily health could not avert the sickness of the spirit, whom riches could not reconcile to an existence without worthy objects of ambition, whom studious leisure could not compensate for the loss of political energy, or poetry console for the extinction of faith; the true companion who told him the worst, and, as she had helped him to bear his pain, so now exhorted him to end it with a constant mind, was the Stoic philosophy—not deserting him even on the brink of the dark lake, but nerving him with a resolution which was not his own, and yet which was not divine, to spring into the unknown depths.

Against such men, and such were the representatives of the highest moral fortitude that remained to Roman paganism, Christianity came in the strength of an enthusiastic hope, fearing death as little as the Roman feared it, but, unlike the Roman, not afraid to live. And then at last an hour arrived when the new religion was received as an indwelling spirit into the mighty fabric of the Empire, when the king-

dom of this world, secular still, became also the kingdom of Christ, when the pillars that upbore the Roman State and the paths that Rome had opened over land and sea sustained a structure and carried a message that were to remain when her dominion had fallen. 'Rome alone,' cries Claudian, 'has taken the conquered to her bosom, and has made men to be one household with one name, and has linked far places in a bond of charity. Hers is that large loyalty to which we owe it that the stranger walks in a strange land as if it were his own, that men can change their homes, that it is a pastime to visit Thule and to explore mysteries at which once we shuddered, that we drink at will the waters of the Rhone and the Orontes, that the whole earth is one people.' The benefits which Claudian describes as conferred by the Empire on the temporal intercourse of mankind were shared by the œcumenical commonwealth of the Church; and these benefits, indeed, took their origin from the military despotism which Julius Cæsar founded. But this ultimate result must not be allowed to reflect an unreal glory on the process by which that despotism was first established. Our judgment on the act by which a soldier and statesman of surpassing genius crowned a career of unparalleled success must not be confused by the fancy which would consecrate this act as a necessary part in the scheme of a beneficent Providence. To regard the special work of Cæsar as a direct preparation for the work of Christ is less extravagant, but not essentially less illogical, than it would be to suggest that the moral influence of the Gospel had providentially prepared the Roman world to appreciate the virtues of Marcus Antoninus.

We have indicated those aspects of Cæsar's public character and achievement in which our estimate differs fundamentally from that formed by Mr. Froude. But any notice of his book would be very incomplete which concluded without a cordial acknowledgment of its many excellences. A literary artist of such brilliant accomplishments as Mr. Froude could scarcely have finer subjects than the Gallic campaigns and the civil war. It might be said that Mr. Froude's narrative has the two merits which most conspicuously distinguished Cæsar's strategy, clearness of plan and swiftness of movement. Nothing could be better than the following statement of Cæsar's position at the beginning of the war in Gaul, and of the peculiar feature of the task which lay before him (p. 203):—

'The points in his favour were these. He was the ablest Roman then living, and he had the power of attracting and attaching the ablest men to his service. He had five years in which to look about him

and to act at leisure—as much time as had been given Pompey for the East. Like Pompey, too, he was left perfectly free. No senatorial officials could encumber him with orders from home. The people had given him his command, and to the people alone he was responsible. Lastly, and beyond everything, he could rely with certainty on the material with which he had to work. The Roman legionaries were no longer yeomen taken from the plough or shopkeepers from the street. They were men more completely trained in every variety of accomplishment than have perhaps ever followed a general into the field before or since. It was not enough that they could use sword and lance. The campaign on which Cæsar was about to enter was fought with spade and pick and axe and hatchet. Corps of engineers he may have had; but if the engineers designed the work, the execution lay with the army. . . . How the legionaries acquired these various arts, whether the Italian peasantry were generally educated in such occupations, or whether on this occasion there was a special selection of the best, of this we have no information. Certain only it was that men and instruments were as excellent in their kind as honesty and skill could make them; and however degenerate the patricians and corrupt the legislature, there was sound stuff somewhere in the Roman Constitution.'

A sign, we would venture to remind Mr. Froude, that there was one department, at all events, in which the Senate had not been such an utter failure—the administration of the army; and also that the Constitution, sick as it might be, was perhaps not so very sick that there was nothing left for it but to receive the *coup de grâce*. Mr. Froude's power of description finds admirable scope in many of the striking scenes which the campaigns present. We would instance as good examples—and there are many others hardly inferior—Cæsar's battle with the Nervii (p. 221), the battle of Pharsalia (p. 389), Cæsar's repression of the mutiny in the Tenth Legion (p. 415), and the occasion in the African campaign when he dismissed five of his officers for misconduct, after addressing them severally before the assembled tribunes and centurions (p. 422). In these and similar cases, Mr. Froude has preserved much of the rapid brevity of the Commentaries, while he has skilfully added such dramatic touches as are required to light up the picture for a modern reader.

Another merit of Mr. Froude's sketch is, that he has not sacrificed the secondary characters of his history to the hero. We may occasionally differ from him as to their relative importance or the particular complexion of each, but at least there has been a disposition to do impartial justice. Mommsen set the example of offering a holocaust of reputations at the shrine of his idol, and Mommsen's treatment of Cato, still more

of Cicero, is one of the glaring blots upon his work. The imperial biographer of Cæsar dealt more mildly with the dilemma arising from the theory with which he set out; but the general result was that the disreputable persons who had helped Cæsar got off rather easily, and the respectable persons who had opposed him were fortunate if they came in for a little faint praise. Mr. Froude surveys the period from a higher point of view, and, if generous to Cæsar, can still afford to be just to Cæsar's contemporaries. Pompey has sometimes been described by the adorers of Cæsar as a sort of anti-Christ, a false light, a lying spirit, an incarnate opposition to the truth. Mr. Froude paints him in less imposing colours, as a mock hero who did not even know that he was a sham. 'His end was
' piteous, but scarcely tragic, for the cause to which he was
' sacrificed was too slightly removed from being ignominious.
' He was no Phœbus Apollo sinking into the ocean, surrounded
' with glory. He was not even a brilliant meteor. He was a
' weak, good man, whom accident had thrust into a place to
' which he was unequal; and ignorant of himself, and unwilling
' to part with his imaginary greatness, he was flung down with
' careless cruelty by the forces which were dividing the world.'

We are inclined to agree with this estimate; and one reason for believing in its general correctness is, to our mind, the fact that Cicero's intimate knowledge and keen insight had led him to much the same conclusion. Mr. Froude's view that Cicero's vanity estranged him from Cæsar's party, because he could not be the first man in it, is, we think, a complete misconception. Cicero had finally chosen his side long before Cæsar had become the foremost Roman: and, for that matter, it was Pompey, not Cicero, whom the Optimates regarded as their head. But, without viewing Cicero as an alarmed egotist, we may admit that no one was better qualified to appreciate the difference between the two leaders. 'Cicero,' says Mr. Froude, 'is the second great figure in the history of
' the time.' He describes him as 'a tragic combination of
' magnificent talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do
' right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of
' character which neutralised and could almost make us forget
' his nobler qualities.'

'In Cicero Nature half made a great man and left him uncompleted. Our characters are written in our forms, and the bust of Cicero is the key to his history. The brow is broad and strong, the nose large, the lips tightly compressed, the features lean and keen from restless intellectual energy. The loose bending figure, the neck, too weak for the weight of the head, explain the infirmity of will, the passion, the

cunning, the vanity, the absence of manliness and veracity. He was born into an age of violence with which he was too feeble to contend. The gratitude of mankind for his literary excellence will for ever preserve his memory from too harsh a judgment.'

We sincerely hope that it may; but we think of Dr. Momm-
sen, and our confidence is abated. Immoderate disparagement usually, indeed, corrects itself; and we hail Mr. Froude's judgment as a symptom that it is still possible for a modern writer to speak of Cicero in other tones than those of absolute contempt. There is one peculiarity of Cicero's position in history which is so obvious that it would not deserve mention if it were not so constantly forgotten. We have the 'Letters,' to which he confided every one of those weaknesses which a public man usually aims at concealing from all but his most intimate friends. Every trait of personal vanity, every passing impulse of self-interest, every momentary vacillation of purpose is laid bare before us, to be studied with the same leisurely attention which we devote to Cæsar's modest narrative of his mighty exploits. The modern world is Cicero's valet. Let us suppose that the younger Pliny had been a prominent actor in a great political drama. What detrimental inferences might not a writer with a robust scorn for little infirmities have drawn from the ten books of epistles in which Pliny unfolds how candid friends slowly persuaded him that he was an execrable reader of poetry, and consults one of them as to whether it would be advisable for him to accompany the reading of his freedman with dumb show; or celebrates the praises of his own oratory; or relates how a provincial, hearing that an eminent literary man was at table, exclaimed, 'It must be Tacitus or Pliny!' Even Mr. Froude, we think, has not made sufficient allowance for the terrible disadvantage which Cicero sustains, relatively to his greatest contemporaries, by being known to us as he was known to his own innermost circle. The character of Cato is less complex, so far as history reveals it, but not, perhaps, less difficult to judge fairly. Mr. Froude says—as we think, with good reason—that Cato's animosity to Cæsar 'had been originally the natural antipathy ' which a man of narrow understanding instinctively feels for ' a man of genius. It had been converted by perpetual disap- ' pointment into a monomania, and Cæsar had become to him ' the incarnation of every quality and every principle which he ' most abhorred.' Much of the truth, though not the whole truth, is told in these words:—

' *Ultimus Romanorum* has been the epitaph which posterity has written on the tomb of Cato. Nobler Romans than he lived after him;

and a genuine son of the old Republic would never have consented to surrender an imperial province to a barbarian prince. But at least he was an open enemy. He would not, like his nephew Brutus, have pretended to be Cæsar's friend, that he might the more conveniently drive a dagger into his side.'

This is not Cato's highest praise. His understanding was, indeed, narrow; his political animosities were usually perverse and sometimes malevolent; the programme of the party which he supported could not have saved the Commonwealth, and he himself had not the qualities of a political leader. But the moral cause which he identified with his politics—the cause of honesty and purity in public and private life—was represented by the Republicans whose forlorn hope he led, or it was destitute of representatives in Rome. His 'virtue' may have been illiberal, it may often have been impracticable; such as it was, however, it was the only extant antithesis to unblushing corruption and triumphant violence.

We would fain have parted from Mr. Froude with a simple record of the pleasure which his 'Sketch' has given us, and of the admiration which we feel for the literary power with which it has been executed, widely as we dissent from the conception of Cæsar's career upon which it rests. But we cannot conclude without a word of remark on the resemblance—'strange' and 'startling' indeed, as Mr. Froude calls it—which the last lines of the book briefly suggest between the founder of the kingdom of this world and the Founder of a kingdom not of this world. To say that the work of Cæsar was designed by Providence to prepare the work of Christ is a different proposition: that we have already discussed. Here we find the suggestion of a parallel between the personal life of Cæsar and the personal life of Christ. Mr. Froude has abstained from developing this paradox, and we shall imitate his reticence, merely expressing our belief that, if it would be easy to compare Cæsar with Christ, it would be still more easy, and considerably more true, to draw the most absolute contrast between them. The tendency to exalt great characters by suggesting the likeness at which Mr. Froude hints is alarmingly on the increase in the literature of the day, and we look forward with apprehension to a time when no 'tribute' to an imperial policy will be considered complete unless the wreath is inwoven with some delicate allusion of this nature, however distasteful such a comparison might be to the intended recipient. Neither the heavenly nor the earthly king is honoured by rendering to Cæsar that which is not Cæsar's.

ART. VIII.—*Bill for the Codification of the Law on Indictable Offences.* Sessions 1878 and 1879.

IN the Queen's Speech with which the Parliamentary Session of 1878 was opened, the country was promised that an attempt would be made to carry out reforms in our criminal law, and these reforms were to include improvements in the substantive law itself, and improvements in criminal procedure. It was in redemption of this pledge that the Attorney-General, early in May of that year, asked leave to introduce a Bill, and in an able speech gave an elaborate sketch of the proposed measure, describing in vigorous language the abuses which at present disfigure our law, and pointing out the ways in which he hoped to remove them. While generously giving the whole credit of the Bill to Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Sir John Holker showed, by his clear and energetic language, his thorough appreciation of the benefits to be gained by the projected reforms, and of the great efforts made by Sir J. F. Stephen in his attempt to bring them about.

The real author of the measure could not himself have presented his offspring to the public with a more evident desire to secure it a favourable reception than did its foster-father, the Attorney-General, who, though the law officer of a Conservative government, was nevertheless inaugurating such changes, not only in the mere methods of administration, but in the very substance of the law, as might have made his Conservative predecessors turn in their graves.

In this memorable speech, which marks the starting-point of a reform which will ultimately change the whole face of English law, the Attorney-General proposed to himself two great objects, (1) codification of the criminal law, and (2) a reformed criminal procedure. That it is desirable to cast our law in general into the form of a code, has long been the belief of many of our distinguished lawyers. At the meeting of the National Association at Liverpool, in 1876, Mr. Herschell proposed that three commissioners should be appointed, at the same salary and of the same dignity as judges, for the sole purpose of undertaking, branch by branch, the codification of the law, each branch as it was completed being laid before Parliament as a Codification Bill, in the expectation that it would be passed unmangled by the Legislature; and thus it was hoped that in the period of an ordinary 'judicial life' the whole of the law would be embodied in a code. Thanks, however, to the industry and ability of Sir J. F. Stephen, we

have now a prospect of seeing one most important branch of the law codified, and a splendid monument this code will be of what may be done by the voluntary labours of one ardent reformer.

Before codifying any branch of the law it is desirable, indeed almost necessary, that it should first of all be collected in a compendious form. In law, existing in the condition of the English law of the present day, it is by no means easy to discover what the law is. We have the common law; the statute law, passed in reference to, and, so to speak, based upon, the common law; and case law, interpreting and expounding both.

As far as the criminal law is concerned, Sir J. F. Stephen has done this preliminary work for us in his '*Digest of the Criminal Law.*' The digest contemplates the law *as it is*, the code the law *as it ought to be*. It is evident that the introduction of a code in a country where the law can only be extracted from many thousand judicial decisions, pronounced each with reference to a special set of circumstances, is a matter almost of impossibility, unless it has been preceded by a digest which, without *altering* the law, yet expces it in clear language, in an authorised form, and in the light of day. In the course of a few years' time it will seem almost incredible that down to the year of grace 1878 there was no authorised version or exposition whatsoever of the English law, or of any branch of it, in existence. How is it, then, that the law—and we wish now to confine our remarks to the criminal law—is understood and practically administered among us? We find the law laid down by writers who have for generations commanded the respect of the legal profession; Coke, Hale, Hawkins, East, are constantly referred to for definitions or expositions of the law. Text-books, such as '*Russell on Crimes*,' Archbold's '*Criminal Practice*,' Roscoe's '*Criminal Practice*,' are indispensably necessary to anyone practically concerned in its administration. These, embodying such portions of the works of the old writers as are still useful, contain the statute law, and references to the many thousand cases which, up to the present time, have contributed to the formation or interpretation of the law. Every two or three years new editions of these invaluable works make their appearance.* Out of these

* The enormous increase in the number of cases reported must soon make codification of other branches of the law necessary. At a moderate estimate, every ten years that elapses adds 5,000 cases to the stock already existing.

innumerable cases the text-books manage, with considerable skill, to deduce principles; but this is not always possible, and many a page of Archbold seems, at all events to an unlearned reader, to contain a series of cases, or of judgments, which are in flat contradiction to each other. These text-books, useful as they are, do not of course contain the law in an *authorised* form. No one is bound by the opinion of a text-writer; and in every case of difficulty that arises in a criminal court it is necessary to go behind the text-book, to the reports of the judgments themselves, or to the statutes. What we expect of a code, on the contrary, is that *itself* should be the law. No going behind it will be allowed, or will be necessary. It must be *interpreted*, and its interpretation will give rise to much judicial decision, and thus case law will found itself upon the code. But interpretation of the code is a very different affair from interpretation, or rather discovery, of the law, from the present wilderness of cases, opinions of text-writers, and statutes. In other countries the criminal law has long been codified; in France, in Austria, in Belgium, in Italy, in the Livingstone Code for Louisiana, in Macaulay's Penal Code for India, we have seen the applicability of codification to various systems. Yet in England and Scotland, whence much that is good in modern continental procedure has been borrowed, the law, while *substantially* admirable, remains in a *shape* which reflects little credit either on the legal profession or on Parliament. At last we have reason to hope for better things, and that the new shape in which the law is to be cast will make more apparent than ever its real merits. There are, perhaps, in the legal profession some persons who underrate the importance of the criminal law. It is not in the criminal courts that most professional success or emolument is to be gained, and it is consequently not there that barristers of the greatest eminence usually practise. Hence a tendency to slight the doings of the Crown courts. But, in truth and fact, it is in the proceedings of the Crown courts that the public takes interest, and it is upon the character of the law as there administered, and upon the character of those administering it, that the reputation of the judicial and legal profession, in the eyes of the public, mainly depends, and on which also mainly rests the public belief in the spirit of fairplay, which has done so much to make English law popular.

The Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Bill, 1878, was a great measure, proposing, as it did, to deal with the whole law affecting those crimes which were the subject of indictment. Such a measure ought not to become law without

being subjected to the ordeal of public discussion ; and it was therefore without regret that we saw its postponement till this year, and its reference to a Royal Commission for consideration and report.

A notion seems to have grown up in Parliament that it would be advisable to pass the Bill *en bloc*, that Parliament is itself incapable of dealing with such a measure, and that it should act upon the recommendation of experts, merely enacting what is laid before it. This is certainly a modest view to take of the functions or capacity of Parliament, viz., that the representatives of the people should pass *without discussion* changes in the law regulating, and affecting in every way, the ordinary rights and liberties of those they represent. That the House of Commons, as a body, is not suited for *shaping* the law, may be very true, but the proposed measure does much more than this, and contains changes which are as fully worthy of the careful consideration of the statesman as of the professional lawyer. Whether there should or should not be a Court of Appeal on the facts from the decision of a jury ; whether it is desirable to interrogate the accused ; whether it is wise to extend judicial discretion in the infliction of punishment, so as to enable judges in every case, not capital, to award a fine instead of any other punishment, are all questions of great importance, which it would be a dereliction of duty on the part of Parliament to leave undiscussed. On these matters not only are many members of the House of Commons and House of Lords fully competent to express an opinion, but the people themselves have a right to be heard. It surely would be easy to pass resolutions in each House of Parliament, so as to give approval to the proposed changes, and yet not meddle with the form in which they are expressed. After all, it is *possible* that some of these changes may be distasteful to the public, and in such a case, whether we may think them right or wrong, they would probably do more harm than good. The code has now emerged from the hands of a very strong commission ; but nevertheless we shall be sorry to see Parliament abstaining from thoroughly discussing the desirability of the proposed reforms, under a belief that such matters can be dealt with satisfactorily only by professional experts, and are beyond the criticism of ordinary intelligent men.

Before considering the measures proposed, it should perhaps be mentioned, for the sake of the unlearned, that the great majority of indictable offences now tried are dealt with in five statutes passed in 1861, and known as the Criminal Law

Consolidation Acts. These Acts embrace such offences as murders, manslaughter, assaults, rapes, arsons, larcenies, forgeries, coinage offences, and others; and hence it has seemed to some persons that, as regards nine crimes out of ten, we are already in possession of a criminal code. This is a misapprehension as to the very nature of what is meant by a code, as will become apparent when we come to contrast any special indictable offence under the proposed code with the similar offence under the present system. Suffice it to say at present that the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts, like all our statutes, are almost unintelligible till we investigate the common law, upon which they are based. A code, if it is worthy of the name, must be self-contained. It must be intelligible not merely to the specialist, but to every well-educated and intelligent man. As to the meaning of clauses and words, it is certain that from time to time differences of opinion will arise, followed by decisions of the courts, and hence a train of precedents will grow up on questions of the right construction of the code. In a country like ours, where a previous decision of a court of justice is held to settle the law—to form, as we say, ‘a precedent,’ to be followed in similar cases—it is impossible that a character of finality can attach to the most skilfully drawn code; and hence from time to time the code will require the revision of the Legislature to condense and shape the results of judicial decisions. The country has now had laid before it two measures: the first calling itself the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Act, 1878, solely the work of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen; the other the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Act, 1879, introduced during the present session by the Attorney-General, and being the result of suggestion and revision by the powerful Royal Commission to which the consideration of the former measure had been referred. This Commission, containing not only the author of the Code of 1878 himself, but also such distinguished lawyers as Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Barry, has devoted much time to its work, and its conclusions may be accepted as being the best that experience and ability could provide. Still it is not only experts, in a country like ours, that are to be, or ought to be, consulted when great changes are made in the law. It is said, moreover, that though the Commission has thrown the proposed legislation into the shape of the present measure as the best form for bringing about the results aimed at by the Government and its legal advisers, its members are not agreed that all the objects sought are in themselves desirable.

The Code of 1878 was divided into seven parts, and consisted of 425 sections. Part I., containing 'Introductory Provisions,' was subdivided into four chapters, dealing with 'the application of the Act,' 'punishments,' 'matters of excuse,' and 'parties to offences.' Part II., dealing with 'offences against public order, internal or external,' included treasons, seditions, riots, breaches of the peace, libels on foreign powers, violation of ambassadorial privileges, and piracy. Part III. dealt with 'offences by and against public officers and against the administration of justice,' and included extortion and oppression by public officers, bribery, false evidence, escapes and rescues. Part IV. with 'acts injurious to the public generally,' including offences against religion, against morality, and common nuisances. Part V. with 'offences against the person, conjugal and parental rights, and the reputation of individuals,' and included therefore homicides, assaults, libels, &c. Part VI. with 'offences against the rights of property or rights arising out of contracts,' and included thefts, frauds, forgery, mischief, &c. Part VII. referred solely to the important matter of procedure.

The Code of 1879 emerges from the hands of the Royal Commissioners in its main lines and features unchanged. This also, like its predecessor, contains seven parts, now, however, called titles, each title embracing very much the same subject-matter as the corresponding 'part' of the former. Each title is again subdivided into parts instead of chapters. This is, of course, a mere change of nomenclature; but when the new Code is more closely compared with the original Draft Code of Sir James Stephen, we find a good deal of alteration. The revised code contains altogether 552 sections, and it is therefore evident that the tendency of the Commission has been rather to amplify than condense. To discuss in detail such ambitious measures as these would require far more space than can be here allotted to it. All that can be done is to indicate the general method of the Code and the proposed changes in the law, and to call attention to those portions of the Government measure which seem specially deserving of notice. The introductory provisions having defined the limits to which the Code extends, and having provided that henceforth all persons accused of an indictable offence shall be proceeded against under the Code itself or under some statute not inconsistent with it, and not repealed, proceed to deal with the important branch of 'punishments.' These are declared to be death, penal servitude, imprisonment with or without hard labour, flogging, whipping, and fine. As regards fine, a considerable change,

and one of very doubtful expediency, was introduced by section 12 of the Code of 1878. Under the existing law as settled by the Consolidation Acts, 1861, the judges have the power of fining *instead* of imprisoning in cases of misdemeanour only, while in felonies they must impose the authorised punishment. Section 12 of the Code of 1878 enacts that ‘every person who by any provision of this Act is declared to be liable to penal servitude or imprisonment of any kind may, in addition thereto *or instead thereof*, be sentenced to pay a fine.’ In the Code of 1879 the wording is different, but the effect of the provisions is apparently the same, for section 12 enacts that ‘everyone liable to be imprisoned with or without hard labour for any offence may be sentenced to pay a fine in addition to or instead of such imprisonment.’ The section has just before declared that anyone liable to a sentence of penal servitude for life or years may be sentenced to imprisonment instead thereof, with or without hard labour; and the result therefore is, that since for any offence whatever (not capital), under the Act, the offender may be sentenced to imprisonment, it is always optional to the court to let the prisoner off with a fine. The change in the wording of the Revised Code looks as if it had been intended to keep the law in its present condition (roughly speaking), instead of making the change proposed by the Code of 1878; but if this was the intention of the Commission, the wording of section 12 is at the least open to the charge of great ambiguity, and requires remodelling. That any increase should be made in the number of offences in which the court has an optional power of fining, would be a matter of regret. The necessary tendency of such a change would be to increase the difference in the treatment of criminals of different social status. It would probably not greatly alter the practice of the judges; but where, as at quarter sessions, the court is less exposed to severe public criticism, and its members are drawn from a very limited class of the community, the effect of sympathy felt by the court for unfortunate ‘gentlemen’ might make itself apparent, to the disgust of all who think that punishment should be proportioned to the nature of the crime rather than the status of the criminal.

When we compare Part III. of the ‘Introductory Provisions,’ which deals with the important matter of ‘justification and excuse for acts which would be otherwise offences,’ with the corresponding Chapter III. Part I. of the original draft, we find an immense expansion; the eleven sections of the earlier measure embracing such defences as childhood, insanity,

drunkenness, compulsion, necessity, and ignorance of law and fact, have grown into forty-two sections, which, besides containing provisions on these subjects, refer also to arrests, executions, self-defence, defence of property, surgical operations, and other matters. This is chiefly, however, a matter of rearrangement, as in the earlier code these varieties of excuse came under other chapters. The change is, on the whole, an improvement, as it enables the reader better to appreciate the principles which govern the laws of criminality in general.

These ‘Introductory Provisions,’ governing as they do the whole of the criminal law, are most important, and we therefore make no apology for looking at them rather closely. In the very first section of Part III. we are struck with the caution, if not timidity, shown by the Royal Commissioners, who, while they provide that henceforth no prosecution shall be possible except under the Act, shrink from curtailing possible grounds of defence for the accused. Section 19, which will rejoice the hearts of many defenders of prisoners, enacts that ‘all rules and principles of the common law which render any circumstances a justification or excuse for any act, or a defence to any charge, shall remain in force and be applicable to any defence to a charge under this Act, except in so far as they are thereby altered or are inconsistent therewith.’*

In section 22 we find treated the much-vexed question of insanity. That the insanity of an accused at the time of committing an offence should remove from the act its character of criminality, and consequently from the accused responsibility to the criminal law, has never been disputed; but for long the question has been much discussed both by lawyers and doctors as to what is meant, or should be meant, by insanity, some of the latter having even contended for a ‘moral insanity’ as a known disease of the mind proper to exempt the subject of it from criminal responsibility.

The different way in which this matter is treated in the Draft Code and in the Revised Code throws light upon the characteristic divergence of thought among the Royal Commissioners, and gives a glimpse of many a keen discussion in

* It is of this section that the Lord Chief Justice writes as follows: ‘Great indeed was my astonishment on reading the first clause of this section. . . . Such a provision appears to me altogether inconsistent with every idea of codification of the law. If it is worth while to codify at all, whatever forms a material part of the law should find its place in the Code.’ See Letter to the Attorney-General.

which the philosophical and practical views of law must have come in conflict. Thus section 20 of the Draft Code provides that—

‘No act shall be an offence if the person who does it is, at the time when it is done, prevented, either by defective mental power or by any disease affecting his mind, (a) from knowing the nature of his act; or (b) either from knowing that the act is forbidden by law or that it is morally wrong; or (c) if such person was, at the time when the act was done, by reason of any such cause as aforesaid, in such a state that he would not have been prevented from doing that act by knowing that if he did do it the greatest punishment permitted by law for such an offence would be instantly inflicted upon him: Provided that this provision shall not apply to any person in whom such a state of mind has been produced by his own default. An act may be an offence, although the mind of the person who does it is affected by disease or is deficient in power, if such disease or deficiency does not in fact produce one or other of the effects above mentioned in reference to that act.’

Instead of this, section 22 of the Revised Code enacts that—

‘If it be proved that a person who has committed an offence was, at the time he committed the offence, insane, so as not to be responsible for that offence, he shall not therefore be simply acquitted, but shall be found not guilty on the ground of insanity. To establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be proved that the offender was, at the time when he committed the act, labouring under natural imbecility or disease of or affecting the mind to such an extent as to be incapable of appreciating the nature or quality of the act, or that the act was wrong. A person labouring under specific delusions, but in other respects sane, shall not be acquitted on the ground of insanity, unless the delusions caused him to believe in the existence of some state of facts which, if it existed, would justify or excuse his act: Provided that insanity before or after the time when he committed the act, and insane delusions, though only partial, may be evidence that the offender was, at the time he committed the act, in such a condition of mind as to entitle him to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. Everyone committing an offence shall be presumed to be sane till the contrary is proved.’

The general direction now given by judges to juries is to acquit on the ground of insanity, if the prisoner has established that he did not know the nature of the act that he was doing, or if, while knowing what he was doing, he did not know that he was doing wrong, and in all other cases to reject the plea. This will continue under the Revised Code the right direction to be given to juries, but it cannot be said that in the way of definition of insanity, or of ‘disease of the mind,’ we have got

any nearer a clear appreciation of the matter by virtue of section 22.

Leaving insanity, we find compulsion treated as the next ground of excuse. For section 23, while abolishing the absurd presumption that a married woman committing an offence in her husband's presence does so under the compulsion of her husband, provides that 'compulsion by means of threats of immediate death or grievous bodily harm from a person actually present at the commission of any offence other than' certain specified offences of a very grave character shall be an excuse for the committing the said offence where the person under compulsion really believes that the threat will be executed. Here we cannot help calling to mind the note of Sir James Stephen to his 31st article of the Criminal Digest: 'It would seem in all common cases that the fact that a crime is done unwillingly and in order to avoid injury ought to affect rather the punishment than the guilt.'

Several sections of the 'Introductory Provisions' are devoted to the law governing the arrest of suspected persons. What would otherwise be an assault of course ceases to be so, if the act be the lawful exercise by the accused of a lawful authority to arrest; and hence the subject of arrest enters into the question of what is a justification or excuse for alleged crime. The Code abolishes the distinction between felonies and misdemeanours, and as at present the authority to arrest differs in these cases, and as it is intended as far as possible to perpetuate the existing law on the subject, the Code has to provide a new method of distinguishing between different classes of crimes. This is done in the following way. Arrests may lawfully be made by peace officers or by private persons, with or without warrant, according to circumstances. The Code describes as a 'major offence' an offence which may under the Act be the subject of arrest without warrant; and provides that in such a case a *peace officer* may lawfully arrest a suspected offender, whom he has reason to believe, and does believe, to be guilty of the offence, though in fact the suspected person is not guilty, and no such offence has in fact been committed; but that a private individual may not arrest, unless a 'major offence' has in fact been committed, and he has reasonable grounds for believing the person arrested to have committed it. Private persons, assisting peace officers in case of a major offence, have the same authority to arrest as is enjoyed by the latter. Every person, whether a peace officer or private individual, may arrest any person whom he finds committing a 'major offence,' but only peace officers, speaking generally, may arrest persons

found committing minor offences. Further sections then provide for the lawfulness of an arrest to prevent breaches of the peace, the lawfulness of means taken to suppress riot, and the lawfulness of assaults committed in self-defence or in defence of property.* It is curious to find that, in consequence of the abolition of the old distinction between felonies and misdemeanours, it has become necessary, for one purpose at all events, to distinguish between 'major' and more trivial offences. The 'Introductory Provisions' conclude with section 70 applying the principle of the treason law to all criminal law. 'Everyone is protected from criminal responsibility for any act done in obedience to the laws for the time being made and enforced by those in possession *de facto* of the sovereign power in and over the place where the act is done.'

Leaving now the 'Introductory Provisions,' we come to Title II. of the Code dealing with offences against public order internal and external, of which Part V. defines high treason and conspiracy, and provides the procedure to regulate their trial, and the punishment to be awarded in each case. One blot of our criminal law has here at last been removed, that, namely, which made an accessory after the fact to high treason himself guilty of high treason. Everyone remembers Lord Macaulay's description of the fate of Lady Alice Lisle; how, because she had out of compassion harboured in her house two supposed partakers in the Rye House Plot, flying from the vengeance of the Crown, she was put upon her trial before Judge Jeffreys, convicted, and sentenced to be burned to death, the sentence being afterwards commuted into beheading, which was carried into effect. By section 78 an accessory after the fact will be guilty of an indictable offence, and will be liable to penal servitude for life, or any less sentence the court may wish to pronounce. Part VI. deals with unlawful assemblies, riots, and breaches of the peace; and to understand the whole law enacted by the Code on this important matter, we should look also to the 'Introductory Provisions,' sections 48 to 53 inclusive, which justify the use of force where necessary for the good of the community. A riot is defined to be 'an unlawful assembly which has begun

* Mr. Henry Crompton truly remarks of these sections, 'that it is not only necessary to put a check upon arrest *without warrant*, but upon arrest *by warrant*. . . . A man ought not to be allowed to arrest with warrant or without, if a summons will do.' See a 'Paper on the Criminal Code Bill,' by Henry Crompton, published by the Trades Union Congress.

‘to act in a tumultuous manner to the disturbance of the peace;’ and an ‘unlawful assembly’ is defined as an assembly of three or more assembled with a common purpose so as to be likely to disturb the peace tumultuously; a member of an unlawful assembly is to be punishable with one year’s imprisonment, while a rioter is liable to two years’ imprisonment with hard labour. The supposed uncertainty of the present law has worked great injustice upon those whose duty required them to use force in order to maintain the Queen’s peace. A soldier, it has been thought, had the disagreeable alternative of being punished for disobedience of orders if he refused to fire when ordered by his commanding officer, or of being tried before a judge and jury for murder if he did fire and killed somebody. The unwillingness of the guardians of the peace to take upon themselves responsibility in such circumstances, however natural, has often been injurious to the State. In the Lord George Gordon riots, the military were at first supposed to be useless, as they dared not fire till an hour after the Riot Act had been read; and George III. and the Attorney-General Wedderburn have been praised, the latter for boldly refuting this erroneous doctrine, and the former for his determination, as chief magistrate of the kingdom, to see that other magistrates acted in accordance with Wedderburn’s exposition of the law. In the Bristol riots of 1832 the country was more excited by the trials of the mayor and of Colonel Brereton for neglect of duty than by the riots themselves. Yet the law as expounded was clear enough. The Chief Justice, Tindal, in charging the grand jury in the Bristol case, declared that—

‘by the common law, every private individual may lawfully endeavour, of his own authority and without any warrant or sanction of the magistrate, to suppress a riot by every means in his power; he may disperse or assist in dispersing those who are assembled; he may stay those who are engaged in it from executing their purpose; he may stop and prevent those whom he may see coming up from joining the rest; and not only has he authority, but it is *his bounden duty*, as a good subject of the king, to perform this to the utmost of his ability. If the riot be general and dangerous, he may arm himself against the evil doers to keep the peace. Such was the opinion of all the judges in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in a case called the “Case of Arms,” although the judges add that it would be more discreet for everyone in such a case to attend and be assistant to the justices and sheriffs or other ministers of the king in doing this.’

Chief Justice Tindal, approving this, adds:—

‘But if the occasion demands immediate action and no opportunity

is given for obtaining the advice or sanction of the magistrate, *it is the duty of every subject* to act for himself and on his own responsibility in suppressing a riotous and tumultuous assembly, and he may be assured whatever is honestly done by him in the execution of that object will be supported and justified by the common law.'

The Code, section 49, enacts that '*everyone* is justified in using 'force necessary to suppress a riot, provided the force used is 'not disproportioned to the danger to be apprehended from the 'continuance of the riot.' The four following sections will henceforth regulate the law under which magistrates and soldiers in difficult circumstances have to act. Thus, by section 50, every sheriff, mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace, and peace officer is justified in using such force as he honestly and reasonably believes to be necessary 'to suppress a riot, 'and as is not disproportioned to the danger' which he reasonably 'believes to be apprehended from the continuance of the 'riot.' By section 57, everyone acting in obedience to such orders is justified in obeying them 'unless such orders are 'manifestly unlawful. . . . *It shall be a question of law whether any particular order is manifestly unlawful or not.*' That is to say, this all-important question is one which in each case must be decided by the judge or judges, not by the jury. Section 52 provides that—

'everyone, whether subject to military law or not, who, in good faith and on reasonable and probable grounds, believes that serious mischief will arise from a riot before there is time to procure the intervention of any of the authorities aforesaid, is justified in using such force as he, in good faith and on reasonable and probable grounds, believes to be necessary for the suppression of such riot, and is not disproportioned to the danger which he, on reasonable and probable grounds, believes to be apprehended from the continuance of the riot.'

Section 53—

'Everyone who is bound by military law to obey the lawful command of his superior officer is justified in obeying any command given him by his superior officer for the suppression of a riot, unless such order is manifestly unlawful. *It shall be a question of law whether any particular order is manifestly unlawful or not.*'

But *the law* has just been declared; its applicability in each case depends upon what are *the facts of that case*. Is it the intention that the judge, not the jury, should decide these? A soldier ordered to fire does so, and is put on his trial for the murder of the man shot. The prosecution must show that the order to fire was 'manifestly unlawful.' This will apparently depend upon whether the facts proved bring the case within section 52. Surely in such a case the facts only, and not the

law, would be in doubt; and hence, in accordance with constitutional usage, a jury should decide. Section 88 provides for the due reading of the Riot Act, requiring the rioters to disperse, and making non-dispersal an offence punishable with penal servitude for life. In this Title II. the subject of sedition is also treated; and we find in one section, viz. section 102, such an admirable condensation of those legal principles which it has taken innumerable cases and the gradual progress of freedom to establish among us, that the section deserves to be quoted entire. It appears, with only one or two verbal changes, precisely as it did in Sir J. Stephen's draft.

‘A seditious intention is an intention to bring into hatred or contempt, or to excite disaffection against, the person of her Majesty, her heirs, or successors, or the government and constitution of the United Kingdom, or of any part of it, as by law established, or either House of Parliament, or the administration of justice;

‘Or to excite her Majesty's subjects to attempt to procure, otherwise than by lawful means, the alteration of any matter in Church or State by law established;

‘Or to raise discontent or disaffection amongst her Majesty's subjects;

‘Or to promote feelings of illwill and hostility between different classes of such subjects:

‘Provided that—

‘No one shall be deemed to have a seditious intention only because he intends (in good faith*) to show that her Majesty has been mistaken or misled in her measures;

‘Or to point out errors or defects in the government or constitution of the United Kingdom or of any part of it as by law established, or in the administration of justice, with a view to the reformation of such alleged errors or defects;

‘Or to excite her Majesty's subjects to attempt to procure by lawful means the alteration of any matter in Church or State as by law established;

‘Or to point out, in order to their removal, matters which are producing, or have a tendency to produce, feelings of hatred and illwill between different classes of her Majesty's subjects.

‘Seditious words are words expressive of, or intended to carry into execution, or to excite others to carry into execution, a seditious intention. A seditious conspiracy is an agreement between two or more persons to carry into execution a seditious intention.’

The next section makes the publishing of seditious words or writings, or the being a party to any seditious conspiracy, an indictable offence, punishable with *simple imprisonment*; a strong mark of the lenity of modern times towards political

* Inserted in Revised Code.

offenders, since simple imprisonment is only that species of confinement to which first-class misdemeanants are now subjected.

Title III. of the Code need not detain us long. It embraces 'offences affecting the administration of justice and 'the maintenance of public order,' and consists of only three parts; Part IX. dealing with corruption on the part of officials, Part X. with misleading justice, Part XI. with escapes and rescues. Title III. corresponds closely with Part III. of the Draft Code, but we are glad to notice in the later Code that the word '*perjury*' has been revived, having been somewhat unnecessarily discarded by the draft, which substituted the expression 'false evidence.' Title IV. contains but three parts: Part XII. 'Offences against Religion,' Part XIII. 'Offences against Morality,' Part XIV. 'Nuisances.' There is nothing here calling for special remark except the satisfactory omission of those sections of the draft which made places of entertainment or amusement, kept open on the Lord's day for the payment of money, 'disorderly places,' and one of which sections seemed to be aimed expressly at the Sunday conduct of the Zoological Gardens.

So far the Code has been dealing either with what are termed 'Introductory Provisions,' or with offences of a public and, so to speak, political character, which, however interesting in themselves, are of course of comparatively rare occurrence. With Titles V. and VI. we come to offences against the person and reputation, and offences against rights of property, or rights arising out of contracts.

Under these heads come the vast majority of the ordinary crimes prosecuted at the assizes and at quarter sessions, and upon the Code's success in dealing with these will turn the real credit of the measure. The method of the Code is, first of all, in each chapter to *define* the crime there treated of, and then to assign the proper punishment awarded to it; adding, with regard to the more serious crimes, 'Everyone charged 'with this offence may be arrested without warrant, and 'shall be bailable at discretion.' The only way in which the Code can be judged fairly is by contrasting some special crime, as at present treated by the law, with the same crime under the Code. Take murder: by the existing law we know that whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer death. See Statute 24 and 25 Vict., c. 100. But what constitutes the crime of murder? This can only be discovered by reading the definitions given by writers of authority, and by studying the cases which have been decided by the criminal courts.

Of course the definitions given by the most eminent legal writers, whether Coke, Hale, or Hawkins, are not, strictly speaking, 'of authority.' The law of England is to be found in an authorised form only in the Statutes of the Realm and the recorded judgments of the judges upon cases actually before them. And thus Lord Coke's description of murder is merely a description given by a distinguished judge, which has been recognised by the courts as a correct expounding of the law. Lord Coke describes murder 'where a person of sound memory and discretion unlawfully killeth any reasonable creature in being and under the King's peace, with malice aforethought, either express or implied.' If we now turn to the text books on criminal practice, we find that almost every word of this definition has been the subject of judicial interpretation: and without the text-book and without an extensive and exhaustive study of the cases themselves, it would be quite impossible to form anything like an adequate notion of the law of murder. Nevertheless the definition is intelligible enough, and gives fairly to the general public the legal view of the crime in question. When a specific case arises—as, for instance, whether a prisoner is of sound memory and discretion, i.e. sane; whether a child killed was actually 'in being;' whether the circumstances were such as to render the killing lawful; what is meant by express and implied malice—recourse must be had to the decided cases before we can determine what is the law. We find it laid down in the text-books, which are in fact a concentration of the results of decided cases; but, as before stated, these text-books do not speak with authority, and moreover are themselves often very difficult of comprehension, from the difficulty and impossibility occasionally of deducing the law from judicial decisions hopelessly conflicting. The plan of the Code is to incorporate the law so laid down with reference to special instances of the crime, into the general and authorised definition of the crime itself.

Under the Code, to understand what is meant by murder or manslaughter, we must first make acquaintance with homicide, and section 165 tells us that 'homicide is the killing of a human being by another, directly or indirectly, by any means whatever.' Section 166 defines the expression 'a human being' as follows:—

'A child becomes a human being within the meaning of this Act when it has completely proceeded in a living state from the body of its mother, whether it has breathed or not, and whether it has an independent circulation or not, and whether the navel-string is severed or

not; and the killing of such child is homicide when it dies after birth in consequence of injuries received before, during, or after birth.'

According to section 167:—

'Homicide may be either culpable or not culpable. Homicide is culpable when it consists in the killing of any person either by an unlawful act, or by a culpable omission to perform or observe any legal duty, or by both combined, or by causing a person, by threats or fear of violence, or by deception, to do an act which causes that person's death, or by wilfully frightening a child or sick person.

'Culpable homicide is either murder or manslaughter.

'Homicide which is not culpable is not an offence.'

To make the offender responsible, the death must occur within a year and a day from the act causing it (section 169). Murder is at length itself defined by sections 174 and 175 as follows (section 174):—

'Culpable homicide is murder in each of the following cases:—

'(a) If the offender means to cause the death of the person killed.

'(b) If the offender means to cause to the person killed any bodily injury which is known to the offender to be likely to cause death, and if the offender, whether he does or does not mean to cause death, is reckless whether death ensues or not.

'(c) If the offender means to cause death or such bodily harm as aforesaid to one person, so that if that person be killed the offender would be guilty of murder, and by accident or mistake the offender kills another person, though he does not mean to hurt the person killed.

'(d) If the offender, for any unlawful object, does an act which he knows to be likely to cause death, and thereby kills any person, though he may have desired that his object should be effected without hurting anyone.'

Section 175 gives 'a further definition of murder' as follows:—

'Culpable homicide is also murder in each of the following cases, whether the offender means or not death to ensue, or knows or not that death is likely to ensue:—

'(a) If he means to inflict grievous bodily injury for the purpose of facilitating the commission of any of the offences hereinafter mentioned, or the flight of the offender upon the commission or attempted commission thereof, and death ensues from his violence.

'(b) If he administers any stupefying thing for either of the purposes aforesaid, and death ensues from the effects thereof.

'(c) If he by any means wilfully stops the breath of any person for either of the purposes aforesaid, and death ensues from such stopping of the breath.'

The offences referred to in this section are treasons, piracies,

escapes or rescues, resisting lawful apprehension, murder, rape, forcible abduction, robbery, burglary, arson. Section 176 tells us what sort of 'provocation' will suffice to reduce the crime of murder to manslaughter, and section 177 enacts that 'culpable homicide not amounting to murder is manslaughter.'

To sum up, the Code defines 'a human being.' It declares 'homicide' to be the killing of a human being, that certain circumstances make homicide 'culpable,' that certain kinds of culpable homicide are 'murder,' and that all other kinds are manslaughter. Surely here we have an instance of unnecessary sacrifice of brevity and clearness to a desire to obtain logical accuracy of definition. Is it wise thus to incorporate into the general definition of a crime the whole of the law which has necessarily been laid down with regard to special instances? We do not ourselves, for instance, see why a definition of murder should touch upon such a matter as the cutting of the navel-string. The judges *must* be trusted to interpret ordinary English words, and if it is thought right for Parliament to interpret such an expression as 'human being' we fail to see where parliamentary interpretation is to stop. The power of human foresight is very limited, and special circumstances are sure to occur not contemplated by the framers of the Code. It is better, therefore, to leave a wide power of interpretation to the judges. This is the course pursued in the Code itself when dealing with 'actual bodily harm' (section 199): 'Everyone shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall be liable on conviction thereof to five years' penal servitude, who assaults any person so as to wound him or to cause him actual bodily harm.' It is true that we are very properly told elsewhere what constitutes 'an assault,' but we are not informed that wounding must consist of a breaking or lesion of the skin, or what are the limits to 'actual harm,' nor at what period 'a person' comes into existence within the section. It should be noticed that this title opens by declaring the existence of certain legal 'duties tending to the preservation of life,' and makes the neglect of these duties, whereby death is caused or life is endangered, an indictable offence. Thus the neglect by parents, masters, and others to supply necessaries to children, servants, and persons depending upon them, is the neglect of a legal duty. So persons in 'charge of dangerous things' are bound to take care lest others are injured. Where death results from negligence in such cases, the offender will be guilty of man-

slaughter by virtue of the before-quoted section 167 declaring homicide to be *culpable* where it consists in the *culpable* omission to perform a legal duty. This hardly tells us more than that homicide is culpable when it is culpable. In practice it will put it into the hands of juries to say in what cases they think those who neglect a legal duty *ought to be* criminally responsible. Sections 185 and 186 will enable the prosecution to proceed against women for infanticide without charging actual murder. This is achieved in a somewhat roundabout fashion, but will probably operate beneficially.

Space forbids our entering upon the other branches of crime treated under this title, and we must therefore pass by such interesting topics of discussion as bigamy and the abduction of heiresses, and even the important provisions of Part XXIII. defining the crime of defamatory libel and regulating the law relating thereto (upon which the limits of the liberty of the press depend), in order to examine Title VI. on offences against rights of property or rights arising out of contract. Under these heads are treated theft, embezzlement, false pretences, criminal breach of trust, frauds by directors, robbery and extortion, burglary, receiving stolen goods, forgery, personation, coinage offences, mischief (including arson), &c.

Title VI., though dealing with the same subject matter as Part VI. of the Draft Code, has undergone very considerable changes in form and arrangement, and has revived many of the old terms of the criminal law which had been rather unnecessarily cast aside. We are forcibly reminded of Pistol's answer to Nym's remark that 'the good humour is to *steal* at 'a minute's rest,' viz. 'Convey the wise it call. *Steal!* foh! a 'fico for the phrase!' In the draft, the old words 'steal,' 'embezzle,' 'larceny,' were conspicuous by their absence; theft, embezzlement, and false pretences forming merely three manifestations of a taking 'with intent to misappropriate,' the term 'fraudulent misappropriation' covering them all. The 'intent to misappropriate' was very elaborately defined, and some of the sections of this part of the Draft Code, however accurate their language, would probably have confused the minds of many lay magistrates and jurymen whose duty it would have been to apply them. Of this, section 195, headed 'Fraudulent Misappropriation by General Owners, Corporators, 'or Trustees,' is a good example.

'The general owner of a thing in which another person has a special property, a person having a special property in a thing of which another is the general owner, any one of several joint owners, or co-part-owners of a thing, and a person having the legal estate in anything in

which another person is beneficially interested, may commit the offence of fraudulent misappropriation in respect of that thing, and as against the special owner, the general owner, the other joint owners or co-part-owners, or the person beneficially interested respectively, by dealing with it in such a way and with such an intent as would amount to that offence if the offender had no interest in the thing.'

The language of the present Bill is simpler if its definitions are less philosophical. In each it was found necessary in the first place to declare what things are 'capable of being stolen.' It is curious to notice how many things are not the subject of larceny at common law; thus there could be no felony unless the goods stolen were goods personal, and from this it was considered to follow that there could be no felony of chattels real, as of a box containing charters to land; and, to quote from Chief Justice Hale's 'Pleas of the Crown,' 'neither can 'larceny be committed of things which adhere to the freehold, 'as trees, grass, bushes, hedges, stones, or lead of a house, and 'the like.'

So also—

'larceny cannot be committed in some things whereof the owner may have a lawful property, and such whereupon he may obtain an action of trespass, in respect of the baseness of their nature, as mastiffs, spaniels, greyhounds, bloodhounds, or of some such things wild by nature yet reclaimed by art or industry, as bears, foxes, ferrets, &c., or their whelps or calves, because, though reclaimed, they serve not for food but pleasure, and so differ from pheasants, swans, &c., made tame, which, though wild by nature, serve for food. Only of the reclaimed hawk, in respect of the nobleness of its nature and use for princes and great men, larceny may be committed if the party knows it to be reclaimed.'

There was moreover in our old law the distinction between grand and petty larceny, the latter being of chattels not exceeding in value twelve pence, and not being, like the former, subject to capital punishment. In the Revised Code section 244 describes 'Inanimate things, fixed or moveable, capable of 'being stolen.'

Every inanimate thing whatever which is the property of any person, and which either is, or may be made, moveable, shall henceforth be capable of being stolen as soon as it becomes moveable, although it is made moveable in order to steal it: Provided, that nothing growing out of the earth of a value not exceeding one shilling shall (except in the cases hereinafter provided) be deemed capable of being stolen. Nothing herein contained shall affect the provisions of any statute in force at any time as to summary convictions for stealing things growing out of the earth.'

Section 245 treats of 'animals capable of being stolen.' Section 246 gives the definition of theft.

'Theft or stealing is the act of fraudulently and without colour of right taking, or fraudulently and without colour of right converting to the use of any person, anything capable of being stolen, with intent to deprive the owner permanently thereof, or to deprive any person having any special property or interest therein permanently of such property or interest.'

The section goes on at length to declare that everyone 'commits theft' who so takes or converts anything capable of being stolen, with the intent specified in the section, as of pledging or parting with it, &c. This is followed by other sections relating to special kinds of theft, and Part XXV. provides the maximum punishments to be awarded in each case, wisely omitting the provisions of the Draft Code by which sentences were to be regulated to some extent in proportion to the amount stolen. Thus, if property stolen was worth over 500*l.*, the prisoner might be sentenced to penal servitude for life; if between 100*l.* and 500*l.* to penal servitude for fourteen years; if less than 100*l.* to seven years' penal servitude, and if less than 5*l.* then to imprisonment only. Nothing of this kind is attempted by the present Bill, and no question of the value of the property stolen will hamper judicial discretion.

The Code proceeds to define false pretences, criminal breach of trust, and the other crimes against property. There has been no subject upon which the refinements of legal distinction have been more conspicuous than the law of false pretences. Under our present law larceny is felony, false pretences a misdemeanour, but to decide what cases came within the true definition of larceny and what within that of false pretences has required a vast expenditure of judicial acumen, with the result of leaving the law in anything but a lucid condition. As generally happens when this is the case, statute law comes to the assistance of case law, and, by patching here and changing there, removes to some extent the special inconvenience felt, though by a clumsy contrivance which leaves the reformed law in a condition hardly intelligible to those who are not first made acquainted with all the difficulties previously existing. Thus, inasmuch as prisoners charged with false pretences were continually acquitted because on the trial it appeared that the offence was larceny, it was enacted that where such was the case the prisoner 'should not by reason thereof be entitled to be acquitted of such misdemeanour.' Still, in the converse case, i.e. where a prisoner charged with larceny is proved to

be guilty of false pretences, he must be acquitted; and hence in cases of doubt under which category of crime to class the prisoner's offence, it is the usual practice to charge the misdemeanour. Sections 270 and 271 of the Code, taken with the provisions of a subsequent chapter enabling various counts to be joined in the same indictment, will now remove all difficulty from the subject. The Code then goes on to define and deal with the other offences against property. But it is time to pass on to Title VII. of the Code, regulating procedure.

Here we find much alteration. The proposed methods of procedure are intended to be simpler and more satisfactory than those to which we have been so long accustomed; but, inasmuch as their mere proposal shows the dissatisfaction with the old state of things, it will be as well to consider what are the defects we wish to remedy before examining how far the proposals of the Code are an improvement. It is a peculiarity of the English system of criminal procedure that proceedings are initiated and conducted by private persons. There is no official in England corresponding to the Scotch Procurator Fiscal, to take up and superintend criminal proceedings, and this want has been long felt. In 1874 a committee of the Judicature Commission reported unanimously in favour of a system of public prosecution, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, in a separate report, advised that *every* prosecution, however small the offence, should be subject to the control of a public official appointed by and responsible to the State, such control to extend over the case from the earliest to the final proceedings throughout the prosecution. It is also one of the most noticeable faults of the English procedure that in each case there should be so many separate enquiries, and hence so much useless repetition, expense, and delay. We know to what preposterous length the enquiry before the magistrate, supposed to be an enquiry as to the existence of a *prima facie* case, is often drawn out. We have seen in many a 'show case' proceedings before a magistrate so elaborated as to make the trial itself little more than a *verbatim* repetition of the preliminary proceedings. It happens, indeed, occasionally that the enquiry before the committing magistrate takes longer than that before the judge and jury at the trial. We know also that, after this elaborate preliminary enquiry and immediately before the trial, the case is enquired into by the grand jury, a body of some twenty gentlemen who sit in private, and who have to make out the facts of the case as best they can from the witnesses for the prosecution, without any assistance from counsel or solicitor in laying the case before them. The

accused is not before the grand jury, and, whatever merits this tribunal may possess, its constitution and the way in which it has to exercise its functions render it very unfit to act as a court of appeal from the committing magistrate. Moreover, the grand jury holds its investigation *immediately before* trial, and is therefore too late to save an accused from unnecessary imprisonment, which it is the most important object of preliminary enquiry to prevent. It has consequently been proposed by some considerable authorities to abolish this venerable institution as far as regards trials at quarter sessions, but yet, for some not very intelligible reasons, to retain it for trials at the assizes. Many persons have thought the coroner's jury a very unsatisfactory court, and certainly the holding the coroner's inquest *as well* as the magistrate's enquiry is, in most cases of murder and manslaughter, entirely a work of supererogation. Our system is undoubtedly very cumbrous. A magistrate, twenty-three grand jurymen, a dozen petty jurymen, and a judge form an array more imposing than is required when perhaps the only crime to be disposed of is the theft of a pair of boots or a pocket-handkerchief. Where the crime has been murder or manslaughter, we have the coroner's jury as well, and thus we have the crime enquired into by some fifty different investigators in four separate enquiries. These considerations are becoming very obvious at the present day from the greater frequency of gaol deliveries, and consequently the more glaring disproportion between the small amount of work to be done at each assize and the great preparations made to do it. Thus the great blots in our procedure seem to be the absence of a public prosecutor, the cumbrousness of the machinery, and unnecessary repetition and delay. Two investigations in each case should surely suffice, one to determine whether an accused is to be tried at all, and, if so, to commit him or bail him to await his trial; the other, the final trial to dispose and make an end of the whole case. The very different objects of these two investigations should be kept distinct, and if these were efficient any third or intermediate investigation would be superfluous. To simplify and shorten the preliminary proceedings and to raise the character of the final investigation should be the great object of the reformer. In any real discussion of a reformed criminal procedure these points will require consideration, and therefore no apology is made for touching upon them here, though the Code itself hardly deals with the most important of them. No system of public prosecution is introduced; the grand jury is to remain as before. There are, however, provisions in the Code for making the magis-

trate's enquiry more satisfactory, and others which have for their object the improvement of the final trial. Section 437 will enable justices to enquire and take evidence upon oath in reference to a suspected crime without having an accused actually before them; and this, in cases of suspected murder, will probably lead to the superseding of the coroner's enquiry, which by section 506 will no longer have the power of sending an accused for trial.

Part VII. abolishes the old distinction between felonies and misdemeanours. As there will be henceforth no difference in the procedure in these cases, there would be no meaning in retaining the distinctive terms. In France the very first article of the Code Pénal divides all offences into *contraventions*, *délits*, and *crimes*; but these distinct offences are differently proceeded against and punished, the last being punishable with a 'peine afflictive ou infamante,' and being the only class of crime triable by a jury. With us, for the future, 'indictable offence' will cover every crime known to the law, not by statute made solely subject to summary proceedings.

Sections 453 to 464 regulate the preliminary enquiry before the magistrate. The Draft Code attempted several changes in our procedure, which have not reappeared in the present measure. In the 1878 Code it was specifically stated that though the defendant, his counsel, or solicitor should be entitled to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution upon facts relative to the charge, he should not, unless the justice thought it necessary or desirable, cross-examine to matters relevant only as affecting the credit of the witnesses. Under this provision justices would have sometimes had to exercise a difficult discretion, never checking a cross-examination that was really tending to elucidate the truth, and yet, on the other hand, protecting witnesses from unfair and unfounded aspersion. It is not easy to deny that the interference of the bench is occasionally needed for the protection of witnesses from unscrupulous or reckless advocates.

Again, the Code of 1878 made it the duty of a justice to commit a defendant when a sufficient case had been made out, even though some of the witnesses for the prosecution had not been examined. These provisions would have tended to shorten preliminary enquiries without prejudicing the prisoner, since subsequent sections required the prosecution to furnish the defendant with the names of the witnesses it was intended to call, and with the substance of the evidence they were expected to give. This necessity of giving notice applied to the prosecution only. In Scotland *the accused* is required to give

notice to the prosecution if he intends at the trial to set up a 'special defence,' and this must greatly tend to the prevention of perjured defences, such as false alibis, being set up. These provisions of the Draft Code do not appear in the Code as it comes from the Royal Commission, and therefore in these respects the procedure now existing will continue. We find, however, a useful provision in section 461 enabling quarter sessions to which a prisoner has been committed to commit him over *to the assizes* for trial, if that course seems desirable.

If the changes in preliminary procedure are slight, the same cannot be said of the provisions relating to *trial*. In section 477 the old doctrine that a man is to be tried by his peers is subjected to a rule giving a judge power, on the application of either side, to order any assize case to be tried before a *special jury*, a tribunal hitherto unknown in the trial of felonies. The intention of this section is excellent, but nevertheless the Legislature will do well not to establish a system by which high-class offenders will be tried before high-class jurymen. One of the benefits of the jury system is that the public believes in the absence of all fear or favour as regards the accused. Would this be always so if judges had the power of putting into the jury-box a special class of jurymen? A jury should be drawn from various classes, and again we can turn for instruction to Scotland, where by law a fixed proportion of the jury must be special jurymen. In these days of the spread of education and intelligence through all classes it is less necessary than ever to establish special juries for the trial of crime. Even in Ireland, where some persons think ordinary jurymen unfit for their duties, what effect would it have if agrarian crimes were always tried before juries having special class interests to serve? Would not the increase of convictions be dearly bought by the entire withdrawal of public approval from such convictions as were obtained? The manifestation of popular feeling and even prejudice in juries has often, on the whole, tended to the advantage of the country.

Part XLIII. regulates the trial of indictable offences. Passing over other matters, we notice two provisions which will at once strike everyone conversant with the practice of the criminal courts as introducing a thoroughly novel principle into our procedure. Section 523 provides for the examination of the defendant; section 525 enables the court to call witnesses and to examine them, or rather to require the prosecution to do so. To the latter section, though involving a thorough departure in principle from the English theory, viz. that the

court tries a crime after the fashion of a private litigation, leaving each side to shape its own case as it likes, it is difficult to see that any very practical objection can be taken.

Section 523 is one of the most important in the Code. Hitherto at no period of the various investigations has it been allowed to put questions to the accused. Before the committing magistrate he is always told he may if he pleases make a statement; but he is cautioned at the same time that what he says may be used against him. This procedure before the magistrate is preserved by the Code. At the trial, the only question allowed to be put to the prisoner has been whether he is guilty or not guilty of the charge. At the same time he is at liberty, himself if undefended by counsel, or by solicitor if defended, to state his case to the court. To represent that the prisoner's mouth is closed (a representation very often made) is simply to misstate the fact. He is not, indeed, allowed to give evidence on oath, and this the Draft Code did not propose to permit. The Revised Code, however, treats the matter very differently:—

‘Everyone accused of any indictable offence shall be a competent witness upon his trial for such offence, and the wife or husband, as the case may be, shall be a competent witness upon such trial: Provided that no such person shall be liable to be called as a witness by the prosecutor; but every such witness called and giving evidence on behalf of the accused shall be liable to be cross-examined like any other witness on any matter, though not arising out of his examination in chief: Provided that, so far as the cross-examination relates to the credit of the accused, the court may limit such cross-examination to such extent as it thinks proper, although the proposed cross-examination might be permissible in the case of any other witness.’

Now what is new is not the power given to the prisoner to make a statement—for this at present he can do either personally or through counsel—but the fact that his statement is to be made *on oath*, and that he is to be subject to cross-examination by the prosecution. The simplest of all questions for the prosecuting counsel to put in cross-examination will be directly as to the guilt of the prisoner. Suppose a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. He is duly sworn and makes a rambling statement to the jury. Prosecuting counsel then turns round to the dock, looks the prisoner in the face, and says, ‘Now, my good man, did not you steal those boots? Tell the truth; you know you are upon your oath.’ If the prisoner denies it and is convicted, we presume he may be tried for perjury in refusing to plead guilty to the charge. The result is to apply a species of terrorism to the accused to extort a

confession. We hope to hear no more about the kindness to the prisoner of 'opening his mouth.' But, even without putting so crucial a question, counsel in cross-examining will certainly try to entrap the prisoner into difficulties. Sir James Stephen himself somewhere speaks of cross-examination as being almost necessarily unfair, and when applied to such ignorant and terrified persons as most prisoners on their trial prove themselves, though it will perhaps be effective in ensuring convictions, it will be at a sacrifice of that appearance of fair play which has so maintained the public estimation of our criminal courts.

There is no part of the Code more deserving careful consideration by Parliament and the country than Part XLIV., which provides means of appealing from decisions of the criminal courts. It is now the general principle of our criminal law that there is no appeal *on the facts* from the verdict of a jury. In the United States of America it is also a provision of the Constitution that no persons shall be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy. Yet in England it is possible, in some cases of misdemeanour tried in the Queen's Bench, for a defendant after conviction to obtain a new trial where the verdict has been contrary to evidence, or the judge has misdirected the jury, or evidence has been improperly admitted or rejected; and for the prosecution, after an acquittal, to obtain a new trial, on showing that the defendant had corruptly obtained the verdict. As regards felonies, on no pretext whatever can a prisoner be tried twice on the same charge; and thus, with the small exception above mentioned, no new trial can be had, nor appeal prosecuted, after a jury has once given a verdict. This rule is perhaps due to an illogical extension of the principle 'that no one shall be twice put in jeopardy for the same offence.' In America, starting from the same fundamental principle, the law courts have arrived at a different result, for it is now settled in that country that new trials may be allowed to a prisoner after conviction, alike in treason, felony, and misdemeanour. The language of the court in the case which mainly is responsible for this change (*U.S.A. v. Kean*) is worth quoting. It had been argued that the above principle prevented the granting of a new trial even *at the instance of the defendant*. The court observes:—

'The prisoner is found guilty, and, whether right or wrong, he must stand convicted. He claims, under the Constitution, a fair and an impartial trial, and he shows gross prejudice against him by the jury, who have convicted him on evidence wholly insufficient; but he is answered that the Constitution protects him from being put in jeopardy a second time

for the same offence, and that a new trial would violate this provision. In other words, the Constitution guarantees to him the right of being hung to protect him from the danger of a second trial. Whatever may be said theoretically of this constitutional protection, practically the subject of it can have no very strong reason to appreciate it.'

A similar conclusion was very nearly arrived at in England, and there is one quite recent precedent in the books, in which a prisoner after a conviction for felony obtained a new trial, and suffered imprisonment in consequence of the sentence passed on the second conviction. This case was followed by two others that arose in Australia, and there was every prospect of the innovation establishing itself, had not the Privy Council, to which these cases were appealed, decided that the English precedent was not law, and that to sanction new trials after conviction for felony was beyond the power of the judges. Thus in America new trials became grantable, but in England not. The Livingstone Code, drawn up for the State of Louisiana, contains express provisions for the re-trial of prisoners. Either party is allowed to move the court on affidavit: the public prosecutor on the ground that the verdict of acquittal was corruptly obtained by the prisoner; the prisoner on the ground of verdict being corruptly obtained, and also on the ground of certain specified irregularities, as that he had not been in court during the proceedings, that he had asked for counsel's assistance, and none had been assigned him, and so on. He is also allowed a new trial 'where, in the opinion of the court, the verdict is contrary to law or evidence, but no more than two new trials shall be given for this cause alone.' Under the French code it would seem that originally no new trial could be had upon the merits, and it still remains the case that a person *legally acquitted* cannot be again charged with the same act; but we find it provided by the law of 1853 that in the case of a prisoner *convicted* where 'la cour est convaincue que les jurés, tout en observant les formes, se sont trompés au fond, elle déclare qu'il est sursis au jugement et renvoie l'affaire à la session suivante pour y être soumise à un nouveau jury. . . . Nul n'a le droit de provoquer cette mesure. La cour ne peut l'ordonner que d'office, immédiatement après que la déclaration du jury a été prononcée publiquement.' And only one such new trial can be had.

In the Austrian Code of 1874 we have the most recent expression of continental views on this subject; and we find the provision for the granting of a new trial not very different from that above quoted from the French Code. In the preface to the translation by MM. Bertrand and Cacn of the Austrian

Code, they remark that *an appeal* from the decision of one court to another, on the facts, must either infringe upon the modern practice of oral procedure, the superior court judging *upon reports*, instead of having the evidence in its original shape before it, or the appeal must amount to a *rehearing*; and the latter is considered too costly and lengthy a procedure to be very desirable. They argue that in days when a certain legal *quantum* of evidence was required to constitute *proof*, the question of the guilt of a prisoner was much more a matter of law than at present, when proof depends solely upon the impression on the mind of the court, upon its *moral conviction*. Continental procedure, however, differs so widely from our own, that it is difficult to draw any analogy from the one to the other as to the alleged necessity for new trials. The mere fact that in France a verdict is given by a majority of jurors, and in Austria by one of two-thirds, may make a revision of verdicts of guilty necessary for the protection of innocent persons; while in a country where unanimity among twelve jurors is required, and where the rule, as to giving a prisoner the benefit of the doubt, is always impressed upon them, the same protection may not be needed.

The questions for us are: What are the evils *we* have to remedy? Are the proposals of the Code the proper remedy? The evil to be remedied by appeal or new trial is the conviction of the innocent, or at all events of those against whom there is insufficient legal evidence. And the greater the tendency of the original court to convict on insufficient grounds, the greater the need for revising verdicts. Is it a tendency of our jury trial, in the present administration of the law, to convict too easily? On the contrary, it would appear that our whole system even favours the escape of the probably guilty, rather than that a possibly innocent man should be convicted. By the present practice, and the system is to be continued under the Code, the case has been examined before the magistrate, and a full written report of it taken, before it even comes before the judge and jury. The latter must be unanimous, and the practice of impressing upon them to allow to the accused the benefit of any reasonable doubt is invariably followed. One would, *à priori*, expect this to be ample security. Does experience not prove that it is? 'But,' we are answered, 'surely there is something altogether anomalous in the law refusing a new trial to a man under sentence of death, and readily allowing it to defendants in petty actions on tradesmen's bills.' The analogy between civil and criminal proceedings is not a good one. In a civil cause the jury has to

come to the best opinion it can, after balancing the one side against the other. In a criminal case it is not a question of probabilities, and the defendant is *entitled* to an acquittal unless the prosecution have established his guilt beyond all reasonable doubt. In many a civil case the verdict of a jury is often, not improperly, something like a compromise of the dispute between the parties. Moreover, it should be said that the frequency with which new trials in civil cases are granted is a very great source of hardship to litigants, and of injustice to persons who dare not insist upon their rights from the risk of becoming involved in almost interminable proceedings, and having the costs thereby swelled out of all proportion to the claim. Any rich litigant, such, for instance, as a public board or company, has thus an immense advantage over an ordinary antagonist, who knows that, as soon as one trial is concluded to his advantage, the courts of law will be moved to indulge him in another, to the advantage of legal practitioners if of no one else.

It is worthy of notice that public dissatisfaction with convictions is very rare indeed, except in cases of murder; and, as it cannot be supposed for a moment that juries are *more* ready to convict rashly in murder cases than in others, we are driven to the conclusion that it is in reality not so much the verdict as the punishment to be inflicted, that displeases the public. If the punishment strikes the moral sense of the public as being more severe than the crime deserves, the rational way to remedy this is to change the punishment, not to establish a system for the revising of *verdicts* in all classes of crime. The only way in which, at present, a conviction can be interfered with, is by the Home Secretary's exercise of the royal prerogative. That he should be considered a court of appeal on the facts from a jury, and should be expected regularly to act in that capacity, would be most unfortunate. It has happened that the very defence which failed at the trial has prevailed at the private enquiry before the Home Secretary, but no one would wish to see this happen frequently.

These considerations have, for the most part, been borne in mind by the authors of the Code, and certainly there is no attempt to make appeal and new trial as easy in criminal as in civil proceedings. The Code provides for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal on the law, leave to appeal being grantable on the application of either party, either by the court which tried the case or by the court of appeal, the party having, in the latter case, obtained the leave of the Attorney-General to move the court. The court of appeal may confirm

or reverse the decision of the court below, or 'in any case, 'whether the appeal is on behalf of the prosecutor or the 'accused, direct a new trial.' So much for appeals on the law, which are allowed to be carried up to the House of Lords. Sections 544 and 545 deal not with the law, but the facts.

'After the conviction of any person for any indictable offence, the court before which the trial takes place may, either during the sittings or afterwards, give leave to the person convicted to apply to the court of appeal for a new trial on the ground that *the verdict was against the weight of evidence*. The court of criminal appeal may, upon hearing such motion, direct a new trial if it thinks fit. In the case of a trial before a court of quarter session . . . such leave may be given during or at the end of the session by the justice who presided at the trial and one other justice present at the trial.'

Section 545: 'If, upon any application for the mercy of the 'Crown, on behalf of any person convicted of an indictable 'offence,' the Home Secretary 'entertains a doubt whether 'such person ought to have been convicted,' he may, after enquiry, order a 'new trial, at such time and before such court 'as he may think proper.'*

It is difficult to dispute the justice of these proposed changes of our law, but we must hope that the power of granting new trials will be most sparingly exercised. In these days, in cases involving capital punishment at all events, there is a tenderness, almost a softness, on the part of courts and Home Secretaries, towards prisoners, which will make them inclined to shirk a disagreeable responsibility by thrusting its burden upon another tribunal. The change is not the only one in the Code which tends to take power from juries and give it to judges, and it is not one of the least objections to the change that it may make some criminal investigations, already sufficiently long, become almost interminable. We think it would have been better only to allow new trials in cases where the judge trying the case reported *that he was dissatisfied* with the verdict, and that it should not be granted upon application to the court, but of its own mere motion, as in France. Applica-

* This section affords a curious instance of the method in which our Constitution *grows* of itself. The sovereign always had the right to pardon, the minister's duty was to advise on the exercise of this right. But the practice has been for years for the Home Secretary, instead of advising upon the exercise of the royal prerogative of pardon, to enquire into the merits of the case; and now we find a statute proposed giving legal sanction to the new practice, and making the Home Secretary *a judge* 'of whether such person ought to have been convicted.'

tions by counsel to the court of appeal, the obtaining of the leave of the Attorney-General, and suchlike proceedings, all require money, and it is not desirable to increase the advantages already possessed by rich men over their poorer fellows in pleading before the criminal courts. Let the *same justice*, as far as possible, be open to all, whether rich or poor, powerful or weak. We have treated this portion of the Code at such length that we have no space left to describe the immense improvement to be expected from the procedure relating to indictments, or even to mention many other beneficial provisions introduced.

Yet we cannot conclude without directing attention to some of the criticisms the Code has called forth. First in importance is, of course, the elaborate criticism contained in the letter of the Lord Chief Justice to the Attorney-General and printed by the order of Parliament. The Lord Chief Justice, remarking that the proposed Code consists of three main parts, viz., general provisions as to jurisdiction and preliminary matters, substantive law, and procedure, confines his attention to the first part, reserving his remarks on the subsequent parts for future letters. It is thus only incidentally that he expresses his belief that 'the admissibility of an accused person as a witness would be a grievous mistake.' His criticisms of the Code are in many instances somewhat minute; but the main charges he brings are worthy of the most careful consideration. All will share his regret that the repeal of statutes is in many cases only *partial*, and that the Code will have to be supplemented by sections left surviving. If it is desired to keep the provisions of these sections in operation, the Lord Chief Justice is right in his contention that their object should be given effect to by the Code itself. We agree also with Sir Alexander Cockburn that it 'necessarily mars the completeness of the work,' that its operation should be limited to offences *when made the subject of indictment*. To quote from his letter, 'It would, no doubt, be impracticable to enumerate all the instances in which penalties are resorted to for the purpose of enforcing the performance of duties, or the observance of police or sanitary regulations, or the like; but we are dealing with acts which the proposed law constitutes crimes, and which are so dealt with in the Code. It is exclusively to these that my observations apply; it seems in the highest degree illogical to omit all mention of them, and all reference to the procedure applicable to them, when dealt with otherwise than by indictment, simply because the degree of guilt is less, and the circumstances are such that the fuller and more formal

‘ methods of proceeding may be dispensed with.’ That crimes committed by peers are not dealt with by the Code appears to us to be a smaller criticism, and there are others still more minute which deserve the attention of the Attorney-General, but need not detain us here.

As the public becomes better acquainted with the proposals of the Government Bill, and as criminal codification has at last been seriously taken up by Parliament, we shall have much useful criticism of details to consider, and even rival codification schemes to compare. Thus, this year a complete ‘ Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure,’ by Mr. E. D. Lewis, has been published, professing to deal with the whole subject, descending even into such minutiae as the salaries of the judges’ clerks. This Code would abolish altogether the grand jury; would take from the coroner’s jury the power of sending an accused for trial; would establish a ‘ Supreme Court of Criminal Judicature’ out of judges to be specially devoted to criminal business, thus freeing the judges of Westminster Hall from all but civil business; would enable prisoners to be tried by special juries, but only with their own consent; and would allow the examination and cross-examination of the accused, but without allowing him to be sworn. It will be seen that Mr. Lewis’s work is of a bold and somewhat ambitious character. There is much in his ‘ Draft Code ’ as well as in the Lord Chief Justice’s letter that we hope the Attorney-General will consider and make use of before his bill is again introduced; but on the whole the Royal Commissioners and the Government deserve congratulation that no more serious objections have been made to their proposals.

The Code is a magnificent piece of legislation, and will prove the precursor of many Codification Bills, which will ultimately change the face of our law. We wish the Government success in their efforts to pass it, with only minor alterations, through Parliament. In so doing they will have acquired for themselves the fame of having added, during their reign, at least one really great measure to the Statute Book.

ART. IX.—*Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By GEORGE ELIOT. London and Edinburgh: 1879.

A DISTINGUISHED living author once observed in our hearing, that there was a time when George Eliot's genius seemed to him to be of almost boundless promise. 'I even thought,' he proceeded, 'that some day she might perhaps have equalled Miss Austen.' There are few, we conceive, amongst George Eliot's admirers who would either thank our critic for these liberal hopes, or sympathise with him in his implied disappointment; nor do we ourselves share in the temper of his criticism. We disagree with him, however, not because his judgment was entirely false, but because it was only very partially true. So far as he had viewed the matter, his view was accurate. It is misleading only because its scope was limited. There are few minds which have accomplished much, that to observant eyes have at one time not promised more. Even the most many-sided genius must have given hints, at the outset, of the possession of many powers it could never bring to perfection; and we shall often best estimate a writer's chief achievements by examining first the extent and the nature of his partial failures. When, therefore, it is said that George Eliot might have been a second Miss Austen, and has failed to be so, we need not, in assenting to this, be passing a degrading judgment. We advance instantly from our notice of the success she has foregone, to inquiring what other success she has tried to achieve instead of it—what greater birthright she has bought by the sacrifice of her mess of pottage. This inquiry is not altogether an easy one; and a more significant homage could not be paid to the authoress than to say that it is worth our while, in her case, to make it with all care and seriousness. Her present volume is especially welcome, not only because it suggests such a task to us, but also because it will assist us in attempting it.

The most obvious aspect under which we look at her is that simply of a novelist—as a dramatic artist in prose. It is not here that her real pre-eminence lies; but we will confine ourselves at first to this very restricted view of her, and regard her as though she were simply a novelist among novelists.

Now, the qualities that a novelist most requires are, in their own degree, the same as those required by a dramatist. A novel, like a drama, is a work of art, and must, like a drama, conform to certain artistic laws, and present certain artistic qualities. The most prominent of these have their close

analogies in painting. The first requirements in a picture are that it conform to certain rules of composition, grouping, chiaro-oscuro, and perspective. In like manner we require first of all in a novel or a drama that there be a certain method, grace, and unity in the plot. The various incidents must be presented to us in their due proportion. The attention must not be distracted by unnecessary figures or events. Everything must be properly subordinate to some central interest; and form parts of a single organic whole. When the novelist or the dramatist fulfils these requirements, we may say, in painters' language, that the *composition* of his piece is perfect. As equally apposite examples of this kind of perfection, we may cite two works, which, in other ways, are of a widely different character—'Tom Jones,' and the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles. But *composition* is not all. We require moral perspective and moral chiaro-oscuro as well. What is trivial and incidental must not be drawn too large. What is important must not be drawn too small. And further, the lights and shades, or, if we like to add a new metaphor, the colours, must be properly harmonised and distributed. Everything must not be made an unrelieved darkness by vice or sorrow, or a flat and even brightness by joy or virtue. The novelist and the painter have each of them a kindred artistic effect to produce with shine and shadow, and with various combinations of colour.

Further, there is a second class of requirements needful for a novelist, which might also, were there occasion for it, be illustrated by a reference to painting; and this is an insight into the human heart which is not only profound, but at the same time wide and impartial; and a power, not alone of describing character, but still more of presenting it in action.

If we judge George Eliot's work by the tests above suggested, there is scarcely one adverse criticism to which it is not open. The *composition* of her stories is to the utmost rude and faulty; or rather, in the artistic sense of the word, there is no composition in them at all. In 'Middlemarch,' for instance, we have not one plot, but two, and these joined together in the clumsiest and most unskilful fashion. Elsewhere, it is true, her designs may have more unity; but the unity, even where most traceable, is obscured or quite distorted by masses of irrelevant detail. Every stone in her building may be of marble, and of marble finely cut: but the building as a whole is not fitly framed together; and many of the blocks which exhibit the finest carving are not only not needed by the structure, but they overload it, and destroy its symmetry.

She recognises the time-worn truth that a story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end; but between these three parts she observes no just proportion. Her action moves onwards by fits and starts. She hurries when we would have her linger: she lingers when we would have her hurry: and her pace seems to depend not so much on the nature of the road, as on the flowers she desires to pluck by the side of it, or the views of distant scenery which she leans over gates to contemplate.

But there is a greater defect still to notice. In dealing with her principal characters she does not, as a general rule, so much *present* them, as *describe* them to us. And we are made all the more keenly conscious of this, because with her minor characters her procedure is exactly opposite. Mrs. Tulliver and Aunt Pullet, discussing a bonnet, are presented to us. Maggie and Stephen Guest, in their love scenes, are described to us. The former group is a painting left to speak for itself. The latter is a charcoal sketch, with a long explanation under it. We are not saying that the sketch may not show higher powers than the painting: but they are not powers of the same order; they are not the powers we expect to find in an artist. And so far as artistic success—the success of the true novelist—goes, it is not too much to say that with George Eliot this varies in an inverse ratio to the importance which she herself attaches to her subjects. •

It will be recollected that in making these remarks we are purposely narrowing our view. We are regarding the authoress under only one aspect. And if our judgment should seem to be somewhat too severe, it is she herself who is responsible for the severity. We are trying her by standards that she has herself suggested; and those standards are the highest. We are condemning the faults of what she has done by the perfection of what she shows us she might have done. She might have been a second Miss Austen: and that within its limits is no small praise; for it means at any rate that she might have been a consummate artist. And it is only because we see her to have been capable of perfect art, that we are forced to note the imperfections of the art she has actually given us.

But if she has failed as a novelist where novelists of less genius have succeeded, she exhibits powers to which, amongst other novelists, we can hardly find a parallel, and which only very rarely have expressed themselves in prose fiction at all. She may be less than Miss Austen in art, but she is greater than Scott in insight. Indeed, to compare her even

to Scott is an unfairness to her. We must go for our parallel yet a stage higher; and we must not stop short of the world's greatest poets. The art of the novelist, and presumably his vision also, rests on the surface of life and of society. His eyes, so far as he can use them, may be as keen and piercing as the poet's; but he uses them from a different point of view. The varied human landscape lies before him, and he paints what he sees of it; but he is not, like the poet, at a sufficient height above it, to see to the bottom of its deep ravines and valleys, or to the summits of its lofty mountains. That it has deep valleys and that it has mountain peaks, he presumes; but he has neither descended to the one, nor scaled the other. With George Eliot, however, the case is different. She, like the poet, takes a more commanding standpoint. Her eyes are occupied with the high and deep places of the human spirit, and the larger and profounder questions of human destiny. For her, as for the poet, life is, as it were, transparent; and she sees the mightiest issues hiding under the most trivial. Her materials for excitement and interest are not the excitements of adventure, with their varieties of surface incident; her materials for tragedy are not murders or escapes from murder, with the manœuvres of criminals and detectives: but they are the inner spiritual events that take place beneath the surface, and of which the outer events are for her the signs merely. Her works partake thus of the quality that separates the poetry of a great drama from the prose of a great novel. The essential difference, for instance, between 'Hamlet' and 'Pendennis' lies in the different level in human life to which the two works pierce. The one reaches to the poetry of life; the other only presumes it, or at best points to it from a distance. But the vision of George Eliot goes straight to it, and encounters it face to face. She has seen and has felt like Sophocles, that

' Full many things are wonderful, but none
More fearful and more wonderful than man; '*

and she has seen and felt this with something of the emotion that is common and almost peculiar to the greatest tragic poets.

And yet with all this George Eliot is not a poet; and, putting form altogether out of the question, her works are not poetry. They bear the same relation to poems that a chrysalis does to a butterfly, just before the change. We feel them to

* *Antigone*, 333.

be quivering with a life that demands some further development. We feel that something is on the ground that requires to fly, and that is every moment on the point of soaring. But the wings never unfold themselves. The strength is wanting somewhere by which the prison is to be broken.

Thus, to pass on her work any general literary judgment is a somewhat puzzling task. But going again for assistance to a simile drawn from painting, we may compare her work, not so much to so many separate pictures, as to so many separate canvases, each covered with a number of pictorial fragments—fragments connected together indeed by some thread, inward or outward, of thought or meaning; but neither in conception nor execution fused together into coherent artistic wholes. We have studies for some heroic subject—some great and solemn action—which are instinct with power and genius, but in which the figures are grouped ill, and often only partly outlined; and we have this heroic group broken or surrounded by a number of semi-serious figures—not in outline, but painted in solid colour, and with the most masterly and complete finish. Such at least is the impression which her earlier works have made on us. Her manner latterly, it is true, has grown in some ways more congruous; but this is not because she has learnt to finish the whole of her pictures as she once did their secondary parts; but because she has ceased to use her brush at all, and has left the whole in the condition of shadowy sketches.

To the eye, therefore, of purely artistic criticism, George Eliot's work, even at its highest, is full of flaws and blemishes. The world, however, is not made up entirely of artistic critics; and the common sense of the public, with its wise want of fastidiousness, often detects in a writer what there is of genius, the better for not detecting what there is lacking in art and skill. And such is the case with George Eliot. She sees truths about life which vast numbers of men and women feel to be true, and which they are grateful to her for having expressed and set before them. She has given definiteness to views which before were dim and vague to them; she has given voice to thoughts and feelings which before were inarticulate. They feel that she has done this for them *somehow*; and *how*, they neither know nor care to criticise. Her books are more to them like Bibles than books of mere amusement; and they have been treated and read with a reverence that was perhaps never before accorded to any works of fiction.

Her position is thus sufficiently remarkable; but there is a point about it beyond any we have yet touched upon, which

makes it more remarkable still; and this is a point, probably, that is little suspected by the larger part of her most earnest and most reverent students. She is the first great *godless* writer of fiction that has appeared in England; perhaps, in the sense in which we use the expression, the first that has appeared in Europe. To say this may sound a paradox or an insult; but it is neither. And this will appear presently, when we have explained the meaning which we attach to the obnoxious word *godless*.

We must remember that generally, up to the present time, human conduct was, amongst serious people, supposed to bear reference, before all things, to some power above ourselves, and of a different nature, to whom our souls belonged, and for whose sake we were bound to keep them pure. And this conception has so penetrated our modern civilisation, that it has been implied in the entire lives and thoughts of numbers who not only never thought of affirming it, but who even posed as deniers of the belief upon which it rested. Shakespeare, for instance, may or may not have been a religious man; he may or may not have been a Catholic, or a Protestant. But whatever his personal views or feelings may have been, the light by which he viewed life was the light of Christianity. The shine, the shadow, and the colours of the moral world he looked upon, were all caused or cast by the Christian Sun of Righteousness. But now amongst the vast changes that human thought has been undergoing, the sun that we once all walked by has for many eyes become extinguished; and every energy has been bent upon supplying man with a substitute, which shall have, if possible, an equal illuminating power, and at any rate the same power of moral actinism. This substitute at present is, it is true, somewhat nebulous; but the substance it is composed of is already sufficiently plain. The new object of our duty is not our Father which is in Heaven, but our brothers and our children who are on earth. It is to these alone, according to the new gospel, that our piety is due; it is indeed to these that all true piety has, in all ages, been ignorantly paid. It is needless to dwell upon this conception longer. Whether we think it sound or hollow, its general character is familiar enough to all of us; and we know that a growing number of men and women around us are adopting it. But it is one thing to adopt a belief in theory—another thing to put it in practice; and again another thing, to receive it, as it were in solution, into our daily thoughts and feelings, so that we not only act and think by it, but also instinctively judge and feel by it. This third stage is the one

that is reached latest, and we doubt whether as yet any considerable body of men and women have attained to it. The nearest approach to it, so far as we know, is to be found in the novels of George Eliot: only there even it is not reached perfectly; for the moral standard of the novelist, and the rational justification of her own judgments and sympathies, are not present to her mind instinctively, and as matters of course; but they are for ever being consciously emphasised by herself, and for ever being pointed out, more or less directly, to the reader. At any rate, in the world of earnest art, she is the first legitimate fruit of our modern atheistic pietism; and as such, she is an object of extreme interest, if not to artistic epicures, at any rate to all anxious inquirers into human destiny. For in her writings we have some sort of presentation of a world of high endeavour, pure morality, and strong enthusiasm, existing and in full work, without any reference to, or help from, the thought of God. *Godless* in its literal sense, and divested of all vindictive meaning, exactly describes her writings. They are without God, not against Him. They do not deny, but they silently and skilfully ignore Him. We have the same old liturgies of human faith and action, only they are intercepted and appropriated by a new object, when they seemed to be on their way to the old. The glory and the devotion that was once given to God is transferred silently to man.

The way in which this feat is performed is very remarkable; for the characters she presents us with are suffered rarely, if ever, to hold opinions that are consciously to themselves at all akin to the author's. On the contrary, they are most of them Christian people, with the love of God and the fear of hell presumably before their eyes. But in all their more vital struggles after God, the supernatural element in their beliefs is represented as having no effect on them. It is treated as a husk or shell, concealing, or perhaps sheltering, something more precious than itself; or at best conveying a truth in metaphor through the channel of a sacramental lie. Mr. Tryan, in 'Janet's Repentance,' and Savonarola in 'Romola,' are both of them marked instances of this; and the author's dealing with these characters is exceedingly skilful. Mr. Tryan is a clergyman, passionately devoted to his sacred calling, an ardent disciple of a special school of divinity, and eaten up with the sincerest zeal for souls. And yet the writer contrives to exhibit all that she wishes us to admire in him as resting on a basis with which his religious beliefs have nothing at all to do. In her portrait of Savonarola this treatment is yet more distinguishable and yet more significant. His chief con-

nexion with the story in which she introduces him, is his conversion of the heroine, from the neo-paganism of the Renaissance, to the precepts of Christ, and to a humble acceptance of sorrow. But in all his exhortations to her, and they are some of them singularly beautiful, there is hardly one appeal to Christianity on its supernatural side. Savonarola is the spokesman of Humanity made divine, not of Deity made human. In so far as he is not this, but the reverse of this, there, according to George Eliot, lies his weakness and not his strength. The 'higher life,' the withdrawal from man for the sake of communion with God, is for her a diseased weakness, if not a wickedness. The Christ of the Christian Church says, 'If a man love father and mother more than me, he is not worthy of me.' The Christ of George Eliot says the exact opposite: 'A man is not worthy of me unless he love me less than father or mother.' With her, as she says often and explicitly, the 'transcendent morality' is to share willingly in the 'common lot,' and not to seek escape from ties 'after those ties have ceased to be pleasant.' She urges with a solemn eloquence, she seems to see in a solemn ecstasy, that a man's highest life is to be found in sorrow, borne for the sake of others; and that all seeming miseries may be turned to blessings, by making an offering of them to something beyond ourselves. But an offering to what? To the God who has made us, loved us, and suffered for us, and into whose presence we may one day win admission? To no such God; but to some impersonal cause, some force of human progress. 'Make your marriage-sorrows,' says Savonarola to Romola, 'an offering, too, my daughter: an offering to *the great work* by which sin and sorrow are to be made to cease.' This is the one teaching of all her novels; and its fundamental difference from the higher Christian teaching lies in this, that it asserts the part to be greater and more complete than the whole; that it asserts those human hopes, and loves, and enthusiasms which Christianity has developed for us, and bequeathed to us, to be in reality complete in themselves, and clogged and weighted only, not supported by, what were once supposed to be their divine foundations.

This fact, as we have said before, is probably little suspected by the majority of George Eliot's readers. These carry with them the lamp of their own religion into that tender but gloomy world into which the author leads them; and do not perceive what the only light is, with which it would be else provided. They have themselves supplied what is wanting before they have felt the want. And they have imagined that

the beliefs which they do not find dwelt upon, have been pre-supposed as true, instead of being studiously ignored as false. But if we would really see George Eliot in all her full significance, we must not close our eyes thus. If we do, we shall not only miss the one thing which she has renounced much to teach us; but we shall miss something that is of an importance far more general. We shall miss the first concrete examples of the workings of the new religion of humanity; and the only means as yet offered us by which to test the results of it, as seen or anticipated by one of its own apostles. Further, if we look at her in this way, and with this intention, her work, which seems so chaotic when judged by any mere artistic tests, becomes congruous and intelligible. It is not so much a series of novels, interspersed with philosophical reflections; it is a gradual setting forth of a philosophy and religion of life, illustrated by a continuous succession of diagrams. That this is the true view of the matter has been getting more and more evident as the career of the author has proceeded. How far this line of development has been conscious and intentional, with herself, it is not ours to inquire. But, consciously or unconsciously, the main stream of her powers has drifted into the philosophic channel, and has left her artistic powers as a mere auxiliary to these, although from the very nature of the case closely connected with them. It is, therefore, by her philosophy that she has the strongest claim to be judged.

Now, it is not our intention here (for neither place nor space permit of it) to discuss that philosophy with reference to its truth or permanent value. But for reasons that will appear presently it will be well to glance at certain salient features of it. The first article of her creed is—I believe in Humanity as the embracer of every moral end that is possible for man; as the only and sufficient object of his highest hopes, and his truest religious emotions. And it is her aim, conscious or unconscious, throughout all her writings to exhibit to us the highest lives directed and nourished only by motives that are purely human. One thing therefore is at once evident. She does not, if we recollect rightly, profess herself to be an optimist. We think indeed she has expressed her convictions somewhere as a creed of '*meliorism*.' But at any rate the whole fabric of her system and her emotions rests, for its one foundation, on a profound satisfaction in the fact of the human race existing, and an earnest hope and expectation of a blessed, if not of a quite perfect, future for it. It is an unspeakable good that it exists now; it will be a yet more unspeakable good that it

exists by-and-by. We need not, however, seek to define her hopes too exactly. It is sufficient that her entire philosophy is an impassioned protest against pessimism, and that it presents the human life and the human lot to us as worthy of all our piety—all our love and reverence. The question that at once arises is, how far does this Deity, as she presents it to us, justify or excite the adoration that she is so pressing we should accord to it? And the answer to this question is somewhat startling. George Eliot, as we have said, is theoretically no pessimist; and yet the picture she presents to us of the world we live in almost exactly answers to the description given of it by Schopenhauer, as nothing better than a ‘penal settlement.’ It might at first sight seem hard to account for this inconsistency. It might seem that her philosophic theories and her true natural vision were at hopeless war with one another; and that her diagrams refuted instead of illustrating the text of her proposition. Or we might figure her as labouring under a destiny the exact reverse of Balaam’s; and having resolved to bless the human destiny, finding herself constrained by the power of truth to curse it.

For in what light is it that she exhibits men to us? She exhibits them as, first and before all things, beings who are not isolated, but linked together by countless ties of duty and affection; and the essence of all right conduct, and the moral *raison d’être* of existence, consists, according to her, in our willingly keeping these ties inviolate. Thus far the matter does not sound unpromising. But if we go farther, it will appear that the race of beings that are thus linked together, form no happy and rejoicing brotherhood, finding each a glad reward in the sense that the rest are helped by him; but a sad and labouring race of chained convicts, whose highest glory it is not to attempt escaping. We are all born, she teaches, with bonds about us, and we inevitably increase their number, prompted by our own cravings, as we live on. And, says George Eliot, every such bond ‘is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; *it can lie nowhere else.* In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering away for ever from the right.’

Now ‘the right,’ according to her teaching, has two distinct characteristics: in the first place, it is the hardest thing of all to attain; and in the next place, it is the only thing that is worth attaining. But when it is attained it seems, as she describes it, little better, at the best, from the human stand-point, than a choice between evils. ‘Renunciation,’ she says explicitly, ‘does not cease to be a sorrow; but it is a sorrow borne willingly.’ And

again she says in another place, ‘the highest happiness . . . often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.’ But thus far clearly she must be doing it some injustice. For elsewhere a sense of positive rapture is supposed to be a part of its content; and despite all its anguish, it is supposed to admit us to some ‘vision, that makes all life below it dross for ever.’ The matter is a mystery, and is seen by herself to be so; so much so, indeed, that the illustration and simplification of it is really the one purpose that runs through all her novels. The central action of all of them—at least of all the later ones—is transparently the same. It is the choice or the refusal of some person or persons of this highest happiness, which can hardly be told from pain, but which, when once chosen, is to make all else dross for ever. And by these examples she seeks to convince us of three things: firstly, that the *right*, for its own sake, and resting on a strictly human basis, does practically bring its own reward with it, in the way her system requires of it; secondly, that men and women will recognize this truth, without any bias derived from supernatural hopes or affections; and, lastly, we gather her to imply that though the number of these loftier natures be but small, they yet impart a kind of vicarious value and sanctity to the entire race they belong to; and thus give ground to the philosopher for a solemn piety towards that race as it is, and a sure if anxious hope for it as it will be.

Now, as this philosophy of George Eliot’s is the most rational and moving statement of all that, according to many modern thinkers, the salvation of man depends on, it becomes a matter of no small interest to inquire what basis of fact it rests upon. It certainly does not rest—and this is the grand point in its favour—on an ignorance or careless observation of life’s meanness, sins, and miseries. She does not underestimate the causes for despair. The question is, does she overestimate the causes for hope? In other words, how far does this prophetess of humanity understand and present correctly the realities of human nature?

The answer to this question is, we fear, not reassuring. We have already pointed out in her work certain artistic anomalies which are fatal to it from the point of view of the artist; and chief amongst these was the strange want of unity in her manner, which we compared to a mixing together of finished figures in oil with shadowy charcoal outlines. Looking at her simply as a novelist, this phenomenon was puzzling. Looking

at her as a philosopher, it becomes, we conceive, sufficiently explicable. In her side characters we see her genuine artistic vision, her genuine artistic powers. We see living men and women presented to us with all the power of a dramatist. But when we pass from her side characters to her principal ones, the whole spectacle changes. We have not what the artist discovers as existing, but what the theorist dreams of as that which ought to exist. We have the phantoms of the philosopher projected into the world of reality. In other words, her higher characters, which she holds up to us as the salt of the earth and the examples of right action, are hardly, as she presents them to us, human characters at all. They are principles, not incarnate in so many different bodies, but dressed up in different suits of clothes, and set working under different circumstances. Romola, except in externals, is the same as Dorothea; so too, towards the end of her history, is Maggie Tulliver. This last character, by the way, is in one respect a very curious one. She is a composite product of both of the author's methods. She is begun according to one, she is finished according to the other. She is begun as a little flesh-and-blood girl; she is gradually sublimated into a great philosophy in action. And amongst such shadowy presences, which alone are to be our models and our encouragements, Aunt Gleg moves as Dante did through the world of spirits—a solid body and casting a human shadow, and which we feel at once to belong to quite a different order of beings.

The treatment by George Eliot of her own genius may be compared to her treatment, just noticed, of the character of Maggie Tulliver. There were two tendencies always visible in her—that of the artist, and that of the philosopher. Could the first of these have absorbed and employed the second, the highest artistic work might doubtless have been the result. As a matter of fact, the philosophy has gained the day; and as the philosophy has grown, the art has dwindled. But, like Pharaoh's lean kine, it has not fattened by what it has fed upon. Her view of human nature as a philosopher has grown wider than it would have been as an artist; but as it has grown wider it has grown less accurate; and as her inductions have grown more confident, the basis on which she rests them has become less reliable. To make such systems as hers of any practical value, two things are needed. One is a knowledge of the great general principles of human impulse; the other is a knowledge of the various complex circumstances under which these impulses act upon us, and by which their power is

profoundly modified. It is this latter sort of knowledge in which George Eliot appears to us to be so deficient. She reminds us of an engineer or a shipwright, who may be deeply versed, to a certain extent, in the laws of motion, but who knows little of the practical difficulties caused by friction, or of the various strengths and consistencies of the only materials in which his designs can be carried out. And the shadowy and unreal impression which her typical characters convey to us, we take to be but the outward sign of a fundamental unreality in her conception of them.

Her present volume more than any of the preceding ones serves at once to confirm and to illustrate this impression. Its scope and character fit it in a peculiar way to show us what her general knowledge of the world really is; and in what manner and from what fields she has gleaned the facts on which she supports her theories. And thus, whatever may be its intrinsic interest, it may form for each reader a text for more interesting inquiry. The 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such' belongs to that class of literature which Theophrastus the Greek originated, and which La Bruyère in modern times has made yet more famous. Like the 'Characters' of these two writers, it consists, not of a dramatic presentation of various men acting and reacting with their various aims and powers upon one another, but of studies of men and women taken singly, and regarded primarily in relation to themselves, or rather to a single class of which they are supposed typical, and which is further supposed to be an important element in the composition of society. The talents required by this kind of composition are fewer than those required by the novelist; but though the novelist requires other talents in addition to these, he first and before all things requires these also. Theophrastus and La Bruyère might not have all the makings in them of great novelists. But a great novelist must have all the makings of a Theophrastus or a La Bruyère. The generalised facts that such writers as these present to us, are the raw material of artistic fiction; and George Eliot, in following in their wake, has been inviting us to see the quality of her material before it has been manufactured, and allowing us, perhaps a little unwisely, to examine its quality when in that condition. In the creations of the novelist which are presented to us in rapid action, and which distract our judgment by a vivid appeal to our interest, there may be many defects that will readily escape notice. But in a work like the present, we have the characters standing still as it were, and an examination of them becomes a much simpler task; and we are in the present case not only

shown what the author thus observes of men, but we are told by her how she observes them, and with what intentions.

Now, in the book before us it is hardly necessary to say that there are many passages that bear the full stamp of the author's insight and originality; but nothing she has ever written has, whilst reminding us of her strength, so fully convinced us of her weakness. In the first place, at the very threshold, we are met with an instance of her want of art—of a sense of what is and what is not superfluous. Her first two chapters are devoted to a description by himself of a certain imaginary bachelor, who tells us he has clumsy feet, a shambling ungainly gait, a frightful upper lip, and an aspect generally that makes ladies smile when they look at him; and it is to this shadowy being that all the following studies of life are attributed. In the character of this gentleman there is nothing very striking or attractive; but the chief fault to find with him is, not that he is vague and vapid, but that he is absolutely unneeded. We suppose him at the outset to have some significance in connexion with what follows: but so far as we can see, he has none whatever. He is introduced by the authoress probably as a sort of screen for her own personality; but her device is none the less inartistic because it was a becoming modesty that suggested it. Nor is it redeemed as art, because the bachelor's autobiography is the occasion in one place of one of the finest and most truthful passages in the book, which we think it will not be amiss to present here to the reader, so that he may be reminded that the faults we shall dwell upon are the faults of a genius of very high order. The bachelor is speaking of the changes in English scenery, which the progress of the present century has brought with it, 'in contrast,' he says, 'with those grander and vaster regions of the earth, which keep an indifferent aspect in the presence of man's toil and devices.'

'What,' he continues, 'does it signify that a Lilliputian train passes over a viaduct amidst the abysses of the Apennines, or that a caravan laden with a nation's offerings creeps across the unresting sameness of the desert, or that a petty cloud of steam sweeps for an instant over the face of an Egyptian colossus, immoveably submitting to its slow burial beneath the sand? But our woodlands and pastures, our hedge-parted corn-fields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our Motherland sympathetic with the laborious lives of her children. . . . Our rural tracts—where no Babel-chimney scales the heavens—are without mighty objects to fill the soul with the sense of an outer world unconquerably

aloof from our efforts. . . . The grasses and reeds nod to each other over the river, but we have a canal close by; the very heights laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September. Then comes a crowd of burly navvies with pickaxes and barrows; and while hardly a wrinkle is made in the fading mother's face or a new curve of health in the blooming girl's, the hills are cut through or the breaches between them spanned; we choose our level, and the white steam pennon flies along it.

'But because our land shows this readiness to be changed, all signs of permanence upon it raise a tender attachment, instead of awe. Some of us, at least, love the scanty relics of our forests, and are thankful if a bush is left of the old hedgerow. A crumbling bit of wall, where the delicate ivy-leaved toad-flax hangs its light branches, or a bit of grey thatch, with patches of dark moss on its shoulder and a troop of grass-stems on its ridge, is a thing to visit. And then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns, where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watch-dog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outlying grain; the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut-trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone steeple, gathering their grey or ochre-tinted lichens and their olive-green mosses, under all ministries,—let us praise the sober harmonies they give to our landscape, helping to unite us pleasantly with the elder generations.'

This eloquent passage is worthy of George Eliot at her best, and not only shows us how on occasions thought and feeling can be harmoniously fused together by her, and presented to us in the form of a vivid picture, but it shows how near she can rise towards the true sublime. What can be more impressive than the first sentence we have quoted, with its solemn presentation of the littleness of man's greatest labours, when confronted with the vaster aspects of Time and Nature? What more skilful than her transitions to the converse picture? Whilst, when we read how the heights lift the plough-team against the sky, prose seems to be standing on tiptoe, and to be on the point of unfolding the wings of poetry.

But we are delaying too long the main subject of our consideration. The chief aspect under which we are to consider our author—the special aspect under which, in her new volume, she explicitly presents herself, is that of a philosopher and a woman of the world, who has fitted herself to be the former of these by having first become the latter; who claims to speak with authority about man, from her intimate knowledge of the ways and works of men.

Deducting the two chapters we have just noticed, the

‘ Impressions of Theophrastus Such ’ consists of sixteen essays, of which five or six may be classified as fragments of moral philosophy, and the remaining ten or eleven as studies of the facts of character. Or—for this division is in some way not entirely accurate—we may describe the sixteen essays taken all together as composed of three separate elements, theories, reflections, and observations.

The theories of the author are precisely those we should have expected to find. They are nothing but re-statements of the great thesis of our modern moralized humanism, that the basis and the motive of all right conduct depends on nothing but the necessities of human welfare and the constitution of the human character. To one important side of this theory the whole of her last essay is devoted—the identification of the individual consciousness with the corporate consciousness of the race. She is—and we are glad to see her so far moderate—convinced that we are not at present ripe for a full cosmopolitanism—for a participation in a universal human consciousness. But a participation in a national consciousness, which we are ripe for, is, she holds, a far more solid and important fact than we most of us take it to be. ‘ Not only,’ she says, ‘ does the nobleness of a nation depend on the presence of ‘ this national consciousness, but *also the nobleness of each individual citizen.*’ The memory of our historical past, the anticipation of our historical future—here is one of the substitutes for the love and the fear of God, and the aspiration after a more intimate communion with him! And the Jews are, in this essay, held up to us as an example of its working power, and the splendid results that would, in their case, come of it, were the Gentile world only less cynical and selfish. Her Judaic enthusiasm has the double demerit of being at once flat and fantastic; nor will readers of ‘ Daniel Deronda,’ we imagine, expect much pleasure from the author’s return to the subject. Her treatment of it in this essay, however, seems to express clearly the reasons of its special attraction for her; though we can hardly think that the example she has chosen will add much to the force of her precepts.

In her essay on ‘ Moral Swindlers ’ the above doctrine is inculcated under a different guise, and with more practical force. In it she comments on the excuses made and the pity expressed for the disgraced director of certain bubble companies, on the ground that he was ‘ a thoroughly *moral* man.’

“ What do you mean by a thoroughly moral man ? ” said I.

“ Oh, I suppose that every one means the same by that,” said Melissa, with a slight air of rebuke. “ Sir Gavial is an excellent family

man, quite blameless there; and so charitable round his place at Tiptop. Very different from Mr. Barabbas, whose life, my husband tells me, is most objectionable, with actresses and that sort of thing. I think a man's morals should make a difference to us. I'm not sorry for Mr. Barabbas, but I *am* sorry for Sir Gavial Mantrap." . . . I wish that this narrow use of words, which are wanted in their full meaning, were confined to women like Melissa. Seeing that Morality and Morals under their *alias* of Ethies are the subject of voluminous discussion, and their true basis a pressing matter of dispute, . . . one might expect to find that educated men would avoid a perversion of language which lends itself to no wider view of life than that of village gossips. . . . Not for one moment would one willingly lose sight of the truth that the relation of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest root of human well-being; but to make them by themselves the equivalent of morality is verbally to cut off the channels of feeling through which they are the feeders of that well-being.'

The writer proceeds to explain her meaning farther, by declaring that the most momentous portion of morality, and that to which the name should be most emphatically applied, lies not in personal purity of life, or benignity and self-restraint towards those about us, but in what she calls 'good workmanship . . . manipulative or other,' from—and these are her own examples—the making a pair of boots to the editing a political newspaper. And the one thing needful, she says, to the loftiest moral life, and—as she elsewhere adds—to the only true religion as well, is 'an effective and awe-inspiring vision of the 'human lot,' and an understanding of 'the connexion between 'duty and the material processes by which the world is kept 'habitable.' Thus she explicitly presents adulteration to us as a greater crime than adultery; and the seduction of a girl as pardonable when compared with using pasteboard for boot-soles in the place of leather.

How far all this will harmonise with certain of her other dicta we cannot here pause to inquire. We should have conceived, however, from certain passages in her writings, and from many incidents in her stories, that the inner intention which an act embodied, and not the material results that followed on it, were, according to her view, the primary tests of morality; and that actions might, at times, be in the highest sense moral, though their inevitable results could be nothing but unhappiness. The question, however, is not whether one view of the question is true, and another false; for they are not mutually exclusive; on the contrary, they each imply the other, and no moralist for a moment ever doubted the truth of either of them. The only question is as to their relative importance. It is not whether private morality is possible without

public, but whether public morality is possible without private ; and whether private morality, with the agonizing struggles which she says are involved in it, can be ever generally sustained by merely temporal aspirations and enthusiasms. Morality must spring, she tells us, from an ' effective and awe-inspiring ' vision of the human lot.' That possibly may be very true : but is the ' human lot ' calculated to inspire awe ? Doubtless it is so for those who suppose that each human being has a stake in eternity. Will it be equally so for those who suppose man's greatest mission is to ' keep the world habitable ' for himself and his ephemeral children ? Will the ' vision ' supply such men with the solemn enthusiasm and the severe resolve that will alone serve their purpose ? This is really the long and short of the matter. The whole philosophic dispute becomes at last eminently practical ; and is carried inevitably from that lower court in which cases are judged by theory, to that higher and final one, where they are judged by homely knowledge of the world, and shrewd observation of fact. The ' common lot,' as it exists at present, can be an object of ' effective vision ' for George Eliot, only as containing in itself the seeds of its own improvement. At present the world consists of a majority that have need to be improved, and of a minority that are labouring to improve them ; but if mankind show few signs of progress, not only does their own existence become morally hopeless, but the efforts of their improvers become altogether vain. Does our author, then, really see in the world around her any sure signs for the faith that she feels and inculcates ? Is the awe that the ' vision ' inspires her with due to the width of her view, or to a haze that distance lends to it ? Let us turn from her generalizations on man to the specimens she offers us of typical individual men.

We used to question whether in the whole range of fiction there was ever a being so unreal and so meaningless as the gentleman or the man of fashion described by Dickens. Certainly no chimæra or centaur could be more impossible than Sir Mulberry Hawk, or Lord Frederick Verisopht. But George Eliot has, we think, equalled Dickens. If Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick are chimæras, the men and women of ' *Theophrastus Such* ' are wraiths. They are intended to be typical human beings, but they are hardly human beings at all. They are like shapes seen in a dream, which seem always on the point of speaking, but which never utter a sound, and which grow more faint and shadowy the more we look at them. We cannot, indeed, call them impossible, as we could Sir Mulberry Hawk, for they are not definite enough to have

so definite a judgment pronounced on them. On the contrary, so far as we can judge of them, they are not only not impossible, but they are not improbable. But we have to judge of them not by what they are, but by what they suggest to us. As we read the descriptions of them, our impression is that the author must have had some reality in her mind: but if the reader would get at this reality, his imagination has so far to amend what she presents him with, that the result will be to his credit rather than hers; and when the result is attained, and the faint and timid outlines are filled in so as to somewhat approach a portrait, his chief feeling will be wonder that such portraits should have been thought worth taking. There are descriptions in these essays of at least twenty characters, every one of which is meant to be typical of some important element in society, and is expressly used to point some important moral. But it is not too much to say that in not one of those characters is there the least sense conveyed to us of the author's having really *seen* her subjects, or at any rate having been in any degree familiar with them. They are like the productions of one who has thought much about life, but has known practically very little of it; and who has seen the less of it, the more she has come to think about it. Very different is she in this way from her two illustrious predecessors. The qualities most present in them are precisely those most absent in George Eliot. Theophrastus and La Bruyère both impress us instantly as men with a profound knowledge of life. They may or may not have used this knowledge as the foundation of philosophic theories; but there, at all events, is the hard common-sense knowledge of facts, without which all the theories will be valueless. They do not inform us whether they have had any 'awe-inspiring visions' of man; but they show us, without telling us, that they have had a very keen vision of men. Two thousand years and more have passed since the days of Theophrastus, and yet his characters are as vivid as though they were painted yesterday. As we study them the past seems present; the dead world seems alive again. Generations divide us from La Bruyère, and a part of his salt, it is true, has lost its savour with time. But this is a part that we can well spare. What remains fresh, is fresh and pungent as on the day he wrote it. 'Theophrastus Such' impresses us in a way precisely opposite. Instead of making the past seem near to us, it makes the present seem remote. And it does this in two ways; firstly, in the manner in which the facts are presented to us; secondly, in the facts that are selected for presentation. The manner is timid, dream-like and shadowy,

where it should be wide-awake and familiar. The facts, when they should be typical of what is of wide importance, are typical only of what is most trivial or confined in interest; or when not that, they are without any meaning whatever, unless we are to suppose them to be undiscoverable personalities. Let us take the following description, for instance, of a gentleman called Spike, who is given us as a type of what the author calls a 'political molecule':—

'He was,' she says, 'a political molecule of the most gentlemanlike appearance, not less than six feet high, and showing the utmost nicety in the care of his person and equipment. His umbrella was especially remarkable for its neatness, though perhaps he swung it unduly in walking. His complexion was fresh, his eyes small, bright and twinkling. He was seen to great advantage in a hat and great-coat—garments frequently fatal to the impressiveness of shorter figures; but when he was uncovered in the drawing-room it was impossible not to observe that his head shelved off too rapidly from the eyebrows towards the crown, and that his length of limb seemed to have used up his mind so as to cause an air of abstraction from conversational topics. He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line. . . . Sometimes Spike's mind, emerging from its preoccupation, burst forth in a remark delivered with smiling zest; as that he did like to see gravel walks well rolled, or that a lady should always wear the best jewellery, or that a bride was a most interesting object; but finding these ideas received rather coldly, he would relapse into abstraction, draw up his back, wrinkle his brows longitudinally, and seem to regard society, even including gravel walks and brides, as essentially a poor affair.'

Now, for what purpose is this vapid phantom conjured up for us? To illustrate what truth? The truth, that political demands which are made by the individual selfishly are often 'transmuted by the nature of things' into 'a demand for the public benefit.' Now, we should have ourselves thought this a truism so obvious that it required no more illustration than the fact that a man sleeps when he is sleepy, and so ceases to keep others awake who happen to be sleepy also. But even were anything gained by the illustration here offered us—that of a narrow-minded cotton-spinner, who, with a keen insight into no political truths save a few that bear on his own commercial interests, is yet an involuntary helper to his brothers in commerce also, the portrait of this special cotton-spinner adds nothing to our understanding of the lesson. Spike himself is as much a superfluity as in a diagram of a pump would

be a picture of a man at the handle; and his place and function might be signified just as well by a single capital letter, as by the vague and long-drawn description of him we have just quoted. Where, we ask, was the need of all those particulars? Would not the picture have been equally useful, or useless, had every feature in it been reversed: had Spike been a dwarf instead of six feet high, had his eyes been languid instead of bright and sparkling, and had he thought that brides looked sheepish rather than interesting? Let us contrast this description of George Eliot's with one of La Bruyère's, in which the effect is produced in a precisely similar way—an enumeration of external details as to manner and deportment:—

‘Giton a le teint frais, le visage plein, et les joues pendantes, l’œil fixe et assuré, les épaules larges, l’estomac haut, la démarche ferme et délibérée; il parle avec confiance, il fait répéter celui qui l’entretient, et il ne goûte que médiocrement tout ce qu’il lui dit; il dort le jour, il dort la nuit, et profondément; il roufle en compagnie; il occupe à table et à la promenade plus de place qu’un autre; il tient le milieu en se promenant avec ses égaux; il s’arrête, et l’on s’arrête; il continue de marcher, et l’on marche; tous se régrent sur lui; il interrompt, il redresse ceux qui ont la parole; on ne l’interrompt pas, on l’écoute aussi longtemps qu’il veut parler, on est de son avis; on croit les nouvelles qu’il débite. S’il s’assied, vous le voyez s’enfoncer dans un fauteuil, croiser les jambes l’un sur l’autre, froncer le sourcil, abaisser son chapeau sur ses yeux pour ne voir personne, ou le relever ensuite, et découvrir son front, par fierté ou par audace. Il est enjoué, grand rieur, impatient, présomptueux, colère, libertin, politique, mystérieux sur les affaires du temps; il se croit des talents et de l’esprit:—il est riche!’

What a difference between the two styles of portraiture. In La Bruyère's every detail tells—in George Eliot's none. Everything in the former is typical of a class; all that we can say of the latter is that some things in it may be accidents of some special individual. Let us make another comparison. Let us compare Theophrastus Such with Theophrastus, and see how the impressions of the two differ when they are concerned with the same object. The following is the portrait Theophrastus gives of the Flatterer:—

‘The flatterer is a person who will say when he walks with another, “Do you observe how people are looking at you? This happens to no man in Athens but you. A compliment was paid you yesterday in the porch. More than thirty persons were sitting there, and the question was started, Who is our foremost man? Every one mentioned you first, and ended by coming back to your name.” With these and the like words he will remove a morsel of wool from his patron's coat; or, if a

speck of chaff has been laid on the other's hair by the wind, he will pick it off, adding with a laugh, "Do you see? Because I have not met you for two days, you have had your beard full of white hairs; although no one has darker hair for his years than you." Then he will request the company to be silent while the great man is speaking, and will praise him, too, in his hearing, and mark his approbation in a pause with "True;" or he will laugh at a frigid joke, and stuff his cloak into his mouth as if he could not repress his amusement. . . . If his patron is approaching a friend, he will run forward and say, "He is coming to you;" and then turning back, "I have announced you." . . . He is the first of the guests to praise the wine, and to say, as he reclines next the host, "How delicate is your fare." . . . He will ask his friend if he is cold, and if he would like to put something more on; and before the words are spoken, will wrap him up. Moreover, he will lean towards his ear and whisper with him; or will glance at him as he talks to the rest of the company. He will take the cushions from the slave in the theatre, and spread them on the seat with his own hands.*

Let us compare this with George Eliot's portrait of 'A too deferential Man.' We may first remark, however, that in this case what she desires to illustrate is a fact requiring really keen observation to detect, and not at all obvious to the careless eye:—

'People are misled,' she tells us, 'by the common mistake of supposing that men's behaviour, whether habitual or occasional, is chiefly determined by a distinctly conceived motive, a definite object to be gained, or a definite evil to be avoided. The truth is that, the primitive wants of nature once tolerably satisfied, the majority of mankind, even in civilised life full of solicitations, are with difficulty aroused to the distinct conception of an object towards which they will direct their actions with careful adaptation, and it is yet rarer to find one who can persist in the systematic pursuit of such an end. . . . Society is chiefly made up of human beings whose daily acts are all performed either in unreflecting obedience to custom and routine, or from immediate promptings of thought or feeling, to execute an immediate purpose. . . . When they fall into ungraceful compliment, or other luckless efforts of complaisant behaviour, these are but the tricks or habits gradually formed under the successive promptings of a wish to be agreeable, stimulated day by day without any widening resources for gratifying the wish. It does not in the least follow that they are seeking by studied hypocrisy to get something for themselves.'

Now, all this, though it is said in a singularly flat and unincisive way, is yet without doubt quite worth saying. But when we turn to the example by which she desires to illustrate it, we can hardly conceive one feebler and less luminous. She calls her 'Too Deferential Man' Hinze.

‘From his name,’ she says, ‘you might suppose him to be German; in fact, his family is Alsatian, but he has been settled in England for more than one generation. He is the superlatively deferential man. . . . He cultivates the low-toned *tête-à-tête*, keeping his hat carefully in his hand and often striking it, as if to relieve his feelings under the pressure of the remarkable conversation which it is his honour to enjoy at the present moment. I confess to some rage on hearing him yesterday talking to Felicia, who is certainly a clever woman; . . . but you would have imagined that Hinze had been prepared by general report to regard his introduction to her as an opportunity comparable to an audience of the Delphic Sibyl. Felicia . . . evidently embarrassed by this reverent wonder, . . . became somewhat confused, stumbling on her answers, rather than choosing them. He continued to put large questions, bending his head slightly, that his eyes might be a little lifted in awaiting her reply.

“What, may I ask, is your opinion as to the state of art in England?”

“Oh,” said Felicia with a slightly deprecatory laugh, “I think it suffers from two diseases—bad taste in the patrons, and want of inspiration in the artists.”

“That is true, indeed,” said Hinze, in an undertone of deep conviction. “You have put your finger with strict accuracy on the causes of decline. To a cultivated taste like yours, this must be particularly painful.”

What we have quoted already, is nearly as long as the whole of the corresponding sketch of Theophrastus; and of George Eliot’s we have quoted a fifth part only. For seven or eight more pages are the doings and the disposition of Hinze enlarged upon; and our impression of him in the end is if anything more hazy than at the beginning. It is quite possible that the peculiarities she ascribes to him, may one and all of them belong to some living individual, but they do not make that individual live for us. They are not characteristic of even a single human being, much less are they typical of any important class; nor do they help us in any degree to understand practically the important general truth which they are intended to illustrate.

The same singular infelicity in the selection of facts to dwell upon is exhibited perhaps even more strongly in the essays called ‘So Young,’ and ‘Diseases of Small Authorship.’ The former of these is an account of a man named Ganymede, who was precocious in his boyhood and who looked boyish in his early manhood. He was always taken for younger than he was, and so he cherished the pleasing notion that he was still a youth at forty. This is the sum and substance of the entire essay. How any human being could have thought it worth the writing is more than we can say. In ‘Diseases of Small Authorship,’

we have two companion pictures, between which there seems no essential difference beyond the sex of the subjects. The one is of a man, the other of a woman, who have each of them at some time or other written a single book, and who find in that book thereafter their principal pride and topic. This is the one fact that we are told about them. They are nothing but two names, garnished with a few meaningless rags of detail, to which this meaningless fact is attached.

We have already set a sample of George Eliot's work side by side with that of Theophrastus; and the contrast between the two writers hardly needs to be pointed further. Every detail that the Greek gives us is perennially typical of some special character; every character is typical of some perennial class. We can do nothing in George Eliot's case but flatly reverse the criticism. The important difference, however, between the two writers, is no mere difference in literary skill. It lies far deeper; it points to far more important issues; and the other is but the outward and accidental sign of it. It is the difference in their acquaintance with life; in their insight into the practical working capacities of human nature. In just the same way is George Eliot contrasted with La Bruyère; and as most of the powers of Theophrastus are included in his, with the addition of some others, La Bruyère will perhaps be of most service to us in the comparison we are about to enter on.

It will be recollected that the chief question we have been trying to suggest to the reader, is the question of how far George Eliot's knowledge of human nature fits her to be a prophet about its prospects and its general value—how far her 'vision of the human lot' is accurate and authentic. Now, as we have already said, her knowledge in this matter is in some ways both profound and singular. But its value is destroyed by being incomplete and partial. We have compared her already to an engineer who is a full master of certain mechanical theories, but who is in the most naïve ignorance of the strength of engineering materials—who knows little of the action on them of heat and cold, or of the comparative strengths of iron, oak, and steel. She sees the various temptations that beset men, and the various noble impulses that at times stir them; but she does not see in their due proportions what are men's average powers of resisting the one, or their average likelihood of being lifted upwards by the other. It is just in this kind of insight that La Bruyère is so conspicuous. His vision of the human lot is distorted by no theories as to the effect it ought to produce upon him. He sees it as it is, and he shows it as he sees it. In every word he writes, we see that he is at home with his

subject. He has that accurate empirical knowledge which, in all practical matters, is the only foundation on which any sound theory can be built. Let us compare the course of humanity to a horse-race; and La Bruyère, we may say, predicts its issue like a groom or a book-maker; George Eliot, like an excited poet. It is true that she knows human nature to be weak and wavering; but this is a knowledge which she never seems properly to assimilate. Just as a cynic knows that virtue exists, and yet trusts human nature no more for it, so does George Eliot know that vice and weakness exist and yet trusts human nature none the less for it. In her present volume, the weaknesses of men are the chief topic dwelt on; and her treatment of these shows us more clearly than anything else she has written, the reason why her recognition of them is so unproductive. They are all for her things at a distance, seen through a glass darkly; sounds heard in a dream. She is not familiar with them; they do not appeal to her with human every-day voices. She has the same shyness which tries to seem like ease, as she moves amongst them, that a village curate might have when he dined at the great house of his neighbourhood.

Not only the matter of her book shows this, but her manner also—a manner indeed which is nothing new to her, but which seems latterly to have grown more and more emphasized. She is stiff and pompous. She cannot say a simple thing simply; she has infinite ingenuity in insinuating platitudes; she says oracularly what was too evident to be worth saying at all; and what was perfectly fit to be said outright and bluntly, she continually hints at with a species of elephantine *archness*. Thus instead of plainly saying of a clergyman that his memory had decayed, and with it his once ripe scholarship, she informs us with a suppressed knowingness that ‘there is another stage that is beyond ‘ripeness, and less appreciated in the market.’ A living Englishman she calls ‘a British subject included in the last census.’ A servant’s spelling is, in her language, ‘unvitiating by ‘non-phonetic superfluities;’ and the county aristocracy are ‘such of humanity as live within park-palings.’ Here again is a piece of wisdom, for which the whole essay, of which it is the concluding sentence, has been gradually preparing our incredulous and startled ears: ‘Let us be just enough to admit that ‘there may be old-young coxcombs as well as old-young ‘coquettes,’ she says; as if the former were not known to us just as well as the latter, and had not figured equally often in life, literature, and conversation.

These things in themselves are only trifles; but they are trifles which in the present case mean a great deal. They illus-

trate that practical inacquaintance of the authoress, with society as a working machine, which was already evident to us in other ways ; and to which, when she is speaking to us as in eloquent prophecy, we should be wise to pay special attention.

We trust that her admirers will not think we do her injustice ; that when pointing out her defects we are forgetting her signal merits ; that because we see the feet of the image to be clay, we forget that the head is gold. We do nothing of the kind. Rather, the more strongly we are impressed with her ignorance of life in one sense, the more do we feel and wonder at her knowledge of it in another. In the midst, to use an expression of her own, of her ' maze of illusory discoveries ' as to the general ways of men, we come across reflections of quite a different order, like granite boulders on a plain of sand. Take this for instance :—

' Men's minds differ in what we may call their climate, or share of solar energy ; and a feeling or tendency which is comparable to a panther in one, may have no more imposing aspect than that of a weasel in another.'

It is a pity that the effect of this pregnant sentence is weakened by a number of tame variations on it which come directly after. But what in itself can be more clear and trenchant ! Whilst as to the following, there are few men, we imagine, who will not be touched to some degree by its keen and piercing pathos :—

' I have sometimes thought that the facility of men in believing that they are still what they once meant to be,—this undisturbed appropriation of a traditional character, which is often but a melancholy relic of early resolutions, like the worn and soiled testimonial to soberness and honesty carried in the pocket of a tippler whom the need of a dram had driven into speculation—may sometimes diminish the turpitude of what seems a flat and barefaced falsehood.'

Here again we have a really weighty aphorism :—

' It is not true that a man's intellectual power is like the strength of a timber beam, to be measured by its weakest point.'

Instances of this same kind of power might be multiplied almost indefinitely ; but, as we have said already, they do nothing to strengthen our belief in that practical knowledge of mankind which would alone give us confidence in the value of her general theories, her piety towards humanity, her faith in its future progress, and her belief in it as a substitute for every extra-human object of devotion.

We have yet a farther point to notice, and a very curious one. Not only does George Eliot not seem aware of how her

theories are really at variance with her more profound reflections on life, and how utterly unsupported they are by what she fancies to be her practical knowledge of it; but she actually touches herself on the chief and most hopeless flaws in them, and yet seems to be somehow quite unaware that she has done so, or else in nervous haste, to wilfully close her eyes to the fact. We are alluding especially to two essays in her present volume, 'Shadows of the Coming Race,' and 'Debasising the Moral Currency.' In the former, which, as the name suggests, has much in it that is borrowed from Lord Lytton, the author gives us a forecast of a state of things in which the conclusions of modern science shall have become the natural heritage of the world at large, and consciousness shall have been accepted as simply an "accompaniment" to life, to which 'prejudice' once gave 'a supreme governing rank, when, in truth, it is an idle parasite on the grand sequence of things . . . a futile cargo, screeching irrelevantly, like a fowl tied head downwards to the saddle of a swift horseman.' Now, this is exactly what the scientific school, of which George Eliot herself is an avowed disciple, proclaims consciousness to be: what, she says, has the sound only and not the sense of a misrepresentation. And yet at the end, when she supposes herself asked if the above beliefs, with certain others, are hers, 'Heaven forbid!' she replies.

'They seem to be flying about in the air with other germs, and have found a sort of nidus among my melancholy fancies. Nobody really holds them. They bear the same relation to real belief as walking on the head for a show does to running away from an explosion, or walking fast to catch the train.'

This may be true enough; but it is no answer to the difficulty. The conclusions, which she thinks can be dismissed so easily, she admits are 'logical' and 'well argued' from the scientific premisses. If this be the case there must be some flaw in the premisses themselves; and if it be true, as she says, that 'nobody really holds' the former, there would be more intellectual candour, more justice done both to herself and others, were she to admit that, in her opinion, nobody really held the latter. But that any such alternative is before her she seems to have no notion. 'Debasising the Moral Currency' suggests reflections to us that are yet more surprising. Our author's most sacred faith, we must remember, is a faith in the permanent preciousness of human nature; and the most precious part of human nature is its noblest and most inspiring sentiments. And yet in the essay to which we are now allud-

ing, she informs us in so many words that the most precious part of humanity is also the most perishable.

‘These [i.e. our highest moral sentiments] are,’ she says, ‘the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilisation. And here, again, I like to quote a French testimony. Sainte-Beuve, referring to a time of insurrectionary disturbance, says: “Rien de plus prompt à baisser que la civilisation dans les crises comme celle-ci; on perd en trois semaines le résultat de plusieurs siècles. La civilisation, la vie est une chose apprise et inventée, qu’on le sache bien: *Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.*” Les hommes après quelques années de paix oublient trop cette vérité: ils arrivent à croire que la culture est chose innée, qu’elle est la même chose que la nature. La sauvagerie est toujours là à deux pas, et, dès qu’on lâche pied, elle recommence.”’

With all this, we ourselves concur most heartily; but it strikes us as coming strangely from one who believes in nothing worthy of devotion outside humanity. We should have thought that with such a believer, ‘la culture’ was essentially ‘la même chose que la nature,’ and that humanity, once civilised, was as likely to grow savage as a man once old was likely to grow young again. We should have thought that such fears as those above expressed, argued a somewhat impious mistrust of the one Deity that it is right and rational for us to serve and worship.

This is not the place, however, for a philosophical discussion. We are not writing a critique on the modern cultus of humanity. We have been but endeavouring to point out to the reader what a singular light on that cultus may be thrown by the writings of its most inspired apostle. Against her as a teacher, and a representative teacher, our main charges have been these. Though her general reflections on life are both profound and original, her particular observations of it have been so limited or so hazy, that she possesses no knowledge fit to form a foundation for any scientific theory of it. Her theory, such as it is, is utterly unsupported by the foundation, such as it is. Or, rather, the entire fabric seems to be inverted, and the foundation, turned uppermost, seems to be crushing the superstructure. The new religion, by the light of which she attempts to view life, seems to be the ghost of a Methodistic theism, which has escaped from its old body, and for which she is trying in vain to find a new one. The body she selects is humanity; but she fails to see how unfit that ruinous and polluted temple is for the reception of such an inmate. The reason of this failure on her part is probably due rather to the fineness of her nature, than to any deficiency of her

intellect; and though it is to her discredit as a philosopher, it is to her credit as a woman. Plato has observed that a physician, if he would obtain a real insight into the nature of disease, should not himself be a man of entirely robust health. In the same way, would a philosopher understand human nature thoroughly, he should, we much fear, be not of the robustest morals. We do not in the least mean that he should be a vicious man, but that he should, at least, have not been always a very virtuous one. Men err in their judgments on human nature, both by being very good and by being very bad. But the knave's estimate of the world is little more faulty than the hero's; indeed, sad as it may be to say it, we fear that very often it is less so—less so, that is, as regards the practical course of things; for most of the knavery that the hero is too good to suspect, is knavery that is successful, and bears fruit in accomplished deeds: whilst most of the good that the knave is too degraded to dream of, is good not as practical success, but merely as heroic failure. We admire Leonidas more than Xerxes; but Leonidas falls, and the Persians pass Thermopylæ. We admire the martyr more than the apostate; yet we suspect that the actual history of Christianity would have been predicted more accurately by the apostate than the martyr. There are few of what she considers the weak features in Christianity on which George Eliot is harder than the ecstatic visions of the monks. And yet these monks, as she herself admits, were men of singular self-devotion, and consumed by passionate enthusiasm. We would ask her to apply to herself her own criticisms, and to inquire whether her 'awe-inspiring' visions of the common lot have more solid substance in them than the monk's visions of his Redeemer.

To criticise the faults and the weakness of what is great and noble is always a painful task. Utterly as we disbelieve in the religion of Humanity, as a system in any way self-sufficient; utterly as we believe it to be at variance with all accurate and all dispassionate observation, we yet cannot refuse to admire those who persist in proclaiming as omnipotent and eternal the goodness which they themselves at times acknowledge to be so perishable; nor, supposing for a moment that immorality and theism are so connected as some writers contend they are, shall we apply inaptly to such theorists as George Eliot that memorable line, so full of mournful reverence—

'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

And yet clearly, where great fallacies exist, it is our duty to do our best to expose them, and to extract them from the

shadow of the truths under which they shelter. Fortifying ourself against a reverence that may easily become a superstition, it is our duty to contend against the golden falsehoods, the heroic flatteries with which certain philosophers would now disturb our view of the human race. Nor, as a counterblast to George Eliot's eloquence, can we do better than commend to the reader such unheroic, but such true wisdom as that which breathes in the following sentences of La Bruyère :—

‘ Ne nous emportons point contre les hommes en voyant leur dureté, leur ingratitude, leur injustice, leur fierté, l'amour d'eux-mêmes, et l'oubli des autres. Ils sont ainsi faits, c'est leur nature, c'est ne pouvoir supporter que la pierre tombe, ou que le feu s'élève. . . . Le stoïcisme est un jeu d'esprit et une idée semblable à la république de Platon.’

We have dwelt at length on the fact that George Eliot's theories of the world are not yet borne out by her examples of it. We have pointed out how, though theoretically she is at least a mitigated optimist, her representations of the common lot are those of the most gloomy pessimist. We think that we cannot quit the subject better than in indicating some clue to this seemingly so strange inconsistency. It may be found, we take it, in the following words of her own :—

‘ No wonder,’ she says, ‘ the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophers are at one ; here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt, the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory ; here you may begin to act without settling one preliminary question.’

Exactly so : and George Eliot's device for exhibiting a purely human virtue to us is to represent all life as a sick-chamber, in which her heroes and her heroines are the ministrants, and all the rest of the world is dying in ignoble agony. How far such a view of life as this is calculated permanently to stimulate progress and to sustain flagging endeavours, we must leave to be considered by others, and to be discussed in other places.

- ART. X.—1. *History of Afghanistan from the earliest Period to the Outbreak of the War in 1878.* By Colonel G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I. 8vo. London: 1878.
2. *La Russie et l'Angleterre dans l'Asie Centrale.* Par M. F. MARTENS, Professeur de Droit International à l'Université Impériale de St.-Pétersbourg. Gand: 1879.
3. *The Results of the Afghan War.* By Major-General Sir HENRY C. RAWLINSON. 'Nineteenth Century,' August, 1879.
4. *The Eastern Question.* By the Duke of ARGYLL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1879.

WE are so little disposed to make great national interests the toys of party or the weapons of personal contention, that we were not unwilling to accept the Treaty of Gandamak, as we had accepted the Treaty of Berlin, as the settlement and termination of a perilous crisis, although we saw much to deplore and to condemn in the policy which had rendered that crisis inevitable. But the applause bestowed upon this treaty by the supporters of Government, and the acquiescence of the Opposition in the results it professed to have secured, were based alike on the assumption that it was a reality; and that, to use the language of one of its chief defenders, 'the curtain had fallen on the second Afghan war almost as suddenly as it rose,' and that 'a short, inexpensive, and not inglorious campaign had been crowned with a peace promising substantial political results.' Unhappily, in politics, the curtain never falls: the action of the piece continues after each successive incident or catastrophe; and the chief business of the statesman is to consider what difficulty he has next to overcome.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the second Afghan war, and the policy which led directly to hostilities against Shere Ali, the reigning Amcer of Cabul, were the subject of the most earnest protests and remonstrances on the part of almost all those who had the greatest knowledge and experience of the subject. The resolution formed by Lord Salisbury on January 22, 1875, to insist on the residence of a British officer in the principal cities of Afghanistan, if not at Cabul itself, as a *sine quâ non* for the maintenance and extension of our friendly relations with the sovereign of that country, was the point of departure from which all the subsequent events have sprung. This resolution was strenuously opposed by Lord Northbrook and the whole of his Council in

India, who gave their reasons against it in elaborate despatches, and entreated at least that the measure might be delayed. The Cabinet in London persisted in their determination, which was formed before the Russo-Turkish war, and before the intervention of Russia in Afghanistan had assumed any active and ostensible character. Lord Northbrook resigned the office of Viceroy, and was succeeded by Lord Lytton, who came out with no previous knowledge of the intricate politics of the north-western frontier, but armed cap-a-pied with the latest instructions from Hatfield, and possibly from a still higher authority. Negotiations were opened with an agent of the Ameer, and large concessions were offered him; but as these concessions were accompanied by the preliminary condition of the admission of British residents to the country, which the Ameer was determined not to accept, no result was obtained. The Afghan minister died at Peshawur; the negotiations were not renewed; and indeed it was surmised that Shere Ali had already at that time entered into engagements with the Russians which were inconsistent with the tenor of his engagements with us. But of this there is no proof; and the greater probability seems to be that Shere Ali was jealous of both the great Powers, which appeared to be pressing on his frontier, and alike anxious to preserve himself and his country from the encroachments of one and of the other. But if he desired to assume this neutral position, his conduct could hardly be reconciled with his obligations to Great Britain, and with his language to the British Vakeel at Cabul. On both sides there was a signal and ominous departure from the fundamental conditions of the treaty signed by Sir John Lawrence and Dost Mohammed Khan on March 30, 1855; by which, on the one hand, the Afghan sovereign engaged 'to be 'the friend of the friends and the enemy of the enemies of the 'Honourable East India Company,' and on the other England promised 'to respect those territories of Afghanistan then 'in his Highness's possession, *and never to interfere therein.*' In the eyes of the Afghans this promise of non-interference meant that no English agents (not being natives) should enter the country; and Lord Mayo repeated the promise to the Ameer at Umballa in 1869, by giving him an assurance 'that 'no European officers should be placed as residents in his 'cities.' Whatever else the Ameer may have failed to obtain from the British Viceroy, on this pledge he had a right to rely; and we are utterly unable to discover any sufficient ground for Lord Salisbury's determination to annul this important condition of an existing treaty at that time.

It is worth while to suspend for a moment these remarks on current events, in order to contrast the present policy and language of the Government with that of Lord Canning in 1857. On February 6 of that year, England being at war with Persia, a treaty was concluded with Dost Mohammed for the duration of that war. The Dost agreed to bring 18,000 fighting men into the field. We agreed to pay him a lakh of rupees a month. British officers were to be stationed at Cabul, Candahar, Balkh, or elsewhere, to see that the subsidy was properly used, but for no other purpose; and these were to be withdrawn when the subsidy ceased. On this occasion Lord Canning left on record his strong opinion that ‘our relations with Afghanistan should always remain on this footing, and never be extended to any other aid than that of money, arms, and counsel.’ He held that ‘it would be an act of the gravest imprudence for a British army to cross the frontier of Afghanistan for the purpose of driving the Persian army from Herat, since the inevitable consequence would be a rupture with the Afghans themselves, and would inflame the jealousy and hatred with which a large portion of the nation—and that the most warlike portion—regard us;’ and he added these remarkable and prophetic words: ‘The appearance of one or two European officers at Cabul in the Ameer’s train was likely to raise in the minds of the people suspicion against himself as having sold them, and desire of vengeance against the Englishmen. Cabul is the focus of Afghan bigotry and antipathy to the English name; but these feelings are not confined to Cabul.’ It has been the fixed object and policy of all the Governors of India since Lord Ellenborough to efface the bitter recollections of the first Afghan war, and to dispel the suspicions which have never ceased to haunt the mind of the Afghans. To a great extent this conciliatory policy of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook had succeeded; when, unhappily, the total change of language and attitude originated by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton destroyed the work of thirty years in a moment. Yet the Government denied in the House of Lords that the policy of this country towards Afghanistan had been changed; it has in fact been reversed.

The fact is, however, clearly established that down to the time when Lord Northbrook left India, in April 1876, the Indian Government had not the least reason to suppose or believe that there were any Russian intrigues in Cabul connected with the Kaufmann correspondence or otherwise. Nor did Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby, in their communications

to the Russian Government from May to November 1876, allude to the subject. In May 1876 Mr. Disraeli had said in Parliament that he saw no reason Russia should not conquer Tartary as England had conquered India—a declaration which was very well received at St. Petersburg, though Professor Martens now avers that it was solely made to throw dust in the eyes of Russia, and that the British Government were already bent on the conquest of Afghanistan! It is essential to bear in mind these dates, because causes have been assigned for the measures taken by ministers which belong in reality to a subsequent period. It was in 1875 that Lord Salisbury began to demand the admission of Residents, and in the later months of 1876 more decided steps were taken. Quetta was occupied by virtue of a treaty with the Ameer of Beloochistan. Considerable forces and supplies were collected at Rawul Pindie, as if in view of a campaign in Central Asia; a bridge was projected over the Indus at Attock; and rumours of war became prevalent. Whatever may have been the object of these preparations, so inconsistent with the language held by Mr. Disraeli in the spring, and with the demeanour Lord Salisbury assumed towards General Ignatieff at the Conference of Constantinople in December, it is certain that they were regarded with apprehension by Shere Ali, and that he was impressed with the belief that an attack on his own dominions was contemplated by the Viceroy.

It is true that from this time the plot began to thicken on the Bosphorus, and the rebound of our antagonism to Russia in that quarter was at once felt to the furthest limits of Asia. In September 1876 Lord Lytton took alarm and reported that there were two Russian agents in Cabul, in violation of the understanding between the two courts. The British Ambassador at St. Petersburg remonstrated. Prince Gortschakoff, M. de Giers, and General Kaufmann all stoutly denied that any communications had been made to the Ameer beyond those of simple courtesy; but they declined to stop them. It is by no means certain that Shere Ali had responded to the advances made to him by General Kaufmann until after March 1877, even if then, when the negotiations at Peshawur had been broken off. But in the spring of 1878, when the prospect of war became imminent, and our fleet had entered the Dardanelles, preparations were made by the Russians for the advance of 15,000 men in three columns across the Oxus, besides a column of 4,000 men destined to occupy Merv and the Akhal country. These military movements were going on at the time when the Treaty of Berlin was signed. After that

occurrence M. de Giers affirmed that they were all immediately stopped, and that the political as well as the military precautions had been stopped also.

The Russian mission to Cabul had started before the Treaty of Berlin was signed, though it reached its destination after that event. But the Russian Government certainly did not recall it; and at that time the Ameer was unquestionably entirely alienated from British interests and under Russian influence. But this was very much the result of the equivocal policy which had been pursued towards him. It is probable that the Ameer, disappointed in his hopes of obtaining from England a guarantee against his internal enemies, had made up his mind to side with Russia in the event of war; and although the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin averted that catastrophe, the consequences of the position he had rashly assumed fell heavily on Shere Ali, who had made himself the enemy of one Power without securing the support of the other.

An ultimatum was addressed to him by Lord Lytton, and hostilities ensued. It had never been supposed or contended by those who were most strongly opposed to the course taken by the Viceroy and the British Government that the advance of the British columns into Afghanistan would meet with any formidable military resistance. As it turned out, the resistance of the Afghans was even less than had been anticipated. On no one point did they attempt to hold their ground. The difficulties the British army had to overcome were chiefly difficulties of transport; and these were not inconsiderable, for the camels which were necessary for the purpose died by tens of thousands on the way in mountain passes to which they were ill adapted. To this must be added the peril arising from the wild and warlike tribes of hillsmen, who in all ages have held these passes, and who constantly threaten the lines of communication, both for troops and supplies, of armies passing either to the west or to the east through the mountains of Afghanistan. These were the only immediate obstacles to be overcome; but, though they have been overcome, they are not displaced or diminished. On the contrary, we learned by experience the excessive difficulty and great expense of moving large bodies of troops, with their supplies, through these passes; and we also learned that although the hill tribes might be chastised or bought off for a time, they could not be exterminated or subdued, and that, in the event of a reverse, they might at any future time threaten the lines of communication. Nor can this difficulty be underrated by those who know anything

of the country. After Captain Ruxton was killed in the Afreedee disturbances of 1867, it was proposed to invade and punish the offenders. General Wilde and Colonel Reynell Taylor were of opinion that 20,000 men would be required for the purpose. The same with the Afreedees of the Kohat Pass. Sir Charles Napier attacked them with scant success. Since then we have blockaded them, we have subsidised them, we have fought with them, we have tried every means to make them abide by their engagements, but with no permanent effect:—

‘We may gather from these facts,’ said Sir John Lawrence, ‘how our difficulties would be increased if we enlarged our border;’ and he added, ‘I do not think that I exaggerate when I affirm that it would probably take the whole army of this presidency, British and native, to conquer and hold in subjection the hill-tribes along the north-western frontier of the Punjab; and even if we succeeded at the time we should only obtain many thousands of warlike and disaffected subjects, ready to break out at the first opportunity. If the border is now unsafe and unprotected, it would be a hundredfold more so under such a system.’

Although these may have been regarded as subordinate considerations, the importance of them may be inferred from the fact that, although the possession of the Kurum Valley and the Shutargardan Pass places our advanced outposts within 50 miles of Cabul, and was said to give us immediate command of that city, yet we learn that, when it becomes urgently necessary to cross the passes and to avenge the massacre of the British Envoy, four weeks elapsed before the advanced column approached the city, and meanwhile our convoys have been attacked by these mountaineers. At this period of the year, if the snows fall early, the Shutargardan Pass, which is one of great elevation, will shortly be closed. It is certainly impassable in winter. The most available bases for British columns operating in Afghanistan in all seasons of the year are by the Khyber Pass, or from the south, resting on Ghazni and Candahar; but even there the winter is extremely severe, the tracks and passes are blocked with snow, and the climate is distressing if not fatal to the natives of the plains of India.

The arguments of Lord Lawrence, Lord Northbrook, and the late Lord Sandhurst against the renewal of military operations in Afghanistan were not mainly founded on the immediate difficulty of the enterprise. On the contrary, the campaign of General Pollock and General Nott in the autumn of 1842 proved that a British army might readily advance on the

capital and occupy it. Sir Henry Rawlinson affirms that a small well-appointed British force might march triumphantly from one end of the country to the other, and this is probably true. But it was urged by the opponents of the war that the real difficulties of the situation would begin precisely when the military difficulties were past. And this prediction, founded on long experience and an intimate knowledge of the country and the people, has now been most thoroughly and unhappily verified. It is really inconceivable, if we had not the facts before us, that the officers, both civil and military, conducting these affairs, should have allowed themselves to repeat the very same mistakes of misplaced courage and confidence which proved fatal to Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes nearly forty years ago. Sir Louis Cavagnari was undoubtedly an officer of extraordinary merit. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the native character. His name and influence were known and felt on the whole north-west frontier. In spirit and gallantry he stood in the first rank. He had shown skill and prudence in negotiation, and no greater loss could be sustained by the Crown than the cruel death of so eminent and able a public servant, clothed as he was at the time with the sacred character of a British Envoy. He was accompanied by a young Scotchman, Mr. Jenkyns, as his secretary, who had already given marks of the highest promise in the Indian service; he, too, fell a victim. Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Guides, who perished at the same time, was one of the bravest officers of the army, and had just earned the Victoria Cross for the extraordinary valour displayed by him in the action in which Major Wigram Battye was killed. Is it possible that so accomplished and experienced a person as Cavagnari failed to perceive that the whole structure he had raised was built upon the sand? He treats Yakoo Khan as the undoubted sovereign and master of the country, and concludes a treaty with him as such, although scarcely a month elapses before it appears that this Ameer is not the master of his own troops, of his own capital, of his own palace. In the Bala Hissar itself a military revolt breaks out, which instantly assumes the character of an attack on the British Residency, but seems to stop there. Whatever may have been the conduct of Yakoo Khan, he unquestionably failed in the courage and resolution he ought to have shown in defence of a foreign Envoy actually within the shelter of his own palace. But is it certain that Cavagnari did commit such a blunder as that which cost him his life? We have no evidence that he approved the policy he was instructed to

carry into execution; and we have strong reason to believe that he was not insensible to the dangers of his position and the precarious character of the treaty. Indeed it was obvious that the very measure taken to support Yakooob Khan by the presence, support, and control of British officers, would be fatal to his authority in the eyes of the most energetic part of the Afghan nation, and would therefore defeat the very object the British Government had in view. The Ameer was placed in the very same position as Shah Sooja in 1839, whom even the presence of an Anglo-Indian brigade failed to defend. No doubt the outrage on the Residency and the murder of the Envoy and his companions compel the British Government to take summary redress for such a crime. But against whom? It does not appear that the Ameer was a party to it, or even that the fanatical population of Cabul abetted it. If it was solely the act of the Heratee regiments clamorous for pay, and possibly worked upon by other means, in all probability long before the British column arrived at Cabul the real criminals (whom there is no one to identify) will have fled from the scene.

The first reflection which this lamentable occurrence suggests to the mind is the imprudence, and possibly the fatal consequences, of placing British officers in outlying posts of observation, amongst tribes so barbarous that they have not even learned to respect the traditional character of an Envoy, and at so great a distance from our own frontiers that no force is at hand to protect them. Recent experience demonstrates that the reluctance of Shere Ali to receive British residents in the interior of his dominions, on the ground that he could not ensure the safety of their lives and property, was not unreasonable or insincere. In countries as uncivilised as Afghanistan, which resemble the state of Europe in the twelfth century, every man carries his life in his hand. The princes and nobles of the country fall victims, one after another, to domestic or tribal feuds; and it is preposterous to suppose that the law of nations, which protects the person of an ambassador, is understood or respected by a people of the most treacherous character, and in a land given over to secular anarchy and bloodshed. Sir Henry Rawlinson makes light of this difficulty. 'British officers,' he says, 'in outlying districts will 'no doubt be regarded occasionally as troublesome interlopers; 'but they are, as a rule, soon encircled with a halo of personal 'affection, which, as far as they are individually concerned, is 'a better safeguard than sabres and bayonets.' We have no doubt that Sir Louis Cavagnari was personally liked by many

of the Afghans to whom he was known, and he might be regarded as a friend of the Ameer, but this 'halo of personal affection' had no effect in saving his life from a horde of mutinous soldiers; and he was doubtless murdered, not because he was Cavagnari, but because he was the representative of Great Britain. It appears to us very doubtful whether it is right or politic to place a British officer, unsupported, in so perilous a position. Personally to himself it is one of great danger, and the services he may be able to render are considerably diminished by the uncertain tenure of his life; but politically the consequences of the outrages to which he may be exposed are still more serious to the nation at large, since they can only be avenged and punished by the advance of an army and by acts of war. Sometimes, as in the case of poor Colonel Stoddart in Bokhara, they remain unpunished altogether from absolute inability to reach the country. Sometimes, as in the case of King Theodore, they compel us to invade such a hopeless country as Abyssinia. In the present instance, the presence of our Envoy in Cabul with a totally inadequate escort has cost the service a most valuable officer, and compels the Indian Government to re-open the campaign. Had there been a British agent in Herat, where disturbances broke out simultaneously, he would probably have shared the same fate. We should then have been told that nothing short of a march to Herat could efface the stain upon British honour; and we suppose that voices would have been raised, as indeed some voices are now raised, with consummate ignorance and presumption, to recommend the conquest and annexation of the whole of Afghanistan. Sir John Lawrence, in his admirable Minute of November 25, 1868, which appears to us to contain the pith and marrow of the whole question, dwelt emphatically on this point, and, after the recent outbreak at Cabul, the following passage will be read with increased interest:—

'As regards the appointment of a British agent in Cabul, I firmly adhere to the views which I expressed last October. I much prefer, whilst circumstances remain as they are, having native agents in such dangerous positions. I believe that native agents can efficiently perform all the duties which we require, and that in some important particulars they are to be preferred to British officers. My belief is that Major Lumsden and the officers with the mission at Candahar in 1857 were in great personal danger, and that so it will usually be with agents similarly situated, especially in times of commotion. Nay, more, I am persuaded that they were utterly helpless, and in a condition of practical imprisonment. They could have done more at Peshawur than they could at Candahar. A native would not be in

personal danger in such a case, and we could make friends and acquire influence and information in a manner impossible for a European.'

The conclusion we draw from all this is that the presence of British officers in these outlying posts, which has been so peremptorily urged, is a very doubtful advantage, and is eminently calculated to lead us much further than we intend to go. For as Prince Gortschakoff very justly remarked in his well-known circular of November 21, 1864, the difficulty is in these wild countries and unsettled territories *where to stop*.

For these reasons, strengthened by recent experience, and by the very serious and embarrassing position in which we now find ourselves, we adhere more firmly than ever to the views expressed by the late Lord Sandhurst in these pages, when he reviewed the policy and the plans propounded by Sir Henry Rawlinson, which have since become the *vis motrix* of the Government. We appear to have plunged into a turbulent ocean of anarchy and warfare; and nothing that could happen beyond our own frontiers could be so injurious to the safety and welfare of the Indian Empire as the extension of our military operations into these agitated and sterile regions. We cannot find words to express our astonishment that what the Duke of Argyll calls the lesson on foreign policy impressed on the Anglo-Indian mind by that solitary horseman who on January 13, 1842, staggered half unconscious into the gate of Jellalabad, should have been forgotten. The very scene has been brought again before us this year by the vivid conception and the truthful hand of one of our most accomplished artists. To those who remember those painful events, which the Duke of Wellington declared to have given a shock to our power and influence throughout the East, we should have thought it unnecessary to repeat the precept not to attempt interference in the affairs of Afghanistan. And if foreign intervention was apprehended in that country, we could wish no worse punishment to a mortal enemy than that he should involve himself in the maze of perils and difficulties which we have not had the sense to avoid.

One of the cardinal points which ought never to be lost sight of in dealing with the affairs of Afghanistan, and which was long ago laid down by the most competent authority, is that whatever foreigner enters the country and attempts to control it, will before long have the Afghans against him. If the Russian Envoy had now been at Cabul, and not the British, he would probably have been the victim. If the Russians had ever sent troops into the country, which it would not be easy for them to do, the Afghans would soon have found out who

was the enemy and the invader. By making war on Shere Ali, by causing his flight and death, and above all by exacting cessions of territory in the treaty of peace (against which Yakooob Khan strenuously protested), we have now turned the hostile passions of the nation and its chiefs against ourselves. It follows that no one whom we may put on the throne of Afghanistan under existing circumstances is likely to be accepted by the people, who have a dread of foreign interference; and if we are to carry out the policy of reducing Afghanistan to the condition of a subordinate State, it must be held by a British army. Against such a resolution we protest in the strongest terms; and we cannot conceive that this is a policy approved even by the present ministers of the Crown, or one which they would dare to present to the sanction of Parliament. The reasons against it are, in our opinion, numerous, manifold, and conclusive.

The military occupation of such a territory as Afghanistan would demand a large force, probably of not less than 30,000 men, which must consist of English or of Indian troops, or of both, for at least a third of the force must be European. It is impossible, consistently with the safety of India, to reduce the forces there by anything like this amount. Therefore an addition must be made to the European establishment in Asia and to the Indian army itself, which would be in the highest degree inconvenient. Even then the permanent employment, beyond the natural frontier of India, of troops raised in Hindostan, is open to serious objections. It must always be remembered that the internal security of India itself is the first object, and that no diminution of the military strength by which that vast Empire is held in peaceful subjection can for a moment be contemplated.

And if this is to be done, from what sources are the expenses of such an occupation to be defrayed? Is the British taxpayer to be asked at this time to increase his contributions to the military establishments of the Empire in order to garrison Cabul or Candahar, or to advance upon Herat? Can India, whose finances are already strained to the last excess by wars, famines, and public works, and where the agents of the Treasury are at their wits' end to meet the current expenses—can India be burdened with the cost of a most onerous dependency? As for Afghanistan itself, it is notoriously one of the poorest countries in the world; the revenue of Shere Ali was said not to exceed 400,000*l.*; such a province can never repay the cost of military occupation or government. To engage in such an undertaking would be ruinous alike to the army and to

the finances of India; and we should commit the folly of sacrificing and wasting the vital resources of the Empire itself in a wild effort to cover a part of its frontier which is not exposed to any probable attack or palpable danger. Our true strength in India consists in the good government of the country; and there can be no greater mistake than to exhaust the energies and resources of the administration on the costly enterprises of an adventurous policy beyond our frontier.

Colonel Malleon relates in the introductory chapter of the volume before us, which is in truth the most useful part of his book, that the Ameer Dost Mohammed, when he left Calcutta in 1841 to resume the throne of Cabul, observed to the Governor-General of India: 'I have seen a great deal of your government since I came to India. Your forts, your arsenals, your ships are all admirable. I have been down to Calcutta and have been astonished with your wealth, your palaces, your marts, and your mint; but to me the most wonderful thing of all is, that so wise and wealthy a nation could ever have entertained the project of occupying such a country as Cabul, where there is nothing but rocks and stones.' Still more strange is it that forty years later there should still be persons who see in this occupation of Cabul the safety of India. Colonel Malleon himself, in spite of his faithful but unattractive picture of the country, speaks of the predominance of British influence in the lands immediately beyond the British frontier as an object of primary importance; and there are not wanting writers in the public press and authors of graver works who are perpetually urging on the Government the virtual annexation of these territories. Some persons appear to imagine that it is possible to reduce Afghanistan to the condition of the protected States of Hindostan, apparently unconscious that the geographical position, the authority of the native courts, the character of the people, and the circumstances of the case, are all totally dissimilar. Others, still bolder, would place British garrisons in Candahar, Ghazni, Cabul, and even Herat, in outlying posts five hundred or even seven hundred miles from their base; and they argue as if the presence of these detachments, separated from each other by deserts and mountains, would hold in subjection three or four millions of the most warlike, turbulent, and independent tribes in Asia.

These schemes appear to us to imply a profound ignorance of what is really meant by Afghanistan. Geographically, it is a vast country, which extends, with its dependencies, from the frontier of Persia to the Indus. Its frontiers are imper-

fectly defined, for they are fringed with tribes who claim at least a semi-independence. With these outlying districts of imperfect allegiance all the rulers of the kingdom have from time to time carried on warfare. The first act of Yakoob Khan was to send troops against the ruler of Badakshan. Even if we were masters of Afghanistan we should succeed to these quarrels, and find ourselves directly at variance with Russia for the possession of conterminous territory. Historically, the Afghan monarchy has alternately swelled into a great power, under the guidance of some powerful chief, who bore his victorious banners to Ispahan or to Delhi; or again it has shrunk into narrower dimensions, torn by the internal wars and crimes which have scarcely ever ceased to divide the branches of the Baruckzye clans and the several provinces into contending factions. Both territorially and socially there is no part of the Asiatic continent or of the globe which it is less desirable to occupy or more difficult to govern; for in one point at least the whole population is agreed, as was said to Mountstuart Elphinstone long ago by an aged Afghan chief—in hatred of the stranger and in religious fanaticism. The same reasons which render the occupation of Afghanistan so undesirable and impracticable to ourselves, would operate with still greater force against the invasion and occupation of the country by any other power, whose base of operations must necessarily be far more remote.

Indeed, the more we reflect on the subject, the more we are convinced that the idea of converting Afghanistan into a safe and solid basis of approach and attack against our Indian possessions is totally visionary; and that if ever it were tried it would end in a calamitous failure. Moreover, this apprehension is totally at variance with the declarations of Lord Beaconsfield himself, who sought to justify the policy of the Government by the assurance that when we had acquired what he termed a 'scientific frontier,' the sense of insecurity on the north-west would vanish. We have obtained the scientific frontier: that is, we are now masters of both ends of the chief passes leading to the Indus. These we can, and shall, hold without much difficulty or expense. But if there be any value in the scientific frontier, it ought to place us, and we believe that it does place us, in a position of absolute security, whatever may happen beyond it. India has now the strongest natural frontier of any country in the world. To go one step beyond that line is to weaken our position. Carry the frontier as far as you will, there is always territory, and possibly hostile territory, beyond it. On military grounds it is contrary to all principle to advance in front of your true base, in order to

give your enemy the advantage of meeting you halfway. It can hardly be argued that extended lines of operation, reaching to Candahar and Herat, offer the same impregnable means of resistance which we possess in the passes of our own mountains.

Nothing is more deluding than the use of metaphorical language. Candahar, we are told, is the key of Beloochistan and the Bholan Pass; Herat is the key of Candahar; Merv is the key of Herat; and all these are the keys of India. Such keys are at an amazing distance from the lock. We very much doubt whether the possession of any place whatever, seven hundred or five hundred miles from the extreme frontier it is intended to reach, and separated from it by trackless wastes, often without food or water, can afford any appreciable assistance to the advance of an army. We should much rather encounter such an invading army at the end of its journey than at the first stages of it. But even in the first stages there is the same tendency to underrate the difficulties and to overrate the results of such enterprises.

A very instructive example at this moment occurs to us. The Russians, we are told, were resolved to march against the Turkomans, and in the direction of Merv. An army of 20,000 men was collected at Chilishlar, under General Lazareff, in June. The cost of the campaign was estimated at no less than a million sterling. It was to march 450 miles through an enemy's country to Merv—no slight undertaking, planting a line of posts in the rear of its advance. For supplies this army was mainly dependent on the goodwill of the Shah of Persia, whose territory it was to outflank and encompass. The troops have suffered torments from heat, from insects, from privations, from disease. The commander of the expedition has died miserably. The advanced guard has scarcely moved one hundred miles from its base, and has fought an indecisive action with considerable loss; and in short no result has yet been attained commensurate to these vast preparations.

Should not this teach us that it is as well to wait a little until we see the results of these extravagant and costly enterprises, before we take alarm and anticipate them? Our own opinion is that the deeper the Russians plunge into the deserts and fastnesses and wild tribes of Central Asia, the more they will have reason to repent it; and, far from obtaining any solid political advantage, the more they will waste the financial and military resources of the Empire, which are not at this time superabundant. As for these demonstrations at a distance of a thousand miles from our own frontier being regarded as acts of

aggression directed against India, the notion is so preposterous that we venture to say, with perfect confidence in our own strength and resources within our own frontiers, let who will attempt to attack us. *Nemo me impune lacessit.* Our weakness begins when we step beyond them. We very much prefer to these suggestions of exaggerated caution and nervous timidity the vigorous language of one of the most powerful rulers of India, used by him at a time when Great Britain was actually at war with the Russian Empire.

‘That if,’ said Lord Dalhousie in 1854 in a letter to one of the ministers of that day, ‘Russia should invade India with all the power she can command at present, her army would be exterminated, even if it ever reached the borders of India, is quite certain; that India is capable, and ever will be capable, so long as England shall remain what she is among the Powers of the world, to drive back any invasion that all the power of Russia, Persia, and Central Asia combined could bring against our western frontier, I feel as confident in affirming as I do of my own existence; and I should wish for no better lot than that such an invasion should be led by the Emperor in person, and that I should be the Governor-General when it came.’

However much we may differ from Sir Henry Rawlinson as to the probability of the ‘advance of the Russian troops (under ‘General Lazareff’) towards the great centre of interest at ‘Herat,’ we agree with him as to ‘the importance of the ‘Russian factor in our dealings with the Afghan question,’ and we have more than once expressed the same opinion that ‘this factor was the essential element of the whole transaction.’ The Afghans are of very little interest or importance to British India, except in as far as they may become the instruments of Russian aggression or intrigue. M. de Martens, writing at St. Petersburg, says candidly enough that when the British Government had asked for six millions to prepare for war, it was high time for Russia to make similar preparations; and even after the signature of the Treaty of Berlin, Sir Henry Rawlinson observes that ‘Russia, although restrained from ‘active hostility against England by the European pacification ‘guaranteed under that treaty, did nevertheless, in disregard ‘of the spirit of it, contemplate a continued adverse pressure ‘upon India, through the establishment of a strong political ‘influence in the countries south of the Oxus—Herat, Cabul, ‘and Badakshan being the positions to which her attention ‘was especially directed as the most favourable standpoints for ‘maintaining and directing an insurrectionary propaganda.’ But whatever construction be put on the intentions of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, of which the Russian mission to

Cabul was the most ostensible expression, we think they may be regarded from another point of view; and that if the serious danger to India, which is contemplated by Sir Henry Rawlinson, exists, or existed at all, it should be dealt with in a totally different manner. He looks at the question from the Asiatic side, we from the European. In a word, the true 'objective' towards which we conceive all the diplomatic and military movements of Russia to be directed is not Calcutta, but Constantinople. Had it not been for the resolute opposition of England to the Treaty of San Stefano, and for the presence of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora, it is now acknowledged by the Russians themselves that Constantinople would have been occupied by their troops. But for the timely, though pacific, intervention of England, in which she met with but little support from the other European Powers, it is highly probable that this catastrophe would have occurred. Before the certainty of a war with England, Russia recoiled; and by the same influence she was compelled to submit the preliminaries of San Stefano to the revision and sanction of Europe.

Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that the Court of St. Petersburg should avail itself of any means it might possess to harass the British Government. Two means were employed. The first was a national subscription for the purchase of American vessels to prey upon our maritime trade, which, it was supposed, would alarm our shipping interest; but as no war broke out, this scheme was fruitless. The second was 'the adverse pressure on India,' of which Sir Henry Rawlinson speaks. In other words, it seems to have been the desire of Russia to show us that if we could prevent her from occupying Constantinople, she could cause us some alarm and uneasiness on our north-western frontier.

If the questions arising between Russia and England in Central Asia stood alone, and if both Powers were equally determined to adhere in perfect good faith to such arrangements as might be made between them, we should agree with Professor Martens that the interests they have in common in those regions are far more important than the interests which are at variance and in opposition. We deprecate, as strongly as he can do, a conflict between two civilised empires over a barbarous territory, which can only be an incumbrance to either of them; and we should be glad to think that by mutual agreement the rights of these Powers, now bordering so closely on one another, could be determined. That is what Lord Clarendon endeavoured to do in his famous interview with Prince Gortschakoff at Heidelberg; and although the British

Government of that day showed no excessive sensitiveness or irritability on the advance of the Russians into Khiva, it must be acknowledged that we have but little reason to rely in future on similar promises, even when they proceed from statesmen as eminent as Count Brunnow and Count Schouvaloff, who probably have but little control over the Russian columns in Central Asia. It is well known to all the world that the English people regard their Indian Empire with what the Duke of Argyll calls a passionate pride and a passionate jealousy—to which must be added a passionate alarm, whenever its security is threatened, however remotely. This jealousy and these apprehensions are foolish and unmanly sentiments. The British empire in India does not stand on such insecure foundations; and the British people are never so ridiculous as when they distrust their own strength. But it is precisely by means of these sentiments that foreign Powers, antagonistic to Great Britain, think they can work upon the British public and counteract our political influence. If Russia is advancing, as Sir Henry Rawlinson believes, by sap and parallels, against the outworks of the Indian Empire, it is because she conceives that to be our vulnerable point, and that she can there effect a diversion from the strong grasp opposed to her in Europe. This theory may be brought to a very simple test. Is it not evident that if England withdrew her opposition to the advance of Russia towards the Bosphorus and Asia Minor—if she consented to the overthrow and partition of the Ottoman Empire—we should hear no more of Russian designs on Central Asia? The pressure Russia seeks to bring to bear on us in India is simply the counterpoise of the pressure we bring to bear on her in Europe; and it is not impossible that she may have adopted this policy in the hope that it will one day induce us to come to terms. If the Asiatic question stood alone, that might not be difficult; but the Asiatic question involves interests of a very different order. Our conclusion on this part of the subject is that, although the entire horizon of Europe is dark and lowering, Russia was never less powerful or less to be feared than at the present moment. With internal disaffection, with exhausted finances, with a disordered army, and without any secure alliance, for that of Germany appears to have failed her,* she

* This is not the place to discuss the change recently effected in the politics of Europe by the close alliance of the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, to the exclusion of their former confederate. But it would seem to imply, if we may hazard a conjecture, that Prince Bismarck at

is in no condition to attack any of the great Powers of the world ; and none of them have, certainly, anything to gain by attacking her. But if the Indian Empire were ever seriously assailed or endangered by any European Power, it is not in Central Asia that it must be defended. It would be an absurdity for England to select a theatre of operations in a part of the globe where her naval strength would be powerless. If India were attacked, it must be defended in Europe, not by outlying garrisons or regiments of sepoy, but by the fleets of Britain.

At present, however, a much easier task lies before us, and we may confine our remarks to Afghanistan. The columns already advancing under General Roberts and General Stewart are quite powerful enough to crush any military resistance ; and we may assume that the mutinous Heratee regiments, which have committed so barbarous a crime, will ere long be punished, if indeed they have not already vanished from the scene. Beyond that point our present information scarcely allows us to proceed. But all former experience warns us not to attempt to establish and maintain a government in Cabul under foreign influence, for, as the Dost told Sir John Lawrence in 1841, ‘ it is the earnest desire of all Afghans that we ‘ should not interfere in their quarrels, but should allow them ‘ to manage their own concerns and to fight out and settle their ‘ own domestic broils in their own way.’ Having, therefore, avenged or punished the outrage at Cabul, the best precedent we can follow is that of Lord Ellenborough in 1842, who withdrew the troops as rapidly as he had pushed them forward, and fell back on the Khyber Pass. In Candahar the position is less difficult ; the population are less hostile to foreigners ; the climate is good ; supplies are more abundant ; and it might not be undesirable to retain our hold for some short space of time on that part of the country. The presence of an English garrison in Candahar might possibly avert the outbreak of a sanguinary conflict between the various pretenders to the throne. Candahar was the capital of the Afghan monarchy

length recognises the importance of maintaining the influence of united Germany on the whole course of the Danube and in the adjacent provinces ; that he may hope to turn the tide of German emigration to those countries ; and that, in the event of the continued decay of the Ottoman Empire, Germany would support the House of Austria in establishing its authority over Eastern Europe. Such a policy would be fatal to the designs of Russia ; but it would merit the support of the other great Powers, as being perhaps the best solution of a difficult problem.

in its brightest days, and may still play a considerable part in the history of the country. But, in our judgment, nothing should divert the British Government from a fixed resolution to take no permanent part, either military or civil, in the internal affairs of Afghanistan; to seek to exercise no control over its rulers, whoever they may be, as long as they are independent; and to rest secure within our own frontier, whatever storms may agitate the ocean beyond it. All these arguments have been used and put forward with an authority we cannot pretend to equal in the Minutes bearing on the confidential Memorandum of Sir Henry Rawlinson of 1868, which were transmitted to England on January 4, 1869, and are to be found in the Afghan Correspondence, p. 43 *et seq.* Though written ten years ago, those Minutes are the most complete guide to the critical events of the present day, and they cannot be too carefully studied by those who have to steer a course through these difficulties. We shall conclude this article by a short extract from the opinion of that illustrious Viceroy, whose vast experience and sound judgment laid down the lines of policy from which we ought never to have departed. Lord Lawrence spent the last months of his life in earnest but unavailing protests against the interference of the Government in the affairs of Afghanistan; and his recorded writings still address us with the solemnity of a voice from the tomb.

‘ It appears to me that it will always be found exceedingly difficult for any extended period to maintain a united and strong government in Afghanistan. The genius of the chiefs and people, as evinced in the independent Pathan communities of the border, is evidence to this effect. A chief may now and then arise who may for a time unite the different provinces under one rule, but when he has passed away the tendency will again be separation. With the single exception of the pressure of a common enemy, and even this circumstance will not always avail, there appear to be no ties to bind the Afghans together. The history of the country is a history of anarchy and civil war. The Suddozai brothers were always each other’s worst enemies. Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan had the advantage of succeeding to a family which was hated and despised. He was at feud with some of his brothers with whom he waged war, and whom he expelled the country. He had the utmost difficulty in controlling the others. He barely maintained a semblance of order to the end of his life. Long before his death everyone had foreseen, he had himself predicted, commotion, conflict, and war to the death between his own sons. Can there be really a hope that we can bind together such discordant elements? Is there any chief likely to come to the front whom it would be right for us to maintain in full power over the country? . . . But any serious attempt to restrain Russia’s advance by active measures on our part in Afghanistan would seem to me certainly to lead to a policy resulting

in our eventual occupation of that country, as was the case in 1838. Most people would, I think, deprecate this result, and would affirm that this is the last object they desire. Nevertheless, the real point is, whether an interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, however moderate and limited in character in the first instance, is, or is not, likely to lead to such a result.'

The latest intelligence from the seat of war, which arrives at the moment we close this number, confirms our anticipation of the military success of the British forces; and we rejoice that the battle of Charasiab has dispersed the insurgent Afghan troops, and added fresh lustre to our arms. But the political difficulty of the situation remains unaltered. The country, we are told, is 'seething;' and even the safety of the army is due solely to its superiority in the field. This victory, and the occupation of Cabul itself, do not therefore change in any respect the view we take of these transactions.

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